

"NEW NINETIES" TONIGHT!

P & W Veterans Head Staff Of 38th Paper

The Purple and White, Millsaps College's student newspaper, has begun its thirty-eighth year of publication with Carroll Steen of Jackson as editor-in-chief. Ann Cresswell and Billy Moore, both of Jackson, are occupying the positions of managing editor and business manager, respectively. Faculty adviser is Dr. M. C. White.

Ruth Pellum of Clarksdale has been named news editor with the following serving on her reporter staff: Frances Anne Galloway, Canton; Mildred Ellis, Lyon; Katherine Abernathy and Betty Brewer, Clarksdale; Penny Linfield, Gulfport; Marge Ottinger, Attica, Indiana; Rosanna Brady, Indianapolis, Indiana; Edith Gusio, Betty Lloyd, Toogie Hamilton, Martha Jane Braun, Jackie Byars, Bill Maute, Robert Childress, Gene Nettles, and Bob Bullen, all of Jackson.

The feature staff is again headed by Roberta Stewart, Kosciusko, with the feature writers being Mae Alice Barnes, Letty Lee Reedy, Bob Bullen, Mary Ethel Nay, Jackson; Rosemary Howell, Durant; Lib Welsh, Philadelphia; Tinnie Jennings, Kosciusko; Margaret Vandiver, Port Gibson; Katherine Abernathy, Clarksdale, and Cliff Gordon, Liberty.

Jean White, Pickens, is the society editor. Her assistants are Margaret Vandiver, Port Gibson; Anne Lampton, Columbia; Lois Fritz, Jackson.

The art staff head is Patsy Pendergraft, Jackson, her assisting artists being Lib Buck, Tink Tingle, Virginia Rehfeldt, Helene Minyard, all of Jackson.

Gregg Holmes has been named sports editor.

The above list is an incomplete one. Anyone who wishes to work on any of the various staffs of the paper, please contact Editor Carroll Steen as soon as possible.

Froshes Add Light To Ye Ole Campus

Millsaps Campus is blessed with many talented freshmen this semester. The campus is abounding with promising neophytes, among whom is Mary Katherine Abernathy of Clarksdale, who lists among her activities editor of Spotlight member of the A Cappella choir, the glee club, President's Council, senior speaker, and participation in the senior play.

Katherine Moody of Brookhaven attended the Demonstration School at the University of Missouri and was active in the Dramatic Club, on the paper staff and as a cheerleader.

Ned O'Brien, of Jackson Central High School, counts among his honors editorship of the Cotton Boll, president of the Junior Class, (Continued on page 3)



WALKER AND WORLEY WARBLE

SEB Sets Frosh Day October 1 As Freshmen Receive Orders

The news which freshmen have been awaiting has just been released. The Student Executive Board announces that Freshman Day will be held on October 1. In order that none of the freshmen will make mistakes about their conduct that day, the Purple and White is printing the rules which will govern frosh lives from 7:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Dire results will follow if freshmen refuse to obey the rules or follow instructions. The orders of the day are:

1. All freshman boys must be dressed in pajamas or a sleeping garment; girls must be dressed in a ridiculous fashion comparable to the apparel of the men.

2. All freshmen must have their names, nicknames, addresses and telephone numbers (especially girls) on the placard hung around their necks. Don't leave off middle or nicknames!

3. All freshmen must carry their books in a pillow-case and must carry a dust rag to wipe off seats for upper classmen.

4. All freshmen g'rls must curtsy to the members of the upper class. All freshmen boys must touch their forelocks and bow, saying "Allah" to each upper classman.

5. All freshmen must back up and down stairs and in and out doors.

6. All freshmen must carry matches for the upper classmen.

7. Freshmen may not use the walks.

8. All freshmen must know the names of all upper class men who question them and be ready to sing the Alma Mater at any time.

9. All freshmen must carry books and bundles at the request of upper classmen.

10. Freshmen girls may not wear makeup or hair pins. They are not to comb their hair at all during the day.

Freshmen may not wear shoes or socks (unless the day happens to be cold and snowy.)

Bobashela, Yes? Bobashela, No?

Would anybody like a Bobashela? Well, don't give up hope yet; we still have very bright prospects. In fact, Dr. Moore says we may get them any week now. The proofs have already been turned in.

And what's more, you can start worrying about getting your '46 edition about this time next year. The new staff will be appointed soon. We just have to have our annuals, and they do say that if you wish long enough, your wish will come true.

Hit-Packed Varsity Show Features Campus Talent

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY! The big show goes on shortly. Yep, tonight's the night for the "New Nineties," Millsaps' collegian varsity show, sponsored by Sigma Lambda to raise money to furnish the new all-student lounge.

After weeks of work and worry, rehearsals and headaches, the cast and back-stage personnel, all led by director of production Gordon Shomaker, are ready with a production that promises to rival any ever presented at Millsaps. It's the good ole' days with an atomic twist, presented at Murrah auditorium at 8 p.m.

Shomaker Tells Cast

"Showmaker" Shomaker, that hard-working boy from Galloway Hall, recently announced the cast as follows:

Conducted by Jim Mortell, with music arrangements by Jack Krebs, the "New Nineties" orchestra includes Perc Powers, Dirck Reichard, Paul Gauntt, and Glen Pigott. The boys went out and lured Frank Trippett away from the V-12 unit at Clinton to play trumpet tonight.

Warblers Bob Kochtitzky, Paul Gauntt, Charles Lehman, and Carl Brunck make up the barbershop quartette, while Estelle Hawkins (by the shades of Lily Langtry!) sends the torch-songs like grandpa used to like 'em.

Skit Stars

In the first of the two skits on the name-studded program, Merlyn (Little Eva) Mitchell shrinks from that big, bad Greg Holmes, until rescued by Our Hero Jimmy Caldwell.

Making with the melody in the second skit are Annie Ruth Walker and Jack "Personality Kid" Worley who are pictured rehearsing in a cut on this page. Starred with them is Jean White.

In a knocked out number that has to be seen—not only to be appreciated but also to be believed—are the campus cuties (for tonight only) W. R. Culver, Robert Marston, Robert Carlisle, and Richard Colbert.

Pigott Originals

Singing Glen Pigott's original tunes is Sara Chatham, who delayed her departure to Ole Miss in order to give out tonight with Glen's heart-and-soul harmony.

Martha Becerra and Javier Crespo, los muchachos from Honduras, present a Latin American number which is the real thing, while Gene Nettles, who entered Millsaps at the beginning of this semester, does a specialty number.

Concluding the program is James Stokes in a specialty number which is rumored to be a guarded secret.

Others Slave Off-Stage

While the cast has been busy with learning script and songs, the back-stage personnel has been beating out problems of costumes, finance, props, publicity, and the other matters vital to the show.

Billy Moore, as business manager, handled business affairs. Dot Melvin directed the skits. "B" (Continued on page 3)

Bat'ln Officers Chosen From New V-5ers

P. M. Gaunt has been chosen to lead Millsaps Navy Battalion for October. Aiding him will be C. B. Clark, Assistant Battalion Commander; J. D. Carlisle, Battalion Adjutant; and R. M. Sloan, Jr., Battalion C. P. O.

Company commander is H. R. Mashaw. Platoon leaders are J. R. Clower, R. M. Hodgson, and W. A. Quenelle. Company M. P. O. is A. G. Aiuvalasit, and color guards are D. C. Harris, Jr., D. E. Lagarde, and V. L. Dutton.

Hall captain for Whitworth Hall is A. L. Pedrick; for Galloway Hall, B. T. Fitzhugh.

Student Artists Paint Murals For SL Lounge

Armed with talent, and poster-paints, seven Millsaps students are rapidly completing the murals of campus scenes which will keynote the decoration of the new Sigma Lambda lounge. According to Patsy Pendergraft, chairman of the committee, the murals will be finished by October 1.

Covering two walls, the paintings depict favorite Millsaps buildings. They are done in shades of green, brown, grey, and blue; and are scheduled to receive a protective coating of shellac to prevent fading.

Artists who created the murals are Wally Cox, Patsy Pendergraft, Tink Tingle, Ben Fitzhugh, Helene Minyard, Mary Lou Skidmore, and Gordon Shomaker.

NEEDED!!!

Staff photographers with cameras, film, and lots of enthusiasm. If such there breathe, please see Carroll Steen.

Purple & White

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News Editor Ruth Pellum
Society Editor Jean White
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Sports Editor Greg Holmes
Art Editor Patsy Pendergraft

WELCOME, SWEET SCHOOL TIME

So here we are, back again. Only most of us have been here right along, all through those hot summer months when we thought we would die if we didn't get out of that class and cool off—then dashed madly for the grill, where the temperature was even higher.

So anyway, we lived through it—and now we're beginning another semester. Most of us know our way around. Lots of us have been at Millsaps for any number of years. Others came in the summer and found out about college life.

But there are the freshmen and transferees who have hit the campus cold—don't know what we mean when we call them "webbed" or "tuals"—or where everybody disappears to when the final class bell rings. For their sakes, we are printing two items lifted (with permission) from a handbook put out in 1943 by the Purple and White and Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity. We think it will help.

After you've read those articles, maybe you will feel a little more at home. And be sure that we are glad to have you with us. We are indeed. We hope that all of you are A students—or musicians—Thespians—or athletes—or at any rate, happy.

There are enough activities on the campus for everyone to find a niche. Read the bulletin boards—ask people—watch the Purple and White for announcements of club activities.

Another thing. It's been a tradition on Millsaps Campus for these many years that everybody speaks. Don't feel outraged just because a sailor goes bounding past with a glad hello. Give it right back to him. That pleases everybody.

THE SPEECH TRIPPINGLY

Millsaps students, it is time you realized that the only organizations at this college which further speech are the Debate Club and Dramatic Club!

In our curriculum we have a law school, a ministerial school and an education school, all of which should require training in public oratory. We teach our ministers the doctrines they should expound and there we leave them—thrust in the public ear, inarticulate. Our pre-law courses teach students the fundamentals of law, ignoring the fact that eloquence itself outweighs legal information. The trouble with many teachers is that although they have knowledge at their command, they cannot, so to speak, put it across.

Can you deny the benefits of public speaking: poise, self-assurance, self-expression, an insured eloquence in extemporaneous oratory? Can you deny that Millsaps Debaters and Millsaps Players could express themselves to better advantage with the backing of an excellent speech department?

In many schools, public speaking is a required subject for all students; we feel that Millsaps should at least offer it as an elective. Millsaps, in order to offer a well-rounded curriculum, should have—must have a speech department.

Clifford M. Gordon
Roberta Stewart

The three little morons—yep, the same three—were standing on a corner when a beautiful gal in a red convertible passed. With a grin, the first one said:

"You see the chik in that convertible?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Well, I gave it to her."

So moron No. 2 comes back with: "Ya see the fur coat she's got on?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I gave it to her."

The quiet third little moron merely simpered and said: "Ya see that little boy she's got with her—Well, that's her little brother."

If You're in the Know

For the benefit of the freshman who is unacquainted with the language of Millsaps, we are giving a list of a few terms muchly used on the campus.

Semester hours—the number of times you meet a class per week is equal to the semester hours credit you get for it. Most courses carry three semester hours credit, and you need 128 for graduation. Sixteen hours a semester is the normal load for freshmen.

Cuts—absences from class (A.W.O.L.).

To cut out—miss class more than the law allows. You're allowed six cuts in a three hour course. If you miss more, it's an F, so beware! Three for chapel, and you're out!

Rush week—period at beginning of school when campus fraternities and sororities draft and recruit new members. Strict rules govern this week; it's a good idea to check up on them.

BMOC—big man on campus; "hot shot."

BWOC—ditto, except female.

SEB—Student Executive Board; big shots from the various campus organizations who run student affairs.

Q.P.'s—Quality Points. Multiply the number of semester hours credit you get in a course by three for an A, two for a B, one for a C, and you've got your qp's. You'll need 120 for graduation.

Pinning—Placing your fraternity pin on the heart of your beloved. Millsaps tradition has it that the fraternity and sorority of the happy couple exchange gifts of candy and cigars. The fraternity gets the cigars.

Grillhound—one who hangs

Ideal College Prof

Degrees Dr. Smith
Intelligence Mrs. Goodman
Versatility Mrs. Coulet
Cleverness Dr. Moore
Sincerity Prof. Ferguson
Sweetness Mrs. Holloway
Looks Dr. Flemming
Helpfulness Mrs. Jones
Understanding Dean Reicken
Popularity Dr. White

Partly because Millsaps is a religious college and partly because there is a real need for a better understanding of religion today, the P&W is beginning a column devoted to religion on Millsaps campus. Anyone interested in presenting his or her views on religion is welcome to do so. This week's contribution is:

ON THE LEVEL

By Mary Ethel Nay

Three months ago I left our campus, which was running the best it could under the handicap of a wartime curriculum, to return this month to a postwar schedule. With the eagerness and talents brought to our campus by the transfusion of new students, great things can be expected of the student body, for now the campus is buzzing with new students, new ideas, and new horizons.

One of the new horizons which has been opened up for the students by the YWCA is the fifteen-minute vesper service each weekday evening. We are gratified that so many new students are availing themselves of this opportunity to pause at eventide for these meditations and vesper singing. In days to come, we hope to see more and more new faces at these services. For the Master Himself has said, "Come ye apart . . . and rest awhile."

around the grill at least 70% of his (or her) waking hours.

Tapping—on tap day honorary organizations officially select new members by sending representatives into the chapel audience and "tapping" them on the shoulder.

Pop test—unannounced test that some profs delight in springing on unwary students to see whether or not they've been keeping up with their assignments. "Pop" is not an abbreviation of popular.

Quiz—an announced test covering certain definite material.

Quality hours—divide total qp's by total semester hours you're taking. Simple, isn't it?

M(m)ajor—with a capital M it's a nickname for Millsaps students; with a small m it's the subject in which you specialize.

M(m)inor—with a capital M it's a freshman Major; with a small m it's the field in which you take your next largest amount of work.

Choctaw—low form of humanity inhabiting Mississippi College at Clinton—our traditional rival in almost everything.

Drip—closely related to a slow leak; one who doesn't rate in general.

Mahd love—does anybody need this defined?

Eight o'clock—not a time of day, but a class that meets at the ungodly hour of 8:00 a.m.

It's Traditional

That Freshmen walk up and down steps backwards; keep off sidewalks; that Frosh men wear pajamas, women leave off makeup and look as haggly as possible; for that's FRESHMAN DAY at Millsaps on Monday. To climax the day, the student body chooses by acclamation the haggiest girl and more grotesque boy of the Freshman class as Freshman King and Queen.

That loving couples and "just friends" waste time on the M bench back of Murrah Hall, especially in the springtime. That all Freshman boys wear freshman caps, purchasable in the Grill. It's been the custom, too, to paste your name or nick-name on the bill with adhesive tape.

That if you make good grades that you'll make the honor roll with a 1.8 qp index.

That every year Millsaps pauses from the hustle and bustle of her school work and extra-curricular activities to regain in her touch with the spiritual things of life. This period is known as Religious Emphasis Week, and it has meant much to the college since its institution.

That every student attend the Millsaps-Choctaw games. The annual brawls used to end almost in bloodshed, but we're more civilized now. As for the Choos . . . ?

That seniors bone for comprehensives; 'cause you can't leave the joint with a sheepskin unless you can pass a comprehensive examination on every phase of your major subject.

That the outstanding boy and girl of the campus are named by popular vote as Master Major and Miss Millsaps. This is the highest honor that can be given to a student by popular vote. The election is sponsored by the Bobashela.

That high school seniors are treated to a day of entertainment and chances for scholarships on the annual High School Day held in the spring. Scholarships of \$500, \$250, \$125, and ten of \$75 are given at this time to high school seniors on the basis of examinations and tests offered during the day.

Literarily Speaking

With the ever-increasing predominance of backward turning in our current literary selections, one of the most interesting of the new novels, and a thrilling story from America's past is "Immortal Wife," by the well known novelist, Irving Stone, also author of "Lust for Life."

Attracting great attention, it is a revival of interest in one of the nation's great pioneer family, the Fremonts. Written in an exceptionally smooth style, Mr. Stone shows a vast command of his subject, and uses great care and sympathy.

This panorama of national life begins in Washington prior to the Civil War. Jessie Benton, the daughter of Missouri's famed Senator Thomas Hart Benton, marries John Charles Fremont, a young army officer, who distinguished himself by exploring the Northwest. This pair, both with brilliant minds and restless natures, made one of the most effective partnerships in history. Aiding, sharing and supporting, Jessie moved with unperturbed dignity and never dying love through the many adventures that their roving natures led them.

The Civil War, Reconstruction, California, Mexico, Gold Rush, all passed as chapters in their lives. Even after seeing her husband nominated by both the Democratic and Republican parties, losing both times, and also even after seeing a great fortune made and spent, Jessie remained faithful and devoted. Together they weathered the many storms, thus providing one of the most fascinating stories for many a day.

Why don't you read it?

Words and Music

With the freshmen newly arrived at Millsaps comes talent. The inflow of music students into our school will soon cause the old walls of ye olde Music Hall to bulge with the results of promising personalities.

At one of the recent freshmen get-togethers, we were privileged to hear the attractive young pianist, Marianna Medlin. Her amusing songs sung in a blues voice, with her own tricky accompaniment, proved to be the height of the evening's entertainment. Her talent has gone far toward helping her to receive the position of junior assistant to Mrs. Roberts, head of the music department.

Another one of the burgeoning torchers is June Whatley, who has a different and unique voice. She sings in a negro dialect that fits well with her version of "St. Louis Blues."

Mrs. George Faxon, a newcomer to the faculty, but an alumna of Millsaps, has returned to her Alma Mater as an instructor in the music department. She has recently received her Masters Degree in both voice and piano. She is also a very talented composer; one of her compositions is being presented by a major symphonic group.

Sigma Lambda tapped Dot Eady, Betty Lloyd, Dot Jones, Myra Nichols, and Carroll Steen.

Delta Kappa Delta initiated Albert Allen and Lois Ann Fritz during the summer.

Kappa Sig Initiates

Alpha Upsilon chapter of Kappa Sigma announces the initiating of three members: Bill Clark and Ned O'Brien of Jackson and Jack Hilbisch of Akron, Ohio.

Hounds Howl About Grill

Could be that ye ole Millsaps is producing a crowd of Grill hounds to out howl all Grill hounds this year. All the freshmen agree that it's the place to go. It's so alluringly crowded, confused, and congested; stuffy, stifling, and stovy; noisy, nose-y, and—rosy. Oh, yes, that brings me right up to the answers I got to my question, "What is your opinion of the Grill?"

"Oh, I'm crazy about it."—Betty Odom.

"I ain't got no opinion at the present—except the girls. Wow!"—Louis Cofield.

"It's a good way to go mad."—Polly Crisler.

"Must I tell you?"—Paul Bellenger.

"It's gonna be mighty lonesome after November."—Katherine Abernathy.

"Time well spent."—Ed Sanders.

Result:
Oh, freshmen, be ye not dismayed. For absent friends, I'll give you aid.

Go look into our campus Grill, And there you'll find them lingering still.

Pi KA Presents Informal Party

The Rose Room of the Heidelberg Hotel was the scene of a delightful informal dinner party given by Alpha Iota chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha on September 16. The color scheme was that of the fraternity, garnet and gold, and corsages found by each girl's plate carried out the theme.

Actives and their dates present were: Jack Krebs, Anne Porter; Bill Patterson, Janet Fox; Albert Allen, Ruth Langley; Billy Moore, Elaine Keary; Allen Whitley, Jean Turnbow; Curley Mortell, Tink Tingle; Pat Clendenning, Dot Melvin; Tom Holderfield, Emily Humphreys; Charles Lehman, Hazel Steen; Walter Johnson, Edith Scott.

Pledges and dates attending were: Lewis Jones, Lib Buck; Greg Holmes, Dot Webber; Ralph Segrest, Margie Burdsal; Reid Dorr, Flossie Quattlebaum; and Sutton Marks, Betty Lloyd.

Present also were Professor Ferguson, the fraternity's faculty advisor, and, Mrs. Ferguson.

FROSHES—

(Continued from page 1)

Rotarian of the month, most outstanding boy, most intellectual boy, and a \$125 scholarship to Millsaps.

Lesbia Byars of Pittsboro, Miss., was a student at Wood Junior College where she was president of the Girl Reserves, president of the student body, president of both the Student Council and the glee club, associate editor of the school paper, and May Queen.

Willarina Toler, better known as "Bill," attended Sunflower Junior College where she was a member of the Lanier Society, president of the sophomore and junior classes, and vice-president of the freshman class.

Glen Pigott, the boogie-woogie king of the campus, was very reluctant to relay his numerous outstanding achievements at the Hattiesburg High School. He played in the orchestra 4 years, is a composer of note, and won superior in the Federation of Music Contest in 1944-45. Well, Glen?



This could happen to you, Freshman!

GROOVES

By Clifford M. Gordon

"Within the narrow confines of your mind,"

I told him, "run little trains of thought,

Traveling well-worn tracks, all of a kind,

Which you couldn't tell apart if you so sought.

All of the trains are just alike and go

In the same directions, receiving orders

They know by heart. They travel slow,

Though with light loads in narrow quarters."

But he paid no heed to what I had said;

I talked to the wind; the wind wafted my talk away,

And in his brain (if one was in his head)

The dusty little trains ran on without delay—

Each traveling a familiar track Without ever turning or looking back.

"NEW NINETIES"—

(Continued from page 1)

Utley and Frances Herring were in charge of the costumes, some of which were obtained from a New Orleans costume firm.

Props manager Ralph Segrest was assisted by Wally Cox, Charles Lehman, and Sam Barefield. Frances Alexander was responsible for the program, and Dot Hathorn assisted the orchestra with piano arrangements. Make-up experts are Shirley Conn and Rose Watkins.

Assisted by Miriam Stamps, Ann Cresswell headed the publicity staff. Artists for the advertising campaign were Robert Carlisle, Tink Tingle, Patsy Pendergraft, Ralph Segrest, Paul Carter, Robert Nickey, Myra Nichols, and Ann Haase.

Admission to the "New Nineties," to be presented tonight at 8 p.m. in Murrah auditorium, is 42 cents plus tax.

Speaking for back-stage staff heads, Gordon Shomaker and Sigma Lambda members expressed thanks to various down-town business firms for their co-operation.

DR. ROY L. SMITH

EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,

Galloway Memorial Methodist Church

Week of Sept. 30 - Oct. 7.

WEEKDAYS, MONDAY THROUGH

SUNDAY MORNINGS AT 10:55

FRIDAYS — 10:00 A.M. AND 7:30 P.M.

Millsaps Students Especially Urged to Attend!



SOCIETY

Because this is Rush Week, so many parties and entertainments have been given that it is hard to cover them all. And it would be a bit repetitious too. So instead, here is the calendar of the week:

Monday: Chi Omega luncheon, BSO-Phi Mu informal dates, KD formal party.

Tuesday: BSO luncheon, Chi Omega-KD informal dates, Phi Mu formal party.

Wednesday: Phi Mu luncheon, KD-Chi Omega informal dates, BSO formal party.

Thursday: KD luncheon, BSO-Phi Mu informal dates, Chi Omega formal party.

Friday: Sign preference cards at 1:00 p.m.

Saturday: Pledging at 6:00 p.m.

Gavel Reports

The different honoraries and clubs on the campus are rather disorganized at the moment because some are just becoming reactivated after the summer off and other have just elected officers. The officers of various organizations are listed below:

SEB—Joe Jennings, Charline Gerrard, Frances Alexander.

Sigma Lambda—Edna Earle Williams, Frances Alexander, Frances Herring.

KDE—Frances Herring, Peggy Weppeler, Dot Eady, Miriam Stamps.

IRC—Edna Earle Williams, June Eckert, Gordon Shomaker.

YMCA—Walter Ranager, Bo Clark, Craig Castle.

YWCA—Frances Herring, Patsy Pendergraft, Cornelia Hegman, Edna Earle Williams.

DKD—Percy Powers, John Freeman, Rosemary Nichols.

Science Club—George Curtis Nina Bess Goss, Betty Lloyd.

Chi Delta—Carroll Steen, Margaret Vandiver, Roberta Stewart.

Theta Nu Sigma—Jean White, James Stokes, Betty Lloyd.

AED—Betty Lloyd, Jean White, Margie Burdsal.

Quickie Quiz

Q: How many beautiful girls in the Pike House?

A: Seventeen.

Q: How do the boys in Galloway happen to know about each and every thing?

A: Telescope.

Q: How do the boys in Whitworth happen to know about each and every thing?

A: No shades in Founders Hall.

Q: Why that big smile on the sailors these days?

A: 150 new girls.

Q: Why the sad look on Jack Blasingame these days?

A: No Dale Burnham.

Q: Why the lost look on Roberta Stewart's face?

A: She just naturally looks that way, but honest, she's a sweet girl.

Q: Who is Charline Gerrard missing?

A: Melba Ables.

Q: What's cooking, good looking?

A: I don't know. If I did, I wouldn't have asked.

ANYBODY who wishes to have back copies of the old Purple and Whites, please come to the P & W office for them. You may rummage through the box to your heart's content.

Feature This!

Have you ever had a decent thought? Can you hold a pencil? Does your cigarette taste different lately? If you've answered these questions in the affirmative, you are just the happy soul to serve the Greater Millsaps by writing features for your P. & W. You need us . . . and we need you . . . so can't we arbitrate this matter? If you're even vaguely interested, hang around the P. & W. office till the editor or feature editor clatters in. We'll be there and we hope you will—"you" referring to civilians, would-be civilians, and co-eds.

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White's Private Life Revealed, Cupcake's Low Motives Unsealed

☛ An almost human finger at Bob (He walks, he talks; he crawls on his belly like a reptile) Wilson. What has Hope got that you haven't? The answer is irium. Give up?

☛ A bored, bored finger at Billy (One of the things that makes life really worth living) Moore. Haven't you been going on long enough? Mail all firearms (postpaid, of course) to the P&W office.

☛ A tropical finger at Martha (los ojos!) Becerra and Javier (Ya lo creo!) Crespo. How could you give them those five-dollar looks with that fifty cent show?

☛ An epic finger at Clifford (I just can't hide my brilliance beneath this drab exterior) Gordon. Move over, Milton—but not quite yet.

☛ A doubtful finger at Dot (Love, your magic spell is everywhere) Hathorn. Think magic will be enough, darling?

☛ A lonely finger at Hubert (People don't seem to like me—how long has this been going on?) Holmes. Oh, quite long.

☛ A magnetic finger at Jack (I smile and they wilt) Worley and a reminder that sometimes when charm alone isn't enough, a little good manners will go a long way.

☛ A parting finger at Leslie (Pony boy) Nason. Don't think every wonderful, thrill-packed minute of it hasn't been fun.

☛ A pink-and-blue finger at Ed (Don't think I didn't suffer) Hightower. Where are the cigars?

☛ An almost-married finger at Greg (Dogface) Holmes. Has she named the day?

☛ A welcome-back finger at Charlie (Tightpants) Allen. Here's something that bears looking into, women. Block that pancake!

☛ A back-again finger also at Alice (How can you stand there with your bare face hanging out and resist me?) Collins. Frankly, it ain't hard.

☛ A platonic and/or/but romantic finger at Red (One sweet letter from you) Holderfield and Emily (Oh, that Pontiac!) Humphreys. Confess, now, is it he! Unh-huh.

☛ A moot finger at Barbara (Rootin', tootin', shootin', High-falutin') Wooten who is now busy consolidating her gains. Even people from Missouri can't hold out forever.

☛ A communicative finger at Patty (Oh, you maleman, you!) Latham for being one of the more interesting packages around.

☛ A smug finger at Alma (Miss Welch Grape Juice of 1945) Van Hook, who is now resting on her Laurel; and quite safely, Pete.

☛ A sympathetic finger at Bob (you, and the night, and the Town Cafe) Bates and Smiley (Let's take the long way home) Burnette, who don't find their room so cluttered with furniture nowadays.

☛ An effervescent finger at Margaret (Life should be pink and bubbly) Vandiver, who in her own unique way is doing her part.

☛ A faithful finger at Mary Jean (Saturday night is the loneliest night in the week) Woodward. Read any good books lately?

☛ A foreboding but nameless finger at all those silent, mysterious, cosmopolitan, Laura-like women of the world who are the Millsaps freshmen. Too bad we don't know you well enough to insult you. Don't be too frightened, for remember that publicity is publicity whether it be good or bad. For better or for worse, your time will come. (This item will be put in basic English on request.)

☛ A slender finger at Penny (The New Narrow Gauge) Linfield who really has lost eight (count 'em) pounds!

☛ A quizzical finger at Bill (I exist) Dement, and a cheering thought for a tortured world: Nothing lasts forever.

☛ A marital finger at Walter (Good, good, good—that's you, that's you) Ranager. What wonders love hath wrought!

☛ A muscular finger at Joe (I was only half a man) Jennings who is currently being changed by his roommate H. duB. (Atlas was never like this) Ogden. Has re-conversion set in?

☛ A melodic finger at Estelle (Only a bird in a gilded cage) Hawkins and a confession: We're just crazy about you.

☛ An adult finger at Floyd (Today I am a man) Oglesbay, who loves both wisely and well.

☛ A skeptical finger at George (I'll give you radishes as big as diamonds) Curtis and Annie Ruth (You almost have me believing it) Walker.

☛ A creative finger at Glen (You, The Moon, and Me) Pigott for those two swell tunes.

☛ A disgusted finger at Ralph (What is this thing called etiquette?) Segrest and some advice: Best find out.

☛ A ronchy finger at all the new battalion (The only way to learn is by doing) officers. Be ye not disencouraged, brethren.

☛ An attached (Aren't they all?) finger at Wilna (It's nothing any red-blooded American girl couldn't do) Axtell and Bob (I may be another R. D.) Longmire.

☛ An out-of-this-world finger at Tweet (You lucky women—where have I been all your lives?) Merritt. Please don't give up just because they're not having any of your particular brand of charm this season.

☛ A rather redundant finger at Gwen (I'm mad about the boy) Pettus and Red (So am I!) Mahaffey. Will Gwen be given an Oscar for her remarkable portrayal of Lassie Come Home?

☛ An aggressive finger at Carroll (I moved in with my line wide open) Steen. Will Wallace (Glamourpuss) Cox succumb? Does Cati know? Does she care? Read next week's dull chapter on these three unimportant lives.

☛ A nice finger at Ben (I've got more demerits than you have) Fitzhugh who still plays the piano just as well and almost as seldom.

☛ A congratulatory finger at Tink (What fools these Mortells be!) Tingle. Another Yankee has discovered how sweet those Southern belles can sound.

☛ A moonstruck finger at Cupcake (the Enigmatic) Lehman and Hazel (Soft, lights, sweet music) Steen. Must be her intelligence that attracts.

☛ A pseudo-melodic finger at Gordon (Does your piano taste different lately?) Shomaker. Look, kid, don't you think ten hours daily is enough practice for any normal genius?

☛ A long, grim finger at Jean (Look, boys, I'm not so bad—rally, I'm not—I keep screaming) White, who reports she now operates a date bureau that would be happy to get a date for any likely-looking (definition: one with two legs) male. She now has the names of the following girls in her files: that blase, sophisticated fashion-plate J. (I read Vogue) White; that mahd, gay, fun-loving Jean (You man, you!) White; that smouldering armful of femininity Jeanne (The Look) White; and that sweet damsel Jean (Me again!) White.



Scads of Fads

This article was to be entitled "Fall Fashions of 1945," and ye ole reporter had high hopes of making this a veritable rotogravure for fall clothes. However, even weather men can be wrong, and as yet no dark clothes have been seen anywhere on the campus, but Millsaps coeds still manage to carry off honors for being the best dressed girls in Jackson.

Chartreuse seems to be quite the color this season and these fair-complexioned brunettes, such as Nadine McKinnon, Mary Peatross, and Gwen Pettus do full justice to that color. Well, after all, luscious colors for luscious gals.

Rollin Fitts made a definite bright spot on the campus with a green striped dress and a band around her hair to match the dress. Most becoming, Miss Fitts.

The Pan-Hellenic teas and the rush parties gave us a chance to look over the new girls and let me say now that we definitely approve. Some of the outfits worn are still the talk of the campus. Among the most honorable mentioned: "Lib" Buck, in grey, Charline Brister, Martha Biggs in pink and white check, and Adeline Gerald. Incidentally, if you really want to be Miss Fashion of 1945, black is your color. Among those vying for that title were Liz Dodds, Agatha Adcock, and Martha Lynn Kenna. Edith Gussio's hat, too, attracted quite a bit of attention, too. It's black with pink feathers. Strictly on the up and up.

Maybe next time, we can give you a full report on fall clothes and if weather does not permit, this reporter promises to go ransacking into the closets of all the campus lovelies. Anything for copy for the P. & W.

Phi Mu Installs New Officers

Epsilon chapter of Phi Mu Sorority installed the following officers on September 17: President, Julia Goodman; Vice-President, Anne Henry; Secretary, Virginia Rehfeldt; Treasurer, Elizabeth Crisler; Pledge Trainer, Roberta Stewart.

Outgoing officers are President, Anne Miller; Vice-President, Julia Goodman; secretary, Margaret Morgan; Treasurer, Jannie Vee Brooks; Pledge Trainer, Fannie Haughton.

Beta Sigs List Rush Parties

Sunday afternoon, September 23, Beta Sigma Omicron held an informal autumn tea at the home of Mrs. R. R. Haynes, a BSO patroness. The house was decorated with autumn flowers and leaves.

Guests were greeted at the door by Martha Jane Braun. She introduced each one to those in the receiving line, which was composed of Betty Lloyd, Mrs. R. R. Haynes, Nina Bess Goss, and Julia Fay Mayo.

Dot Eady presided at the Guest Book, while Lois Ann Fritz, Catherine Armstrong, and Geraldine Wilkerson served refreshments.

Monday afternoon, from three to five, the Beta Sig house was turned into the Grand Ole Oprey House. Guests were greeted by members in typical country clothes, blue jeans, plaid shirts, and red bandana handkerchiefs. The room was decorated to look like the old barn and the entertainment was appropriate. The program and refreshments were in charge of Elaine Keary, Dot Wright, and Ruth Langley.

Tuesday, September 25, Beta Sigma Omicron held a Luncheon in Parlor A at the Heidelberg Hotel. Guests took a visit to the Beta Sig Paradise Isle. The program consisted of a greeting, songs of Paradise Isle by Gerry Wilkerson, and a dance by Elaine Keary. The tables were decorated appropriately with favors and name cards designated by the island's inhabitants.

Wednesday night, the BSO's held a birthday dinner in the Victory Foyer at the Heidelberg Hotel. Tables were decorated to represent some outstanding feature of each month in the year. Guests were seated at tables representing their birthday month. Place Cards at the tables carried out the theme of the centerpiece. Beta Sig songs and stories were told during the dinner.

Lambda Chi's Picnic At Legion

Lambda Chi Alpha threw a moonlight picnic Saturday, September 22, at Legion Lake. The party started early in the evening and lasted until nearly midnight. There was dancing, swimming, and plenty of food and moonlight.

Members and their dates were: Jack Worley, Barbara Wooten; Albert Lovata, date; Clifton Anderson, Bonnie Lee Harmer; David Llewellyn, Toogie Hamilton; Joe Wiggins, Betty Lloyd; Charlie Brandon, Janet Fox; Gus Lunsford, Ann Ammons; Ed Correll, Becky Wright.

Faculty chaperon for the event was Professor Floyd Gillis.



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SPORTS STUFF

From Greg's Misery Booth—

Is we is or is we ain't gonna have a football team???? That is the question asked by everyone on and off the campus. Saturday, we were assured that if the boys from Burton were cruising for a bruise, we could have a team. Monday morning we had our hopes blocked, tackled, and clipped by being told that all our football equipment was being sold. Now we ask you, was that cricket? Definitely not.

Tis true, we haven't an experienced coach, but we have spirit and the will to win, and with these very necessary factors backing up David McIntosh (our backfield coach) and your sports editor (He's line coach assistant), we could definitely beat the socks off of Mississippi College and all of its little junior college proteges. A note of thanks to Billy Moore for agreeing to be tackling and blocking dummy. (He's the best in the business.)

Listen, all you webbed creatures, (in or out of grillology class) do we want a team or do we don't? If the answer is aye, then let it be known in the front office.

Summer Is Over—
It Says Here

July—Summer school in progress. Very dull! Semester begins and new trainees arrive on el campus. Many small, bewildered 17-year-old faces hailing fresh from the high schools of Louisiana and Alabama. Wondering why a college campus didn't have but two buildings and thinking the Grill was a book store!!!

Gal meets boy at Rec Center. He discovers she can get her car, so he gets her phone number—thus endless affairs begin. We all miss those guys who left last semester for O. U. and elsewhere. And just any day in the lounge you can hear certain girls comparing news from certain fellows.

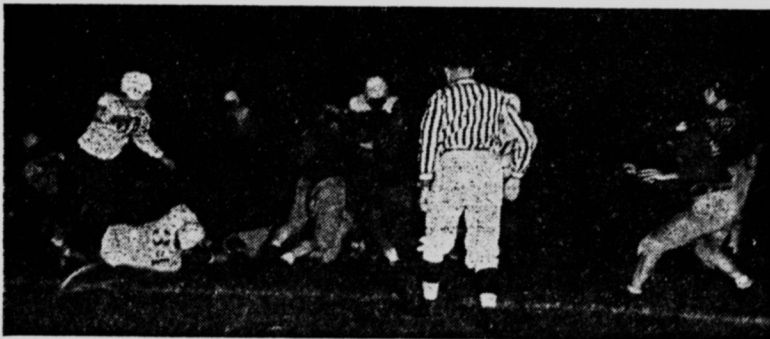
Excitement and tension grip each of us as Japan begins to weaken while SEB holds elections in Murrah Hall. Final results are Jennings-Gerrard-Alexander.

August—Life resumes its normal routine of dragging out of bed to classes each morning with scattered joys such as house parties at Allison's Wells, tennis, swimming, romance on dormitory doorsteps, etc., until the Japs surrendered and the records on the nickelodeon at the Juke were changed! Millsaps went wild on the streets VJ-Night—riding down Capitol on chicken coops, etc., etc. We had a holiday next day, but it took more than one day for those "after-effects."

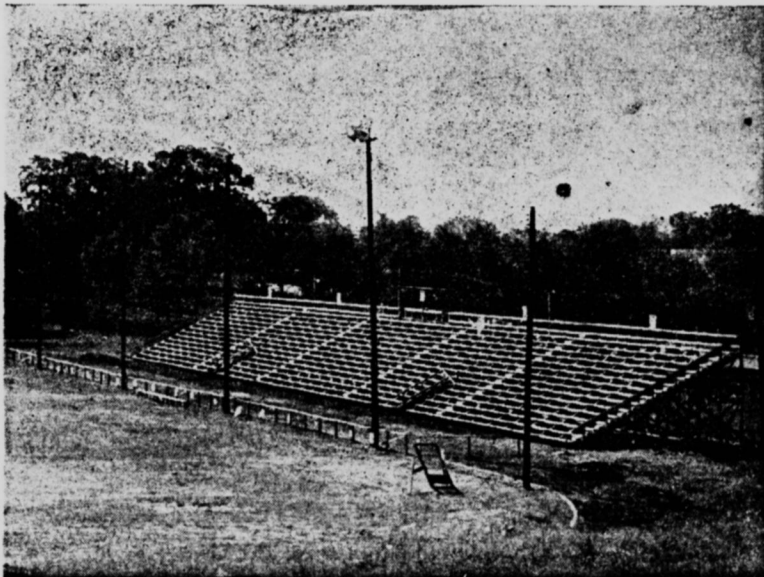
As the Third Fleet prepared to sail into Tokyo Bay, Millsaps elected class officers. The presidents, Frosh to Senior, respectively, were O'Brien, Clendenning, Hillbish, and Wiggins.

Now with summer fast departing (as I sit here fanning myself!), we dust off our school books and trudge over toward Murrah once more. Many, many new students we greet hopefully. It's great to see all the old students back though I can hardly endure their tales of leisurely summers spent at home or tripping to far-off Yankee-Land to see some ex-V-12 Millsaps trainee! Ah, but we held Millsaps down, says I.

P. S. We had another holiday on Labor Day! Imagine Millsaps doing that! Moral to this story: Enroll now for summer at Millsaps. See U. Z. for cut-rates.



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Season Play Double-Cast By Dr. White

The cast for "Arsenic and Old Lace" to be presented November 15th and 16th by the Millsaps Players, has been announced by Dr. M. C. White, director of the group. Dr. White further stated that a partial double cast would be used.

The double cast includes Ethel Eastman and Letty Lee Reedy as Abby Brewster, Rosemary Nichols and Elizabeth Welsh as Martha Brewster, and Edith Gussio and Dot Melvin as Elaine Harper.

The remainder of the cast is as follows:

The Rev. Dr. Harper, Craig Castle
Teddy Brewster.....Bill Dement
Officer Brophy.....David McIntosh
Officer Klein.....Robert Childress
Mortimer Brewster.....Gene Nettles
Mr. Gibbs.....Bob Kochtitzky
Jonathon Brewster

Jerry Fortenberry
Dr. Einstein.....Jorge Bourgette
Officer O'Hara.....Bob Bullen
Officer Rooney.....John Cirlot
Mr. Witherspoon.....Bob Ray
Dr. White explained that it was difficult to choose a cast since there were many excellent tryouts; for this reason a double cast was decided upon.

Play committees are to be announced at a later date.

'New Nineties' Hailed By Sell-Out House

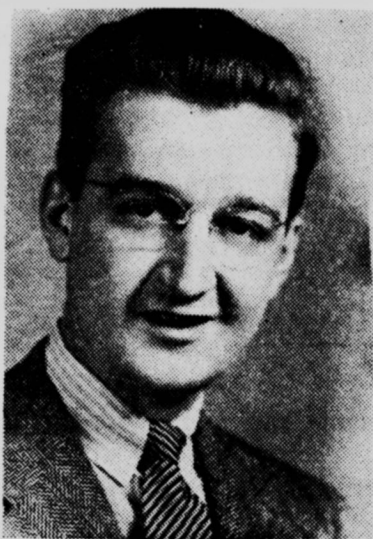
The Varsity Show of 1945, "The New Nineties," was presented to the public on the night of September 28 in the Millsaps' auditorium. By showtime the house was filled to overflowing. The orchestra started the program by playing music popular during the early nineties. Members of the orchestra were Jack Krebs, Perc Powers, Frank Trippett, Dirck Reichard, Paul Gauntt, Glen Pigott and Jim Mortell, conductor.

The curtain rose on the scene of an old fashioned barbershop quartette which rendered several gay numbers of old. The quartette was composed of Bob Kochtitzky, Paul Gauntt, Charles Lehman and Carl Brunck. "Mahd Melodrama" followed with the story of the fair maiden being chased by the villain and being rescued by the handsome young (Continued on page 5)

Williams Continues to Preside Over SL

Edna Earle Williams was elected president of Sigma Lambda, women's honorary organization, at a meeting held October 9. Other officers chosen were vice-president, Mary Nell Sells; secretary-treasurer, Miriam Stamps; historian, Carroll Steen.

These officers will hold their positions until June, 1946, except for Edna Earle who will graduate in January. At that time vice-president Mary Nell Sells will fill the vacancy of presidency, and a new vice-president will be elected.



PROF. FLOYD GILLIS

Floyd Gillis, Millsaps Grad, Fills Eco Post

Returning to Millsaps as Professor of economics, Professor Floyd Gillis, a Millsaps graduate of 1942, recently took over the post vacated by Prof. Rolf Wubels, and will assume some economics courses taught by Mrs. Nancy Holloway in the summer session.

For the past two years he has been attending the University of North Carolina where he worked on his Ph.D.

After his graduation, Prof. Gillis, a resident of Jackson, was an auditor for the United States Army Air Corps and worked with the Mississippi State Tax Commission.

Prof. Gillis is a member of Lambda Chi Alpha, and is also a member of the Millsaps chapters of Alpha Psi Omega, Delta Kappa Delta, and Omicron Delta Kappa.

Millsaps Hero, '41 Grad, Receives Nation's Highest Honor From President

Marine Major Louis Wilson, a graduate of Millsaps and a member of the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity, received the Congressional Medal of Honor October 5th from President Truman. The award was one of fourteen given on the south lawn of the White House.

From Brandon, Major Wilson started to Millsaps in September, 1937, and graduated four years later. While here, he was a leader among the students. The award was presented to him for "gallantry in landing his men on Guam in July of 1944. Wounded three times within five hours, he refused to be evacuated until their objectives were attained.

"Staying with his men through a furious hand-to-hand battle for ten hours, Major Wilson then organized a patrol to take the last remnants of vital ground at Fonte Hill. He had previously been awarded the Navy Cross for his heroic leadership."

P. S.

Don't forget that exams start Monday.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Members of SEB met on Wednesday, October 3, and drew up the following social dates for the ensuing semester:

Lambda Chi Alpha	October 20
Kappa Alpha	October 27
Phi Mu	November 3
Viking	November 10
Kappa Sigma	November 17
Chi Omega	November 24
Beta Sigma Omicron	December 1
Kappa Delta	December 8
Pi Kappa Alpha	December 15

Met Opera Star To Sing Oct. 23 In City Concert

With their first concert of the season the Jackson Symphony Orchestra is privileged to present as guest star Mr. Hugh Thompson, Metropolitan baritone. Only 28, Mr. Thompson, son of music critic Oscar Thompson, has sung many starring and difficult roles for the Met and other opera companies.

He majored in music at the University of Washington in Seattle, then received a five year fellowship at the Julliard Graduate School where he sang the leading roles in their productions. After that he was connected with the Chautauqua Opera Company for a while. In 1941 he sang Ford in the Chicago Opera Company's production of Falstaff. He made his New York concert debut in the performance of Bach's B Minor Mass in 1942 with the New York Oratorio Society. By 1943 both the New York City Center Company and the San Francisco Opera Company presented him as a guest star.

Mr. Thompson will appear with the Jackson Symphony Orchestra on October 23, at 8:15 p.m. at the Victory Room of the Heidelberg Hotel. Season tickets are \$6.00, single admission \$1.80 (including tax). All tickets are on sale at the Brown Music Company.

Really Gonna' Miss Ya Fellows in V-12 Shove-Off Next Week

Another week and Millsaps coeds will be Navy-blue! As a last farewell, au revoir, hasta luego, ape-ape, and hubba hubba—we say: We shall miss you.

Since you've narrowed your number to 117, we admit that it has been rather difficult chasing you—it was so tiresome waiting outside Galloway and knocking down the other girls who tried to corner you in the Grill.

Yes, I suppose age would have caught up with us sooner or later. Each shipment of trainees got younger and younger—while alas! we got older and older.

Having become quite accustomed to attending Millsaps V-12 Inc., we now make a mental list of things your departure will take from our campus:

1. No more formation outside our cafeteria.
2. No more whistles and hubbas passing Galloway and Whitworth.

Rush Season Ends As New High Reached

Pikes, Chi O's, KD's Lead Field
In Number of Pledges Snared

Greek-letter sororities and fraternities have successfully ended their rushing seasons by pledging 67 coeds and 18 male students. Pledging for the four sororities was held on Saturday night, September 29. Fraternities pledged on last Sunday night. Pledges are as follows:

Beta Sigma Omicron

Ada Mae Baine, Belzoni; Bes-sie Mae Barrow, Jackson; Jackie Byars, Jackson; Kathryn Campbell, Columbia; Mary Lib Cowan, Grenada; Anne Craig, Batesville; Dewey Cobb, Bude; Laura Mae Godbold, McComb; Carolyn Hays, Durant; Elizabeth Anne Lampton, Tylertown; Jerry Mayo, Jackson; Marianna Medlin, Tippecanoe; Dot Myers, Deema; Sammie Price, Philadelphia; Maxine Winn, Belzoni.

Chi Omega

Wilkie Jane Adams, Jackson; Agatha Adcock, Jackson; Martha Biggs, Crystal Springs; Betty Brewer, Clarksdale; Dot Lee Crum, Jackson; Frances Culley, Jackson; Betty Dossett, Washington, D. C.; Truly Graves, Jackson; Marguerite Hendricks, Boyle; Mary Anne Jigitts, Jackson; Betty Klumb, Crystal Springs; Jane Lampton, Columbia; Maureen Lane, Hollandale; Margaret McLaurin, Hollandale; Katherine Moody, Brookhaven; Eldora Oliphant, Philadelphia; Corabel Roberts, Jackson; Miriam Roberts, Jackson; June Turnbow, Jackson; Mary Wharton, Long Beach.

Kappa Delta

Ann Ammons, Jackson; Mitchie Applewhite, Winona; Lois Bending, Laurel; Charline Brister, Prentiss; Melda Burdsal, Jackson; Trudy Chichester, Edwards; Shirley Conn, Jackson; Ida Fae Emmerich, McComb; Halla Jo Francis, Terry; Bobbye French, Jackson; Nelle Garland, Crystal Springs; Adelyn Gerald, Leland; Margaret Hughes, Magnolia, Ark.; Carol Hutto, Hickory; Helen Jolly, Vicksburg; Mary Frances Meadows, Quitman; Mary Shelton, Gulfport; Gene Simmons, Magnolia; Marguerite Stout, Jackson; Bunt Townsend, Ruleville.

Phi Mu

Katherine Abernathy, Clarksdale; Annie Ruth Callahan, Jackson; Beth Carley, Richton; Polly Crisler, Raymond; Joyce Jones, Moorhead; Broadine Mae, Mobile, Ala.; Betty Odom, Minter City; Barbara Robertson, Jackson; Bill Toler, Moorhead; June Whatley, Ruleville; Skeets White, Raymond.

Lambda Chi Alpha

Joe Powell, Jackson; Billy Ates, Jackson

Kappa Alpha

Bo Denton, Jackson.

Kappa Sigma

Gene Fleming, Minter City; Robert Nickey, McComb; Jerry Fortinberry, Columbia; Jack Woodrow, Jackson.

Pi Kappa Alpha

Bob Bullen, Vicksburg; Craig Castle, Philadelphia; Robert Childress, Jackson; John Davis, Utica; Robert Edwards, Jackson; Bob Mackey, Jackson; Billy Maute, Jackson; Ed Sanders, Sardis; Bill van Zandt, D'Lo; Billy Wright, Jackson; Tommy Wright, Jackson.

Students Dust Off Them Books Under New Prof

Cries of Who? What? When? How? Why? and Where? arise daily concerning one of the new faculty members, Dr. Bond Fleming—the most talked-about man on the campus. Perhaps it is time someone answered some of these questions which are being hurled into space about the man who (rumor has it) has inflicted (?) some hundred odd students with that rare disease—unseen in these parts for a number of years—"studying-itis". Just for the record, here are the FACTS (Continued on page 5)

3. No more dashing to a crowded Grill, smoke-filled, floating with Navy slang.

4. No more "Shall Tuesday be a big night in our lives?"

5. No more living in frat houses and eating at Ye Olde Pto-maine.

6. No more tri-semester and 3-day Christmas holidays.

7. No more "Bell bottom trousers, coats of Navy blue."

8. "I love a sailor and he loves me too." (Well, this week anyway).

No more millions of things—rival and otherwise, but most of all—no more you. We shall miss your sweet, innocent 17 year old faces. When grandmother asks what grandmother did for the war effort back in '44, we then shall tell of you! It was great while it lasted.

"Anchors Aweigh" will always be a second verse of "Alma Mater, dear old Millsaps"

Purple and White

MILLSAPS BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
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MILLSAPS FIDDLES WHILE VETERANS BURN

Several times lately Millsaps has benevolently confided: "What a good girl am I! All these veterans coming to me for education, and I do such nice things for them. Really, Andrew Carnegie had nothing on me." So Millsaps, you must excuse us if we negligently allow our mouths to sag a little at this. We don't mean to be rude but . . . well, one does wonder, you know. To justify all this disrespect, we'd like to explain ourselves in regrettably true words:

Veterans are men and women who have seen war, who have been away from school quite a long time, who have had to grow up abruptly, who are a little baffled and disillusioned by all this preaching of readjustment so hollowly and ineffectually being practiced. We are admittedly a bit different from the ordinary college boy and girl. We have seen, done, heard, and experienced considerably more. We are not fresh from high schools and prep schools, and we are finding it a little difficult to regasp facts and theories from which we have been separated for months and, in many cases, years. And in our conversations and mullings over these problems painfully common to us all, we have reached some conclusions that we feel Millsaps might possibly be interested in hearing.

We would like to say, however, that our requests are not pleas for extra privileges; we are merely asking for recognition as a definite college faction that must be understood and dealt with accordingly. We can hardly be expected to conform to standards set up for students fresh out of high school, who are in the so-called "scholastic rut" of studying and knowing how to study. In consideration of the foregoing, we would like to bring to the minds of the heads of Millsaps and particularly to the various teachers some points which we have gleaned from a number of the veterans who live on the campus.

REFRESHER COURSES SHOULD BE THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE PROGRAM FOR EX-SERVICE-MEN STUDENTS. Majors in the various courses—particularly those planning to teach—could, to the common advantage of themselves and the veterans, conduct occasional but regular classes at night to help in conducting these courses.

Men who have seen service in the armed forces and rubbed elbows with upper and lower brackets of society certainly did not place too much stress upon their speech; consequently, their use of good English has deteriorated. Realizing that correct English is a necessary social obligation, most veterans are determined to improve themselves, but it takes more than determination alone. It requires a lot of patient and instructive consideration on the teacher's part. It is a pity then that the assistance we have thus far received has been so limited.

Teachers fanatically insistent on lightning thought must bear in mind that minds disciplined to study and concentration are in a singularly different position from those minds of men who have been much more interested in missing bullets than in answering questions. Placing as many veterans as possible in the same classes would solve the problem of readjusting class methods to the advantage of one person.

Obviously veterans are undertaking the task of readjustment to scholarly routine for a good reason; otherwise, it would hardly be worth their time. They are ever aware that when the program lags, the government loses patience and money. Most have dependents greatly concerned with the showing they make in college. Time lost to the veteran is rarely regained. Although they are not yet ancient, they are interested in getting back into "the swim of things" as rapidly as possible.

Quoting from a recent article in the magazine **Tomorrow** by Louis T. Benezet: "The GI will not want to come to college to learn the ultimate 'meaning of the meaning of

the meaning.' At present his needs are concrete and down to earth. Later in his course other learning needs may come. The college will not suffer academically meanwhile . . ." It is not as if Millsaps were being charitable about the thing; the government is making generous allowances financially.

Only 2 hours for physical education are allowed at Millsaps for army training when most colleges offer at least three times that many. LSU offers eight elective hours for army service. The University of Minnesota offers 12 hours for men who have been through the Naval Air Corps training. Other colleges allow hours based upon the specialized training each man has received in his particular branch of service. This, we think, is well worth consideration.

But the most humiliating fact about it is this: Not long ago a Millsaps veteran was riding on the bus with a veteran attending Mississippi College. Upon comparison of each school's provisions for veterans, Millsaps lost out in the general reckoning. This, Millsaps, can never be!

What are you going to do about it?

A VETERAN.

MORE LIGHTS, PLEASE !!

Have you ever wandered around the campus at night? Have you gone tripping blithely face first into the sidewalk? In other words, do your ankles feel broken lately?

Most of us have some reason (legitimate or otherwise) to be on the campus at night. Singers, Vespers, club meetings, P&W work—or social activities—force us to cross the campus after the setting of the sun rather often. And we'll admit that suspense is the thing that made Alfred Hitchcock the famous director he is today, but that's in Hollywood. And this is Millsaps. And there is no feeling worse than wondering if your next step will be your last.

What we are leading up to is this: We need more lights on the campus. What few there are are not working very well, and there certainly are not enough.

It's all very well to hire a night watchman, but it might be coming nearer to the solution of the problem to have a few lights placed around in strategic places. Of course it isn't necessary to light the campus up with neons under every tree, but one or two on fraternity row, one near the gym, and one or two on the walk from Dr. Smith's house to Founders Hall would be appreciated.

For a long time, a good excuse has been, "Don't you know there's a war on?" But now we can change that to, "Don't you know there's a reconversion on?"

It's a fine thing to bring a light into the minds of students at Millsaps. It might be a good thing to brighten the corners where they walk.

Congratulations and sympathy to Gordon Shomaker for doing a bang-up job on the Varsity Show. It was a lot of hard work and responsibility, and few people realize that. Sometimes you have to get tough, and it's tougher that people don't understand that. And a pat on the back for the other people who pitched in and helped to make the Show such a huge success.

A suggestion: The cafeteria was not built to accommodate everybody on the campus at the same time. If people with 8:55 classes would be a little later about going over to feed the body, it might make it easier for people with 8:00 classes to arrive on time. It won't be for much longer, fortunately.

And a question: Why does every girls' dormitory have a free telephone whereas the civilian boys in Burton Hall have to deposit a nickel every time they want to make a call? The sailors can use office telephones (when no one is looking), but the civilian boys have no choice. Why should it be the boys who always pay?

And a final fond farewell to all the lads in navy blue. An era has ended. Most of us don't know what it will be like to come to Millsaps without you. We have been going to classes, Grill, and around with you too long to see you go without quite a few pangs of regret. Don't fail to come back to see us when you can—and don't forget to write!

The Editor's Mail

This letter is of special interest to Millsaps students because Caxton Doggett was editor of the Purple and White for 1935-36. And, believe it or not, that was the year over 1/4 of the 400 Millsaps students signed a pledge not to support the government in case the United States should enter another war.

Anyone interested in entering this contest may feel free to do so. Write an editorial or feature and hand it in to the P&W Office. The best of the lot will be submitted to Mr. Doggett.

If you would like to write to him about this, his address is: Caxton Doggett,

Secretary of Student Work
Board of Missions of Methodist Church

150 Fifth Avenue
New York 11, N. Y.

September 25, 1945

Editor-in-Chief
Purple and White
Jackson, Miss.
Dear Editor:

Will you please write me your reaction to the idea of a \$100.00 prize from the Methodist Board of Missions for the best editorial or feature story on "The World Mission of the Church," written by an undergraduate and published during the school year in a college newspaper? I am putting this question to a selected group of college newspaper editors and will be governed entirely in this matter by the replies I receive. I am making this request because of the great respect I have for the influence of the college paper on student opinion, and I remember what a great deal of pleasure my own experience as a college newspaper editor in 1935-36 gave me.

If such a prize were offered, do you think that you or others on the staff of your paper would be interested in submitting material on this subject? What I have in mind is a contest which would be entirely in the hands of the editor so far as the local campus is concerned. You would determine whether there should appear in your paper one or several articles on the subject.

As you perhaps know, an unexpected by-product of the war was the "discovery" of Christian Missions by the soldiers of the United Nations. Their first-hand reports taken from letters sent back to the United States fill an entire volume which was published this past year.

It is the judgment of everyone who knows the facts that no generation of Americans has seen with their own eyes as much of the Christian Missionary Enterprise as have the soldiers of our time. Literally thousands of men who had never before given a thought to the World Mission of the Church have become enthusiastic supporters of their churches' foreign work as the result of their first-hand experience with this enterprise.

On the campus of your school there will be undoubtedly more global thinking this year than ever before, and there will doubtless be many students whose horizons have been pushed back by the impact of the war to reveal to them their kinship with all the peoples of this "one world."

Sincerely,
Caxton Doggett,
Secretary of Student Work.

Guess Who???

The following is a description of a character (and we do mean character) who has just left the campus. Anyone guessing after reading the first nine parts of the description is automatically disqualified. Anyone not guessing after reading the tenth—is the character we are talking about.

1. He sings constantly.
 2. He just made moron (j.g.)
 3. He has black hair, blue eyes, and a vacant stare.
 4. His favorite expression is, "Oh, goody. When are we going?"
 5. He always goes—even tho nobody mentioned it.
 6. He has a certain doggy air about him. (Association, no doubt.)
 7. He hung around while people worked on the Varsity Show.
 8. He hangs around all the time.
 9. His intake and output is zero.
 10. His initials are Ralph Se-grest.
- Give up? We do too.

Pikes Rush 25 At Edwards

The Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity entertained twenty-five guests at a rush party on Friday night, October 5th. Plans had been, until the last minute, to have an outdoor barbecue; but weather forced a change in plans, and the party was held in the Edwards Hotel. Nevertheless, it was still a barbecue with steaks barbecued just before the guests arrived.

During the evening, songs of the fraternity were sung by the group. At the request of the group, pledge Glenn Pigott played and sang a few of his specials, Bill Griffith let out with his boogie-woogie, and Bob Ray introduced to the group a song he has recently written for the chapter.

The Alumni present were Ellis Wright, Sr., John Weems, Professor James S. Ferguson, Dr. John A. Fincher, David Harpole, and Charles Burnham of Jackson. G. P. Cook, Sr., of Canton, a charter member of Alpha Iota chapter, also was present.

The guests present were Bill Cliburn, Bill Griffith, Billy Crout, John Davis, Jerry Fortenberry, Gene Fleming, Jack Marsalis, Dave McIntosh, Bill van Zandt, Bob Bullen, Bill Correll, Robert Childress, Bob Mackey, Billy Maute, George Scott, Bill Wright, Tommy Wright, Ed Sanders, Craig Castle, Winston Lill, Don Lagarde, Bo Denton, Norman Gillis, William Stokes, and Robert Watts.

Actives were Bill Patterson, Pat Clendinning, Charles Lehman, Bill Moore, Bill Cook, Bob Ray, Charles Allen, Sam Barefield, Albert Allen, Joe Jennings, Jack Krebs, Allen Whitley, Tom Holderfield, and Curly Mortell.

SORORITY PLEDGES ELECT OFFICERS

The following pledge officers have been elected by the four sororities on the campus:

Beta Sigma Omicron

President, Mary Lib Cowan; vice-president, Laura Mae Godbold; secretary, Dot Myers; treasurer, Ada Mae Baine; warden, Kathryn Campbell.

Chi Omega

President, Jane Lampton; secretary, Frances Culley; treasurer, Truly Graves.

Kappa Delta

President, Melda Burdsal; vice-president, Adelyn Gerald; secretary, Trudy Chichester; treasurer, Ann Ammons.

Phi Mu

President, Katherine Abernathy; vice-president, June Whitley; secretary, Annie Ruth Callahan; treasurer, Betty Odom; reporter, Skeets White.

Pikes Elect Officers

Alpha Iota chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha announces the election of officers for the next semester.

Bill Patterson has been elected president of the chapter. Patterson, whose home is in Salisbury, North Carolina, is employed by the Bell Telephone Company here in Jackson. He has been enrolled in Millsaps since July, 1944.

Pat Clendinning, new vice-president, graduated from Central High and lives in Jackson. A sophomore, Clendinning is an engineer at radio station WJDX.

Bill Moore, who has served several semesters as treasurer, was re-elected. Moore, business manager of the P&W, is also a Jacksonian.

Bob Ray, of Eupora, was elected historian. Ray is a sophomore and is the recipient of the D. A. R. scholarship.



Cornelia Hegman Gives Tri-Linqual Voice Recital

Cornelia Hegman was presented in her Senior Recital by Mrs. Armand Coulet on Monday evening at 7:30 P.M. Frank Rea Taylor accompanied her at the piano.

Miss Hegman wore an aqua taffeta evening dress and held a colonial bouquet given her by Kappa Delta sorority.

In the Italian group she sang "Se tu m'ami" by Pergolesi, "O del mio amato ben" by Dandini, and "La Danza" by Rossini. Included in the French group were "Ouvre ton coeur" by Lizet, "Psyche" by Paladilhe, and "Si tu le veux" by Koechlin. A combination of German and Spanish songs followed.

The last group was in English and consisted of "Sea Moods" by Tyson, "Star Eyes" by Speaks, "The Robin Song" by White, "Until" by Sanderson, and "Hop-Li, the Rickshaw Man" by Manning.

Miss Hegman showed excellent stage presence and presented her songs with a dignified and graceful manner. She gave an exceptional interpretation of the works chosen.

Ushers for the occasion were Mildred Ellis and Flora Giardina.

BSO's Fete New "Little Sisters"

Beta Sigma Omicron sorority honored their fifteen new pledges with a banquet at the Heidelberg Green Room, after pledging services Saturday, September 29.

The traditional "Big Sister-Little Sister" ceremony was held at the Beta Sig house, Tuesday evening, October 9. "Big Sisters" and their respective "Little Sisters" are: Gerry Wilkerson, Jackie Byars; Catherine Herring, Cathryn Campbell; Nina Bess Goss, Dewey Cobb; Rebecca Ely, Anne Craig; Frances Gray, Laura Mae Godbold; Betty Lloyd, Carolyn Hays; Catherine Armstrong, Jerry Mayo; Bonnie Lee Harmer, Mary Anna Medlin; Lois Ann Fritz, Dot Myers and Sammie Price; Dot Eady, Maxine Winn and Ada Mae Bain; Julia Fay Mayo, Bessie Mae Barrow; Elaine Keary, Mary Lib Cowan, and Janelle Gordon, Elizabeth Ann Lampton.

Just before the ceremony the Beta Sigs enjoyed a spaghetti supper fixed at the house. Bonnie Lee Harmer, Betty Lloyd, Dot Eady, and Julia Fay Mayo were in charge of the food. All "Big Sisters," "Little Sisters," and other Beta Sigs were present. The evening was topped off by taking in the Grandstand Show at the State Fair.

The boy stood on the burning deck With his sister Mollie. The deck felt hot to the boy And also hot tamale.

Greeks Hold Pledge Parties

The Pikes held pledging for their eleven neophytes on Sunday, October 7, in the home of David Harpole, former Millsaps Pike. After the ceremony, the entire group joined by the old pledges at the Edwards Hotel enjoyed a chicken dinner. Following this the new pledges spoke to the group after which Dr. John Albert Fincher, local professor and president of District 11-A of the frat, addressed the group. He explained to them what the fraternity expects of its members.

Phi Mu pledging was carried on in the Silver Room of the Hotel Heidelberg, after which the new pledges were honored at a banquet in the adjacent Rose

Room. Alumnae present were Mrs. Landon Freear, San Antonio, Texas; Misses Mary Anna Mayo and Martha Boger, Hattiesburg, and Miss Maxyne Madden, Jackson.

Pledging for Mu chapter of Kappa Delta was held in the sorority house on Oakwood. Immediately following, a party was given for the group at LeFluer's Restaurant. Menus were auto-graphed, sorority songs sung, and a chicken dinner enjoyed by all. Alumnae present were Catherine Tadler, Katherine Grimes, Martha Gerald, Dot Fullilove, Sara Katherine Posey, and Madeleine Page.

SOCIETY

Everyone's been simply buzzin' about the knocked-out rush parties the fraternities have had this past week. To begin the week, the Lambda Chi's had a bridge party. Then along about Friday night the Pikes had a lovely dinner down at the Edwards Hotel. We've heard rumors of steaks sooo thick and sooo big ever since then. Then on Saturday afternoon the KA's had an informal rush party at their fraternity mother's house. That same day the Kappa Sigs had an informal party over at Bill Clark's.

And—speaking of parties, the Vikings had a tea out at Dean Reicken's last Tuesday night for the new girls. That brings us up to the present, and we hear that the Kappa Deltas are planning one of their famous house suppers for Wednesday night. The Lambda Chi's are also planning a farewell dinner for Saturday night. That's all for this week but just wait 'till this party bug catches on!

Bells Ring for Millsaps Belles

Wedding bells have strictly been working overtime during the summer because we've heard about several of our co-eds taking the fatal step. First there was Marguerite Stanley who on July 7 married Kinsey Stewart. Then later on in that month Eleanor Aycock married Ensign Ed Pritchard and several of the Phi Mus attended the wedding in New Orleans. Along came another pleasant surprise — Margaret Morgan became Mrs. Carmen Dixon and left us in favor of Holmes Junior College.

We find that Bettie Horrell is following in their footsteps. She's planning an early autumn wedding to Captain Rube Johnson. And since we've brought ourselves up to date, we hear that Ann Spitchley is planning to marry a certain lieutenant down Hazlehurst way in January. Right or wrong?

Is it catching? Well, we co-eds certainly hope so!

Chi Omegas Elect

Chi Delta chapter of Chi Omega has recently installed its new officers: President, Lib Welsh; vice-president, Ann Lampton; secretary, Frances Williams; treasurer, Nadine McKinnon; pledge mother, Ann Porter.

Outgoing officers were: President, Frances Alexander; Vice-president, Dot Jones; Secretary, Miriam Stamps; Treasurer, Peggy Wepler; and pledge mother, Lib Welsh.

Vikings Initiate 27 New Studes

On joining the Viking chapter of the NISA, twenty-seven new students signed the Constitution of the Vikings at a recent meeting held at the home of Mrs. Bernard T. Hickman.

Those joining were: Lena Mae Ray, Bellefontaine; Billie Brewer, McComb; Jimmie Lou Moore, Nettleton; Pat Reed, Centerville; Joan Herring, Batesville; Mary Margaret Johnson, Jackson; Winnie Ruth Files, Jackson; Emogene Calhoun, Mt. Olive; Betty Jim Canon, Vaiden; Andre Rosalind Butler, Jackson;

Catherine May Shumaker, Vicksburg; Anne von Seuter, Jackson; Melba Jean Cash, Jackson; Heloise Womack, Prentiss; Marjorie Ottinger, Attica, Indiana; Montez Brown, Jackson; Myrleen Cummings, Jackson; Doris Etta Thompson, Jackson; Lesbia Byars, Pittsboro; Mary Rose Attya, Americus, Ga.; Remy Claire Jordan, Jackson; Virginia Hickman, Jackson; Jean Wynne, Jackson; Jeanne Roberts, Centerville; Dolly Wright, Jackson; Elizabeth Kay Darby, Philadelphia.

Rotarians Plan Big-Time Feed

Have you noticed the bulletin board lately? Is your father a Rotarian? Well, by all means and under all conditions, do attend the luncheon being given for you on October 22 at the Heidelberg Hotel. You lucky, lucky people. It's not every day that people have whole great big luncheons given for them.

All you have to do is sign the notice on the bulletin board to let them know you are coming and then appear on said date at 12:15 noon. Isn't that simple—and won't it be nice to taste food again? If you can in any way hold a pencil do sign the notice because they tell me the Rotary Club hasn't taken up mental telepathy yet.

Penny Linfield (playfully): Let me chew your gum?

Red Holderfield (more playfully): Which one, upper or lower?

Charles Maxey: "I don't think I should get zero in this exam."

Dean Riecken: "I know it, but it's the lowest mark there is."

Vikings Give Tea In Riecken Home

The Vikings were hostess at a tea on Tuesday night, October 2, in the home of Dean and Mrs. Riecken. This was given in honor of those girls on the campus who did not join a sorority. After the informal program was presented, refreshments were served.

Guests present were Jeanne Roberts, Shirley Howle, Elizabeth Darby, Dolly Wright, Betty Jim Canon, Catherine Shumaker, Mary Rose Attya, Jimmie Lou Moore, Lois Abel, Mary Katherine Rogers, Myrleen Cummings, Melba Jean Cash, Peggy Pellegrine, Imogene Calhoun, Marge Ottinger, Lesbia Byars, Evelyn Hastings, Ann von Seutter, Virginia Hickman, Claire Jordan, Montez Brown, Lena Mae Ray, Pat Reed, Rosalind Butler, and Mildred Glisson.

Members at the party were Betty Hearn, Betty Long, Rosie Nichols, Myra Nichols, Mary Lou Miles, Mary Ethel Nay, Clara Foy, Carolyn McKewen, Martina Cadenead, Lennie Crawford, Betty Langdon, Joyce Adair, Janice Nicholson, Virginia Montgomery, Ann Cresswell, Carolyn Falk, Mary Nell Sells, Virginia Darra-cott, Betty and Frances Pittman, Catherine Powell, Billie Jean Dear, and Carroll Steen.

Clay Alexander Heads Kappa Sigs

Alpha Upsilon chapter of Kappa Sigma has announced its new officers for the coming year. They are: Clay Alexander, G.M.; Ned O'Brien, GP; Westley Sanders, GMC; and Bill Clark, GS and GT.

G. Stein Resurrected

or

Another Short Beer, Please

Unto this world would come a dream.
Would come unto this world a dream.
A dream unto this world would come.
Unto this world a dream would come.
Would come a dream unto this world.
A dream would come unto this world.
Or would it?

A sailor in the sack, alack.

Peace, and rabbits on the lawn at dawn.*
Fuchsia rabbits.
Each a entity, an being.
Its sapphire ears aglow under the
Pepsi-Cola signs.
Thinking its own thinks—
Seeing its own sees.
Ah, paradise, when love shall have come to
The manholes.

You coffee cups that dance a dance,
You dance within my brain.
Stop, halt, cease, end, desist, refrain.

*A rabbit is a rabitt is a rabit
And several more in the long run.

Love Life (or do you?) Bared To Glaring, Staring Fiends

A happily complimentary finger at Bob (Legs) Mackey, who is one of the nicer new characters but is not seen about as often as he might be. Shall we say the Grill at—well, just any ole time.

A thank-you finger at Gene (Steve) Bolo, W. C. (Tupelo) Moore, Ben (Blase) Fitzhugh, and H. T. (Shame on you) McClure, who tried soooo hard to make Sunday night the most interesting night in the week.

A what-is-it finger at Margaret (It's nothing that any red-blooded American girl with three eyes and a corncob pipe couldn't do) Hughes. All hail the new Freshman Queen!

A whadda-ya-know finger at Calvin (Rotisserie) Holmes, who is exhibiting talents we never dreamed of.

A ho-hum finger at George (I'm so virile I amaze me) Curtis and Lois (Do not judge my courage by my twisted arm) Fritz, who seem to be doing an encore of an old act.

A doggy finger at June (Poodle) Whatley. Wantta pet, kid?

A successful finger at Bowman (You take the high neckline, and I'll take the low neckline, and I'll be May Queen before ye) Clark, who came out on top of the heap Freshman Night.

A fretful finger at Jack (Now all that I've got is a worried mind) Murphy, who is beginning to wonder where the nearest emergency exit is.

An exotic finger at Ethel (It's my big dark eyes that attract 'em) Eastman. How long will it be before—(Censored).

A suspenseful finger at all the campus trainees. To lane or not to lane, that is the question.

A weary traveler's finger at Hazel (Deep in the heart of Texas) Steen, who declares that the face on the train that was passing through didn't belong to Laura but to our old friend (?) Ralph (Duh) Segrest.

A reverse finger at Adelyn (Your pin is my pin) Gerald for using that Southern charm so deftly and so effectively.

A block-that-beguine finger at Hubert (Waltz me around again) Holmes and Kit (Let me sit this one out—with someone else) Moody.

A refined finger at the V-12 Literary and Missionary Society for an inspirational meeting Saturday night.

A coloratura finger at Cornelia (Life on the high C's) Hegman whose rehearsals have done things to Murrah (I'll never be the same again) Hall.

An interesting finger at Jane (If this be life, let's make the most of it) Lampton, who has a different man every night.

A hennaed finger at Charline (When my red hair turns to brown again) Brister. We heard you dyed last night.

A magnanimous finger at Katherine (All or nothing at all) Abernathy, who is responsible for the new bracelet Joe (I can't give you anything but love, baby) Jennings is now sporting.

A gullible finger at Wally (Can I help it if I'm irresistible?) Cox for being elected Man of the Moment—and all of a sudden, too. Why???

A surprised finger at Ann (I've got more than Becall—a plastic whistle, no less) Hobbs and Warren (You too can toot on a cute little flute) Foote, who dig up such amazing devices to amuse themselves.

A Finger-of-the-Week finger at Bill (You, too, can be a dream girl of B. O. Pu. Give up

Lifebuoy for a week) Dement. People who call meetings at 10:00 P.M. on Saturday night in the shower!! And just when ole Robert (Call me Hot Motor) Godbold might be out giving some of the unsuspecting freshmen girls a buzzzzzz.

A not-much-slimmer finger at Jean (College is so broadening) White, whose orange juice diet is strenuous enough. But where are the results?

And a welcome-back finger at Bill (Hulas I have known and loved) Cook and Charlie (What is a Sig pin between friends?) Allen for making the campus wonder if all reconversion is going to be nice as this.

A windy finger at Martha (One year at West Point—and all that) Lynn (And now all this) Gabriel (He who tooteth not his own horn shall not have the same tooted) Kenna for giving the civilians a chance. One weak hubba.

A slightly sprained toe at the Burton (You, too, can have bed bugs) Bunk. Where is that competition the P&W was threatened with?

An ambitious finger at Carroll (I'll be Pike dream girl yet) Steen, who is reportedly already shopping for a garnet and gold formal. What other girl on the campus is shaped like a shield and diamond?

A hubba-hubba finger at Craig (When I got these long eyelashes, I was a defenseless . . . Don't blame me) Castle for the damage he wreaks with same. Go easy, baby, the girls on this campus aren't used to brains, looks, and webbedness, all at once.

A curved finger at Ann (Just call me "Dimples") Cresswell for the fascinating new cheekbone lines she developed. Simple—just take a Golf-club-in-the-face treatment from Bill (I've lost Faith—but that isn't everything in life) Clark.

And: ON SHOVING OFF Thanks for the memories Of fingers aimed at me, Sailors but no sea, Physics, drawing, English, and Trigonometry. How lovely it was.

Thanks for the memories Of PTC with Hale, Waiting for the mail. Remember hoping, praying that we couldn't wouldn't fail? How lovely it was.

We've enjoyed the laughs, tears, and flirtin.' But this really looks like the curtain. Of this much we're thankful and certain: We did survive. We're still alive.

So thanks for the memories Of coeds short and tall, Coeds large and small It was so much better than no coeds at all. So thank you so much.

Gavel Reports

Eta Sigma Phi
Eta Sigma Phi held its first meeting on Wednesday, October 3. The newly elected officers are Patsy Pendergraft, president; Lib Welsh, vice-president; Betty Langdon, secretary; and Flossie Conine, treasurer. The next meeting is to be held on October 23 at Patsy Pendergraft's.

Theta Nu Sigma
Theta Nu Sigma met Thursday, October 4, and initiated the following students: Mary Wharton, Cliff



Anderson, George Curtis, Bryan Holiday, C. V. Holmes, H. B. Holmes, Al Lavata, Charles Lehman, S. P. Madonia, Floyd Oglesbay, and J. D. Wax.

Science Club

At the last meeting of Science Club the group toured the United States Experimental Station at Vicksburg. Those who attended were Dr. Price, Mrs. Jones, Professor Galloway, Bill Griffith, Margie Burdsal, Lewis Jones, Jean White, Betty Lloyd, Nina Bess Goss, Joe Wiggins, Dot Hathorne, Cliff Anderson, Gus Lunsford, George Curtis.

AED

Alpha Epsilon Delta met on Monday, October 8, and initiated Bill Griffith and Joe Jennings. AED is the Pre-Med honorary.

KDE

Kappa Delta Epsilon met Wednesday, October 1, and two new officers were selected. They are Dot Eady, vice-president, and Roberta Stewart, secretary.

Topper Club

Topper Club met Wednesday, October 3, and elected Rosemary Nichols president. New representatives from each sorority and each fraternity are to be selected.

IRC

At the last meeting of IRC, Jack Blasingame gave a discussion of atomic energy.

Scads of Fads

Dame fashion has this season transformed milady's wardrobe from a frou-frou of fripperies into a pleasingly ordered and tailored closetful.

"Vogue" is featuring wool blouses or sweaters tucked inside skirts and worn with a studded belt. A classic example in Malvina Yerger's light leather belt worn on a dark skirt.

Mary Collins and Betty Brewer are fond of tailored dresses in subdued tones. Some of their dresses show this same belt. Broadine May's teal blue wool dress slashed with bright colors has definite eye appeal.

Then there's the immortal suit. Dot Melvin has quite a collection of tweeds with which she wears blouses or sweaters and shoes with a medium heel. Tinnie Jennings wears a white blouse with a grey pin stripe.

And back to the myriads of sweaters and skirts! We feel that "fashions may come and fashions may go

But we'll never part with the sloppy Joe!"

Literarily Speaking

One of the most interesting new books in many a day is George Norris' *Fighting Liberal*. Though not one of America's greatest statesmen, he was an outstanding member of the senate. An interesting autobiography and excellent elegy. Senator Norris tells the story of his many and fiery Congressional battles in a simple quite readable fashion.

Sinclair Lewis has made the American scene once more with his new novel *Cass Timberlane*. Published serially, it now appears as a full length novel. Mr. Lewis seems to have lost some of his full flavor in this latest offering. One wonders where the usual Lewis sting is? Left on Main Street probably.

An ambitious offering of Thomas B. Castain is *The Black Rose*. A heavily overdone affair of England and the Orient soon after the Crusades, it is the story of Walter of Gurnie and his adventures in the Far East. Fact and fiction are mixed too thickly and the result is an unconvincing muddle of both.

A novel of gentle and kindly nature is Robert Mollay's *Pride's Way*. A graceful study of two old widows, their trials and tribulations is painted against the faded gentility of Charleston. Interesting and pleasing to read, *Pride's Way* has a clever subtle touch that makes fascinating reading.

SHORT STORY:

The Day

by CLIFFORD M. GORDON

The Day began very much like the other days: a bright, early sun, light, bird-voices, and coffee cups. There was no natural harbinger of what was to be, no presentiment of any forthcoming revelation. I was myself when The Day began, completely unaware that I would no longer be myself when The Day ended, but would be part of another person and would own what was not rightfully (but who so wise as to say this without fear of error?) my own. Now that

The Day is over, I know that I was not like other ones; it held a special significance, lacking in other days. It had not joined the chain of days and days that stretched endlessly and categorically beyond and behind me, not a conventional segment of time falling in line with nondescript weeks and months. It was as if a shimmering raindrop in its descent to earth with millions of likedrops in tow had decided to detach itself from the throng and stand apart austere glistening in space. Its absence would not check the flow of raindrops, for their flow is inexorable; neither did The Day alter the course of other days, for it was not a part of them, not a link in Time's chain.

We met on a bus, and it was not a nice bus; it was a rough one, an old one, and not at all suitable for the occasion; but the events proved—as often they do—that expediency is unnecessary to the unpredictable, and the unpredictable is often the most interesting of all. Curiosity preceded love between us; we stared mutually for equally trivial reasons. She had a book, and I looked for the name, and she looked past me at the madly hurrying trees, and our eyes met; that was all. We both began to search for an incipient topic for conversation, but fate (who was with us all the time, I know) extended a most excellent opportunity for us to talk, and we did. An old woman got on the bus and had to stand up though many young boys

were seated, and we seized upon this opportunity, although neither of us cared whether the old woman sat or not, for she was not us; but the excuse was good and our conversation started. We sat there abstractedly joining words in sensible sentences that meant nothing but merely leapt from our lips in meaningless procession. We knew our words meant nothing, that they were all individually distinctive words which did not particularly belong together, but we were making no analysis of that, we were falling in love and it little mattered that we were foolish, for falling in love is always foolish and heterodoxical. And when I realized that I was beginning to fall in love with her, I realized that I had not ever seen her and that this was not a physical love, which it must be to be love, so I stopped looking in her and looked at her, up and down, and soon the love was, too, physical; we were both glad. Now we began to talk again, this time seriously and importantly, for we were now sane, in love, and completely aware. We both were sure that it was love and felt no inclination to mention the fact. So we took it for granted.

Most days end on an anticipation of tomorrow, but The Day ended completely, slipped quietly into the category of memories, and was gone from my life when I had gone to sleep that night. It had no connection with the future, no ties with the past.

TEMPLE of KNOWLEDGE

Dear Temple,

Why doesn't Millsaps have a football team?

Tearfully,

Ath. E. Lete

Dear Ath.,

Millsaps loves State College and doesn't want to beat up the bulldogs before they meet Ole Miss.

Sympathetically,

T.K.

Dear Miss Temple,

We only got one pledge. What can we do to remedy this situation?

K.A. Chapter

Dear Knights,

Robert E. Lee must have turned over in his grave! Try List-erine:

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Temple

Dear Temple of Knowledge,

I have to make a book review on **Black Boy**. What can I use for a title?

Ea Ger

Dear Miss Ger,

You might entitle it, **Ebony Male Child**.

Your contemporary,
T. Knowledge

Temple, darling,

I think your column is just too divine for words. Whatever made you think of writing it?

I. Gush Much

Dear Gush,

Carroll needed something to fill up our two new pages.

Au revoir,

Your own Temple.

Students Dust—

(Continued from page 1)
ABOUT FLEMING, OUR FAVORITE:

A Georgia-cracker by birth, Dr. Fleming graduated from Emory University in 1933 with a major in philosophy. In 1936 he received his B. D. from Emory, majoring in religious education and the New Testament and in the following year received his S. T. M. degree from Boston University, majoring in Old Testament. He studied under the renowned Professor William E. Hocking of Harvard, receiving his Ph. D. from Boston University in 1941 with a major in philosophy and the philosophy of religion.

While attending Boston University he held pastorates in Charl-ton City, West Brookfield, and Spencer, Massachusetts from 1938-1945.

Yes, girls, he's married and his family lives on Faculty Row. You must all get acquainted with his wife and two children, Mary Dell, aged three, and Neal Bond, Jr. aged one.

His special hobbies show versatility — gardening, astronomy, and folk games. He also confesses a liking for music but stays on the receiving end. He is an ardent sports fan; tennis and softball being his favorite sports.

Dr. Fleming is a member of Sigma Chi, social fraternity, and of Omicron Delta Kappa, national honorary leadership fraternity for men.

You all know how the telephone situation at Founders' Hall is nowadays, don't you? Wellllllll, the following conversation was accidentally (ahem) overheard.

Hilbisch: "Are you the sort of girl who is sweet, beautiful, adorable and charming?" To which Ann Ammons replied: "Yeah, big boy; what kind of a chump are you?" Looks as if Ann would remember that there are three (?) extensions at Founders.

Ever-Loving' Brother Pens Note to Little Sis At Millsaps

Once in a lifetime a brother writes his sister. Once in about ten lifetimes—or should we make the averages 1000/1?—a brother writes a letter as webbed as this one. Especially when he puts things on the envelope like: Pvt. (Ain't never gonna get promotion) John J. Doe—Rub a dub dub, Three men in a tub, Crowded?—Don't worry about growing old, don't be a softy, drink GI coffee!—Hear Guy Lumbago, "the peepul's cherce." And so on.—(Ed's note.)

Dearest (Drink to me only with thine eyes, or No Beer Sold Here) Oh Girl,

Well, well, I see the good Hausen-frau (this name is only temporary) Doe has been putting the screws on one glamorous—well, maybe—offspring, and aforesaid prodigy, plug for our team, has granted her ever-loving brother the delirious pleasure of an exclusive epistle writ by the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sull . . . whups, I kinda got off the beaten track to the door of the man that makes the better rat trap then.

It was kind of you, Mam, it was, raly it was to write your pore old (the bats fly in, the bats fly out, or There ain't nobody home upstairs) brother. Honest Injun and No Foolin, Kid, these yankee-women, while being young, ready, and willin, just cain't shake a -woody piece or part of a tree—at these ever-ready (You furnish the man, we'll

do the rest) Suthurn dolls.

And speaking of the South, Angel-pan, d'ya know that your dearest and 'dorable bro has lost all traces of THAT WONDERFUL ACCENT? Yes, m'dear, the man I love best is now known as Hey, Brooklyn, or hailed affectionately as Flatbush, Inc. I'm tellin ya, babe, it's all part of a yan-kee conspiracy to undermine the morale of those Flowers of Southern Aristocracy, them pur-est of the pure, THE LADIES.

Well, I see the good (If East is east and West is west, what is the twain? What wuns on the twack, ya stupid—) lieutenant is making the rounds and twould go exceedingly hard for your fraternal relative if same should be apprehended at—people point him out, mothers hurriedly gather in small children, gossips whisper-writing a letter during study period! Fare thee well, me kins-woman, now I must indulge in a little mad sack. Be sure and feed the goldfish, don't forget to put the cat outdoors, and keep the homefires burning. Use gasoline (the war is over, ya know) if necessary.

Punched out by the hands of your ever lovin (lay that cleaver down, babe, lay that cleaver down) Bro.

ADMONITION: Please return letter as the judicious use of ink eradicator will make it useful again in the near future. Prevents breach of promise, ya know.

Words and Music

Upon the arrival of the new musically inclined students at Millsaps, an enlargement of the Master Class has come about in the Music Department. This class is held for the purpose of developing the virtuosity in the promising pianists. The average program consists of pieces by the masters, with interesting discussions, arranged chronologically to show the progression of music in the type being used on program.

The first meeting of the new class was held in Mrs. Robert's studio, Wednesday, October 3, at 1:00. Those taking part were Katherine Moody, Glen Pigott, Dan Carl, Bob Ray, Billy Krout, Marianna Medlin, and Bill Toler. The composers ranged from Bach to Gershwin, making the class a very interesting as well as an instructive one. For this class the members will receive hours credit. All piano students are invited to join, and also an invitation is extended to anyone desiring to visit us.

Hey, Read This, Checker Champs

Hey, fellers and gals, the campus spotlight should be turned to our newly-found celebrity. He is Clyde Terrell, Pharmacist's Mate 1/c. "Doctor" Terrell hails from Alabama.

And here is our latest discovery. Clyde has been checker champion at every naval station he's been to. Incidentally, he wants to establish his championship here on the U. S. S. Millsaps, so all you guys and gals that think you can beat him, gather up your wits and challenge him. You can usually find him at the Sick Bay. He's also very good at chess and dominoes if you would care to play.

TELEPHONE CALL—ONE WAY

By Clifford M. Gordon

Number please?

Heaven, please.

Heaven?

Yeah, Heaven.

Just a minute; all the lines are busy; I'll call you back.

(Impatient wait, a ring, the operator.)

Ready, sir, on your call to Heaven. Deposit 25 cents.

(A clang, the money falls in, a silence.)

Hello, is this you, God?

(There was no answer but I

Knew it was he by the patient

Silence at the other end.)

Our Father, who art in Heaven,

And to whom all powers are given,

Hallowed be Thy name

And glorified Thy fame.

(He liked this—even the silence

Reigning at the other end was

Indication—a bit more eager. . . .)

Forgive me my vice;

Don't let me place dice;

Make me be nice;

I ask of you, dear

God, stave off fear—

God, are you there?

(No answer came through,

But I knew

Or thought I knew

He was there.

He was there.)

FIGGERS

According to statistics found in the registrar's office, the boys continue to be outnumbered on Millsaps campus. Women students number 271, while the civilian male enrollment reaches an even 100.

The naval training unit consists of 108 boys, 55 being V-12's and the remaining 53 being V-5's.

Total enrollment at the present is 479 students.

ON THE LEVEL

By Mary Ethel Nay

Each new day of our college lives brings the opportunity for each of us to apply ourselves diligently to the task at hand, that of preparing ourselves for life. In order to get a well-rounded education each of us should give some time to participation in the extra-curricular activities on the campus. There are extra-curricular activities for each student—just look around for the niche for your particular talents and join up with that group in its search for a particular wisdom—such as public speaking, dramatics, music, etc.

There is one activity of which each student automatically becomes a member when he registers at Millsaps. The YMCA-YWCA. These organizations foster programs designed to help the students solve the problems that come to them as students and as Adventurers in Life. The YW (girls only!) meets in the Rec-Room at 4:45 every Monday; the YM (men only!) on Thursdays in the Tatum Room in Murrah Hall. Don't miss this opportunity to guide you into the realization of a full and creative life through the growing knowledge of God and the fellowship with other students through the religious activities on the campus.

A prof wrote "please wash" on the blackboard and the janitor took his bath before Saturday.

Roommate (during intermission)—How do you like the date I dug up for you?

Ditto—Rotten! Throw her back and start digging some place else!

'New Nineties'—

(Continued from page 1)

hero. The villain was played by Greg Holmes, the fair maiden was played by Meryln Mitchell and the handsome hero was played by Jimmy Caldwell. The audience was then favored by a tap dance entitled "Struttin' the Taps" by Gene Nettles. A lovely song was sung by the nightingale of the campus, Estelle Hawkins, who portrayed Lillian Russell in all of the bygone splendor of The Gay Nineties. Then four beautiful young ladies did the famous French Can Can Dance. The beauteous dancers were W. R. Culver, Robert Marston, Robert Carlisle, and Richard Colbert.

Following a fifteen minute intermission, the show was resumed. Beautiful Sara Chatham favored the audience with a lovely number composed by our own Glen Pigott. Gene Nettles gave a return performance entitled "Sophisticated Becerra". Two Central American dancers gave us their own interpretation of the Rhumba. They were Javier Crespo and Martha Becerra from Honduras. The show was climaxed by "Elmer Comes A Courtin'" in all the stiffness of the early nineties. Elmer was played by Jack Worley, Nellie was played by Annie Ruth Walker and Mrs. Slushington was played by Jean White. The Varsity Show ended with a grand finale featuring the entire cast.

The credit for the success of "The New Nineties" goes to the director, Gordon Shoemaker, and his many assistants.

Moron: "I'm normal. I got ten toes."

Goon: "Yeah, but you got two on one foot and eight on the other."

Would you like to have an income that would enable you to live well, dress well, and have a few of the comforts of life—Now? Would you like to have a fine mansion in the city, a country house, and servants to take care of your every need? Would you like to be famous, a success in life, to associate with presidents and millionaires? Would you like to take a trip around the world, traveling with the greatest possible luxury, and return with loads of souvenirs from this trip? Would you like to be loved by the most beautiful girl in the whole wide world? Would you like all this and more? You would? Then shake, brother. Our desires are identical!

Our Flaming Froshes Vitalize The Old Campus On Frosh Day

"Is it an airplane? Is it a bird? No, it's a freshman!" Yes, on Freshman Day those freshman boys were flying low after certain upperclassmen. Object: To show their love by planting very greasy red kisses on the faces of various boys and girls. 'Tis said that those highly painted boys were quite eager to "smear" such girls as Jean Roberts and Penny Linfield!

The boys didn't hog the "Freshman Day" celebrations, however. It was a bunch of glamorous girls that stood on a table in the Grill and sang the Alma Mater, not once, not twice, but five times. Perhaps you're wondering to whom these girls were singing! Answer: Annie Ruth Walker, Glen Pigott (upper classman, it says here), and Joe Jennings.

As scarce as Kleenex is, Mary Ann Turner was wearing a box on her head that day. Just anyone could take one! Besides, she gave service with a smile.

At this point a long, low whistle would be appropriate. You've missed half your life if you didn't see Gene Nettles do that wicked strip tease on the cafeteria table. Did you get a load of those curves?

Javier Crespo, who was appearing on the same table, gave Valery Perkins quite a buzz when he serenaded her with "Amor." His voice was very good, but those eyes really turned the trick.

Pictures of interest should develop from that exciting day, since several sailors snapped such reluctant freshman as Jackie Byars and Mary Anna Medlin. The same boys also struck a portrait of June Whatley's beauty as she trudged backwards down the steps of Sullivan-Harrell.

Toward the end of the afternoon, situations were really getting different. When you happen to have an old spare mom-

ent to waste, ask Flossie Quattlebaum what Carroll Steen made her do. Don't be surprised if she should blush!

At the present, such trifles as freshmen carrying their elders' cafeteria trays, lighting their cigarettes, dusting seats for them, lighting their cigarettes, and getting their mail will be overlooked. On to the main event of the day!

At a touching ceremony in Murrah Auditorium at 7:00 p.m. on that fateful night of October 1, Bowman Clark and Margaret Hughes were crowned "King and Queen of Freshman Day". The queen was attractively attired in a gray dress with an "over-the-face" hat. She smoked a dainty corn cob pipe throughout the contest. The king was stunning in a pair of midriff pajamas.

The runners-up for the honor were also a high light on the program. Ralph Segrest made a lovely picture in colorful pajamas as he walked across the stage followed by his friend (the dog!) Joe Burton. Not to be neglected is Bob Mackey, who wore a pajama top, rolled up pajama pants, and a freshman cap.

The two young ladies who also vied for the position of queen were Ann Ammons and Ina Mae Quattlebaum. Ann wore a fetching pair of "long handles" covered by bathing suit. She carried a green umbrella and wore black gloves. With her make-up she wore a small amount of face. Ina Mae looked charming in a figured dress trailed by a bustle. She wore a crocheted hat and various colors of cosmetics.

At intervals throughout the program, freshmen entertained the students. Songs were rendered by June Whatley, Betty Brewer, Betty Odom. Piano selections were played by Bill Toler and Mary Anna Medlin. Ballroom

dancing was very ably executed by Bowman Clark, who was assisted by Craig Castle.

During the program, the crowd thrilled with emotion when Queen Margaret whispered, "Miss Annie Ruth done tole me to sing a song, but I don't 'member nary a word of it Hubba! Hubba!"

Two nuts were stretched out on the green grass. Above them was the warm sun, beside them was a babbling brook. It was a quiet, restful, peaceful scene.

"Boy," mused the first nut contentedly, "right now I wouldn't change places with a guy who owns a million bucks."

"How about five million?" asked his companion.

"Not even for five million," said the first nut drowsily.

"Well," his pal persisted, "how about ten million bucks?"

The first nut sat up. "That's different," he admitted. "Now you're talking real dough!"

Prof. Ferguson to Mary Lou Skidmore: "What kept you out of school yesterday—acute indigestion?"

Mary Lou: "No, a cute sailor."

I didn't know she was a sorority girl. She's not, that hungry look comes from hard study.

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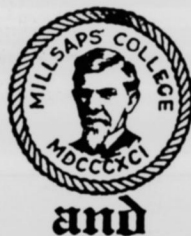


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Vol. XXXIX

MILLSAPS COLLEGE, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1945

No. 3

Pendergraft, Welsh Head 1946 Bobashela Staff



PATSY PENDERGRAFT



LIB WELSH

Patsy Pendergraft has been named editor of the 1946 Bobashela, Millsaps College annual, with Ned O'Brien as her assistant editor. Business manager is Lib Welsh. Her assistant has not yet been named, according to Dr. Ross H. Moore, faculty adviser for the publication.

At a meeting Tuesday, October 16, the following staff heads were appointed: art, Ann Haase; publicity, Mary Ethel Nay; sports, Rosie Nichols and David McIntosh; snapshots, Greg Holmes; sororities and fraternities, Mary Ridgeway; literary, Margaret Vandiver, with Hazel Steen, Carroll Steen, Cliff Gordan, and Letty Lee Reedy also serving on this staff.

Freshman class editor is Miriam Roberts; sophomore, Bill Clark; junior, Jerry Wilkerson; senior, Julia Goodman.

Those who have applied for the editorial staff are Bill Cliburn, Annie Ruth Callahan, Bill Stokes, Jr., Roberta Stewart, Jane Stebbins, Bo Clark, Evelyn Walker, Jerry Wilkerson, Catherine Powell, Eleanor Johnson, Esther Read, and Marguerite Stout.

The business staff will be selected from the following applicants: Sara Deal, Joyce Jones, Lois Bending, Bill Cook, Charlie Allen, Mildred Ellis, Bob Bullen, Dot Myers, Sammie Price, Mary Lib Cowan, Ada Mae Bain, Maxine Winn, Jane Willingham, Gene Fleming, Jerry Fortenberry, John Davis, and Flora Giardina.

The new editor stated that work will begin immediately on the '46 annual with pictures probably being taken in two weeks.

The Bobashela staff will have an office in which to work this year, the details and location of which will be announced at a later date.

VIKINGS ELECT

New Viking officers for the coming year were elected at a meeting in the recreation room of Founders Hall on October 18.

Those elected were as follows: President, Rosemary Nichols; Vice President, Joyce Adair; Recording secretary, Clara Foy; Corresponding secretary, Betty Langdon; Treasurer, Betty Sue Pittman; Sargeant-at-arms, Betty Hearn; House chairman, Lena Mae Ray; Co-house chairman, Frances Pittman.

King Announces Singers Plans

Alvin J. King, director of the Millsaps Singers has chosen the women singers for the year. All of the men singers have not been chosen as yet.

Several big plans have been made for performances; included among them are a choral singing program on Christmas and a spring concert. The long-awaited tour will also take place during which time the Singers will tour the entire state of Mississippi, stopping in several large towns for performances.

Those already chosen are: Ruth Applewhite, Betty Brewer, Marion Carthidge, Marie Cummings, Adelyn Gerald, Laura Mae Godbold, Charlotte Gullledge, Dorothy Hathorn, Grace Parker, Virginia Rehfeldt, Marguerite Stout, and Evelyn Walker for the first sopranos; Martha Biggs, Sara Deal, Ida Fae Emmerich, Nell Garland, Rosemary Nichols, Letty Lee Reedy, Esther Reed, Ruth Wedig, Mary Wharton, and Margaret White for the first altos;

Joyce Adair, Martina Cadenhead, Myrleen Cummings, Rebecca Ely, Flora Mae Giardina, Rosemary Howell, Frances Johnson, Sarah Johnson, Betty Klumb, Frances Rose Price, Mary Ethel Nay, and Mary Nell Sells for the second sopranos; Billie Brewer, Melda Burdsal, Ann Lampton, Jane Lampton, Carolyn McKewen, Mary Ridgeway, Mary Elizabeth Tingle, Rose Watkins, June Wattle, and Geraldine Wilkerson for the second altos; and Martha Lynn Kenna and Amanda Hathorn for alto tenors.

Millsaps faculty members and students offer their deepest sympathies to Dr. and Mrs. Fleming over the loss of their son, Neal.

TO THE STUDENTS OF MILLSAPS COLLEGE:

We have been deeply touched by your sympathy in our sorrow, and appreciate your kind expressions. We are grateful, too, for the generous contribution for flowers. As you know, the money was given to us to use as we saw fit. We felt that it did not belong to us, so that we sent it to the Nursery Department of the Capitol Street Methodist Church. Thank you sincerely.

Prof. and Mrs. Fleming.

Announce Plans For "Arsenic And Old Lace"

On the nights of November 15 and 16, a group of Millsaps actors under the direction of Dr. M. C. White will present "Arsenic and Old Lace." Dr. White stated that the rehearsals with a double cast are progressing nicely and that the completion of the stage is expected within another week.

Previous sales of the tickets will begin on November 1. Billy Moore will direct these sales and will have several assisting committee members.

Committee chairmen are stage, Mary Ridgeway; property, Flora Giardina; make-up, Frances Williams; and business, Billy Moore.

Millsaps Offers Credits to Army, Navy Veterans

For the benefit of those veterans who do not have complete information regarding Millsaps' program for the returning servicemen, we quote a section of a recent bulletin published by the school.

"Credit for Achievement during Service:

"Any course for which academic credit is given must be of college grade and one which is in line with the veteran's program.

"Veterans will receive academic credit for achievement during service with the armed forces as follows:

"1. For basic training to the amount of four semester hours, two of which count as academic and two as extra-curricular. Veterans will not be required to take physical education.

"2. For formal training programs in the services. Evidence of accomplishments in formal training programs in the armed forces may be presented on the application form of the U. S. Armed Forces Institute with the test scores from examinations in the service schools conducted by the armed forces, by examinations given through the U. S. Armed Forces Institute, or by examinations given by this college after the student is discharged.

"3. For correspondence courses sponsored by the U. S. Armed Forces Institute or given by any college or university and validated by examinations conducted by the U. S. Armed Forces Institute or Millsaps College.

(Continued on page 4)

Twenty-Five Students Will Receive Degrees Nov. 6

Countiss Delivers Commencement Address

Dr. John R. Countiss, former president of Grenada College, will be the speaker at commencement at eleven o'clock, November 6, when twenty-five seniors will receive degrees.



DR. V. L. WHARTON

Dr. V. L. Wharton Resumes Duties On Faculty

Dr. Vernon L. Wharton will return to Millsaps on November 1 and resume his position on the faculty. For three years he has been in the United States Navy and has recently been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander in the Intelligence Division.

Dr. Wharton received his Bachelor's degree at Millsaps and his Master's and Doctorate from the University of North Carolina. Before joining the Navy Dr. Wharton was Associate Professor of History. He returns as Professor of Sociology and head of the Department of Sociology. Prof. H. P. Jones, who has taught sociology here during Dr. Wharton's absence, will remain on the faculty until the end of this school year.

The two courses to be offered by Dr. Wharton in November are General Principles of Sociology (Soc. Sci. 31) and Hispanic American History (History 71).

Dr. Wharton has been greatly missed on our campus, not only for his brilliant teaching, but also because of his interest in numerous activities. He was coach of debate, member of Phi Beta Kappa, Omicron Delta Kappa, Pi Kappa Delta, Eta Sigma, Kit-Kat, and I. R. C.

A book by Dr. Wharton, *The Negro in Mississippi Since the Civil War*, is being published by the University of North Carolina Press and will be off the press within a short time.

Mrs. Wharton, the former Beverley Dickerson of McComb, is also a graduate of Millsaps, an accomplished musician, and shares with her husband the distinction of being the parent of John Beverley Wharton aged seven months.

A regular academic procession will proceed from the civilian cafeteria to Murrah Auditorium. Dr. R. H. Moore will serve as marshal for the occasion, Dean Riecken will present the seniors, and Dr. M. L. Smith will award the diplomas.

The three candidates for Bachelor of Science degree are Harry David Helman of Lendin, New Jersey; Virginia Montgomery of Jackson; and Annie Eleanor Odum of Grenada.

The candidates for the Bachelor of Arts degree are: Melba Jo Ables, Belzoni; Francis McNair Alexander, Jackson; Kathryn Joyce Applewhite, Bassfield; Marion Frances Ashley, Rich; Jannie Vee Brooks, Duncan; Martha Jane Braun, Jackson; Billie Jean Dear, Star; June Madeleine Eckert, Jackson; Robert Rawles Godbold, Jr., Tunica; Cornelia Bowman Hegaman, Holly Bluff; Frances Lynn Herring, Grenada; Thomas Edwin Hightower, Meridian; Dorothy Irene Jones, Grenada; Lael Shama Jones, Phoenix City, Alabama; Betty Catherine McBride, Jackson; Anne Elizabeth Miller, Belzoni; Evelyn Ball O'Steen, Jackson; John Riley Poole, Jackson; Esther June Rigby, Madison; James Hunter Stokes, Columbus; Dorothy Miller Webster, Kosciusko; Dorothy Elizabeth Wright, Hazlehurst.

Students Attend B. S. U. Convention In Hattiesburg

Nine Millsaps students attended the annual state B. S. U. convention held at Hattiesburg, October 19-21. Over 400 Baptist students were present, representing 21 different colleges.

Local students in attendance were Lois Ables, Melba Jean Cash, Robert Childress, Gene Nettles, Mary Katherine Rogers, Ann von Seutter, Jane Stebbins, Evelyn Walker, and Jean White.

The convention opened Friday afternoon at five with a banquet, the welcome address being given by Dr. Cook, president of Mississippi Southern College. The evening address, made by D. A. McCall, was entitled "Christ, My Imperative."

Saturday's activities consisted of special music, personal testimonies, skits, open forums, and a motion picture of Ridgecrest. Concluding the affairs of the afternoon was a tour of Camp Shelby. That evening a dramatization of the history of the Baptist denomination was given.

Morning watch was held Sunday morning after which special B. S. U., Sunday School, and church services were held at the Main Street Baptist Church.

Purple & White

MILLSAPS BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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APOLOGIA

A great deal of discussion (and criticism) has been aroused by a feature article run in the Purple and White's last issue. The P&W's head is bloody and slightly bowed.

The purpose of a college newspaper is to state facts in news articles, give opinions in features, and dish a little dirt in the gossip—and with all this, to help influence the thoughts of the student body. That a college newspaper is powerful cannot be denied. If that newspaper is used to little, petty mud-sling, it is a grievous fault (and usually grievously doth it pay for it).

This is by way of apologizing for the aforementioned article—and, at the same time, of doing a bit of justification.

As usual, the P&W staff is overworked. No one person can know every detail that goes into the paper. That's how it happened.

But—in a more defiant tone—and quoting from a college editor we once knew: "People always see the things that get in. They never stop to think of the good things that are in the paper—or of the bad things that have been left out."

End of apology.

COULD IT HAPPEN HERE?

Horrible news has been bruited about that Millsaps is GOING TO EXPAND. We sit back with a puzzled look and ask, "Why?"

Why must Millsaps expand? Does she need more buildings? Granted. Does she need more teachers? Granted. Does she need departments covering a wider field? Granted.

BUT—Millsaps does not need more students than was her pre-war level—approximately 600 students.

Expansion would seem to be the watchword in this post-war world of ours, but must that necessarily mean expansion in terms of size?

It has been said, and doubtless many Millsaps students will agree, that a small college offers things that a university can never hope to give her students. People on this campus know each other; they have time to stop and talk to one another; they know the teachers outside of classes as well as inside.

It isn't just that, however. There is that indefinable, ever-lasting, corny, but true thing known as "Millsaps spirit." The spirit would be the first thing sacrificed if Millsaps began to expand.

We hope we were mistaken—that the word wasn't really "expansion" but "intensification."

Independent Men Mahd Melodrama Organize

The Barbarians, the new organization for independent male students, met on October 22. The constitution was read and approved, and the following officers have been elected:

President, Bowman Clarke; Vice-President, Jack Marsalis; Secretary, Bill Stokes; Treasurer, David McIntosh; Faculty Advisor, Professor Ferguson.

The Barbarians are a member of the National Independent Student Organization. Its purpose is to give recognition of the independent students on the Millsaps Campus. Its membership is open to all non-fraternity boys on the campus. All who wish to become members please see one of the officers or attend the next meeting.

Mahd Melodrama Reigns Supreme

Scene: Murrah Auditorium.
Time: Any afternoon in the week—and sometimes at night.
Cast: Lots of characters, with the accent on the "ch."

As the scene opens, the characters begin drifting in one by one. Some drape themselves over auditorium seats, some lounge around on the stage. Dr. White arrives, and the scene becomes electrified. People begin bustling about, taking various stances on the stage. Cries of "Where is the body?" and answers of "Oh, he had to study tonight. He'll be here tomorrow though."

Bullen feverishly goes over lines with a recalcitrant person who cannot seem to get it straight. Burguet regales his neighbors



RUTH PELLUM



FRANCES A. GALLOWAY

Pellum, Galloway Promoted On P & W

Filling the vacancy left by Ann Cresswell, Ruth Pellum has been promoted to the position of managing editor of the Purple & White. Ruth's place as news editor of the staff has been taken by Frances Anne Galloway.

Ann Cresswell left school and her managing editor's position a week ago to rest until February when she plans to enter the University of Missouri.

To be a "big time" reporter someday is the ambition of the newly elected managing editor who's known around the campus as "Pellum." A sophomore from Clarksdale, she's a member of the B. S. U. Council, the Topper Club, and Phi Mu sorority. Ruth was editor of her high school paper, The Spotlight.

Frances Anne, who is majoring in English, was associate editor of The Helios, Canton High publication. She has worked on the P & W for four semesters, rates very high scholastically, and is a member of Kappa Delta Epsilon, the Debate Club, and Chi Omega sorority.

with remarks about his "night class in philosophy." Dement takes a few trial runs up the stairs, screaming "Charge" as he goes.

Melvin limbers up her throat with a few lady-like screams, then lets go with a genuine, "Don't look now, but I'm being murdered" number. Welsh and Reedy stand in a corner, gossiping like two old ladies at the vicar's tea. Castle sulks because he has "only thirty-three lines." Fortenberry flexes the muscles in his arms and makes like the Clutching hand once or twice.

Then action begins. Bullen sits inconspicuously in the middle of the stage, telling people what to say. Reedy and Welsh cling together, tremblingly, as Fortenberry lunges around. Melvin dashes in and out. Nettles strolls in, imperturbable man-about-Millsaps.

It goes on for hours. Haven't you guessed? Naturally, it's practice for "Arsenic and Old Lace." It gets even better as it goes along. Wait and see.

Burton Bunk Reeking, Raging Over Being So Very Scooped

An oh so lonely finger at the Millsaps (Mad about 'em, sad without 'em, how can we be glad without 'em) Coeds and you know why if you have brain cell one. No Navy. No nothin'. Cheer up, girls, it can't be as bad as all that.

A congratulatory finger at Lael (Don't be nervous, Casanova) Jones for achieving success so early in his young life. What did the lucky stiff do to deserve this? And why can't I? Grrrr.

A condemning finger at Robert (They called him Hot-Motor, but now chills run up and down his spine) Godbold for the attempted murder of his innocent roommate. Doesn't the Eskimo know that windows were made to be kept closed? Also, occasionally lowering the shades would help. His show is strictly second-class.

A crawling finger at Robert (Have you noticed those lovely dimples?) Childress for the low notes he gets in Singers. Why doesn't he stop digging for them and try soprano?

And speaking of soprano, a good-by finger at Cornelia (That voice makes us squirm with ecstatic delight) Hegman. We will miss you now that you are gone. First we lose the sailors, and now we lose the high C's? What has life left for us?

A better-late-than-never finger at Estelle (Could it be that the bus broke down?) Hawkins, whose dramatic entrances really steal the show in Religion 11.

An okay—even reverse—finger at Jimmy (I'll get this chemistry if it kills me) Grimsby. No kidding, he's one of the nicest guys on the campus and one of the best you'll ever know.

A smelly finger at Bill (Wait till the wind changes. Then you'll really know) Dement and his famous organization who seem to have taken over the cafeteria and the campus. Don't be at all surprised if Lifebuoy turns up in the stew. It could happen, and probably will. The evidence he produced at his trial the other day really cleared the deck in a hurry. Jorge (So fresh and sweet am I) Burguet can tell you that. Death, where is thy stink?

A talented finger at Bowman (I'll steal this show—or die in the attempt) Clark, who will play the corpse in "Arsenic and Old Lace." Wonder why they picked on Bo? Could it be because Hedy Lamarr has nothing on him?

A finger of caution to Craig (What if I am a kid? I shave, don't I? Well, don't I) Castle, who pulls some fast ones in a pinch. They say he was pinched recently. Of course, it's all a deep, dark secret.

A hummmmm finger at Martha (You look so edible in red) Becerra. There are some guys on this campus that you simply slay. How was the trip to "General Foster"? And are these cold winter nights beginning to chill?

A soothing and quieting finger at Javier (Crosby has nothing on this crooner from Burton) Crespo. Not that we mind, old boy. We love music, but it disturbs the girls at Belhaven.

A hopeful finger at Sam (Just call me Napoleon) Barefield, who may develop a brain while he is away. But—must you come back?

A sympathetic finger at Betty (Gosh, but she must be a guy who can take it) Lloyd, for the session which her fraternity friends gave her. Why doesn't she give some other girl a chance at being dream girl?

An asphyxiating finger at Carroll (But gently, of course, would I choke her. She bring out

the fiend in me. Hubba, etc.) Steen for giving me this assignment.

A lovely finger at Betty (When she passes by, senioritas stare, and caballeros sigh) Brewer, who's a slight bit of heaven on Ye Olde (Oh, for corn sake, must I use this phrase?) Campus.

A complimentary finger at Jorge (The fellow with the eyes and nose and, etc., from Cuba) Burguet for his performance at practices of "Arsenic and Old Lace." Wait until you see it. As if you would think of doing anything else.

A wondering finger at Nel (Where ever did you-all get those blue eyes to go with your brunette lockets?) Smith. We hear there has been a tragedy. Or has there?

A saccharine finger at Meryln (Words would have failed Webster, too. So there.) Mitchell. How can anyone look so—?

An eager-beaver finger at Bill (The Look. If you want any thing, just howl) Cliburn. The romantic type, it says here—in small type, natch.

A grim and unbearable finger at Mary (I just work here Ruth (I'm putting up the Mail! Murphy. Surely we all know why Line for stamps lines up no farther than Sullivan-Harrell. After that, you're out of bounds.

A slightly hung-over (from V-12, of course) finger at Chie (The material things of life mean nothing to me) Morris. And congrats on the happy-event-to-be o December. No, he isn't getting married.

A miss-you finger at all the people who are home on vacation. Come back—the Grill needs you—we need you—U. Z. needs you. The books aren't balancing!

An energetic finger at Bo (What's Superman got that haven't?) Nickey, and an answer Atomic energy.

A long blue finger at Bi (Is life worth living?) Griffith. Let's live today, fella.

And a somewhat shocked finger at John (No, I'm not married. Honest) Cirlot. How can you crush the hopes of so many wit so few—words?

A crushed finger at Rei (I've got Cupcake's frat ph. Doesn't that make me webbed? Dorr. No.

And a relieved finger at m I quit.

Something Rotten At Millsaps?

There's something in the air or had you noticed? There was a proverbial ill wind blowing recently when the Mu Chapter B. O. Pu, the most potent organization on the campus, met with Bill Dement serving as temporary Grand Stinko.

The following officers were elected:

Grand Stinko, Bill Dement elected without opposition after the wind changed.

Little Stinko, David McIntosh the same.

Keeper of the Lifebuoy, B. Cliburn. It will be safe with him.

Keeper of the Throne Room, Bob Ray.

Mascot, Boman Clarke.

Dream Girl, BETTY Lloyd (Puuuu! Which is the B. O. I equivalent of "Hubba! Hubba!")

A smelly good ole time was had by all charter members present.

Kappa Sigs Honor Seven V-12 Members

The Alpha Upsilon chapter of Kappa Sigma entertained with a dinner party at the Rose Room of the Heidelberg Hotel on Saturday evening, October 13. The party was given in honor of the Navy boys who have recently left this chapter to attend other schools.

The honored members were: John Beard, Kermit Beckworth, Johnny Hill, Duncan Heron, Bryan Holliday, Jack Hilbisch, and pledge Bobby Peets. The incoming members and new pledges were welcomed into the chapter at this time, and Clay Alexander, newly-elected G.M., made a short talk which expressed his plans for a successful year to come.

Active members and their dates were:

John Beard, Jean Haughton; Kermit Beckworth, stag: Duncan Heron, Betty Adams; Johnny Hill, Broadine May; Bryan Holliday, Bess Buchanan; Jack Hilbisch, Ann Ammons; Clay Alexander, stag: Bill Clark, Faith Palmerlee; Wesley Saunders, stag: Ned O'Brien, Annie Ruth Walker.

Pledges and dates were:

Bob Petts, Mary Jane Rusling; Jack Woodrow, stag: Robert Nickey, Diana McLean; Jerry Fortinberry, Ann Cresswell; Bob Kochtitzky, Ann Banahan; Gene Fleming, stag.

Guest Kappa Sig was James Jenkins. His date was Evelyn Jackson.

PM Pledges Give Hallowe'en Party

The Phi Mu members were entertained by the pledges at a Hallowe'en party at Battlefield Park Tuesday night, October 16. Hallowe'en food was served buffet style, and the program was given while the couples were eating. Katherine Abernathy read, "From a Pledge". Gene Nettles danced to "Night and Day," Skeets White played "I'll Walk Alone," Betty Odom sang "Dream," and Bill Toler played "Boogie-Woogie."

Members and their dates were: Mildred Ulmer, Henry Baley; Virginia Rehfeldt, Albert Anders; Tink Tingle, Jim Mortell; Toogie Hamilton, Dave Llewellyn; Anne Henry, Bob Bullen; Julia Goodman, Joe Stephens; Margaret Vandiver, Toxie Puckett; Sara Deal, Millard McCallum; Anne Miller, Bobby Peets; Roberta Stewart, Craig Castle; Wilna Axtell, Bob Longmire; Gwen Pettus, Red Mahaffey; Meryln Mitchell, Clay Alexander; Jane Willingham, Ray Moore; Dot Webster, Ray Marston; Mary Evelyn Collins, Dean Stewart.

Pledges and dates were: Annie Ruth Walker, Ned O'Brien; Alice Collins, Kermit Beckworth; Skeets White, Charles Allen; Beth Carley, Jerry Fortenberry; June Whatley, Gene Fleming; Betty Odom, Tommy Wright; Katherine Abernathy, Joe Jennings; Polly Crisler, Porter Puryear; Barbara Robertson, Ben Merritt; Annie Ruth Callahan, John Cirtot; Joyce Jones, Carl Smith; Bill Toler, Jack Murphy; Broadine May, James Jenkins.

Alumni Peggy Carr and Rebecca Bufkin were present with lates, and Miss Martha Bennett was chaperone.

Pike Pledges Elect

The pledges of Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity met October 13 and lected the following officers: President, Bob Bullen; vice-president, Craig Castle; secretary-treasurer, Bill Van Zandt; reporter, Robert Childress.

Gavel Reports

B.S.U.

The Baptist Student Union of Millsaps College elected the following officers for the current year: President, Robert Childress; first vice-president, Jane Stebbins; second vice-president, Jean White; secretary, Miriam Stamps; treasurer, Ann von Seuter.

Committee chairmen will be appointed by the president at a later date.

Debate Club

The Debate Club met October 17, and plans for the debate tournaments to be attended were discussed. The national question has not been received, but in the meantime, they are considering three possible questions which concern labor, atomic energy, and military conscription.

Officers elected to fill vacancies were: Vice-president, Meryln Mitchell; Secretary, Craig Castle; and Treasurer, Rebecca Ely.

LXA's Entertain With Dinner

Theta Eta Zeta chapter of Lambda Chi Alpha gave a dinner party on Saturday evening, October 13, at the Edwards Hotel in honor of its departing members in the Navy unit.

The Lambda Chi's and their dates enjoyed the evening in the Club Room, gaily decorated in the fraternity colors, purple, green, and gold. Those attending were:

Jack Worley, Barbara Wooten; Albert Lovata, Pat Grantham; Joe Wiggins, Mary Wharton; Gus Lunsford, Elina Lynn Brown; Hunter Stokes, Margaret Du Bois; Jimmy Bass, Martha Brown; Carl Smith, Joyce Jones; Jack Murphy, Margie Danner; Charlie Brandon, Gwendolyn Cole; Edward Correll, Margaret Williams; Harold Ludlow, Faye Lowe; Joe Powell, Melda Burdsal; Bill Ates, Betty Jean McClendon; Grady Smith, Helen Everett; Don Foster, Edith Gussio; and Charlie Allen.

Professor Floyd E. Gillis chaperoned the party.

Kappa Delta's Give Supper

Mu Chapter of Kappa Delta held its monthly house supper Wednesday, Oct. 17, at the KD lodge on Oakwood Street.

Hamburgers, cokes, and pie were served and KD songs were sung.

Actives present were: Margie Burdsal, Dot Melvin, Jean White, Cornelia Hegaman, Charline Gerard, Ann Spitchley, Mae Alice Barnes, Helene Minyard, Evelyn Walker, "B" Utley, Mary Ridgway, Frances Rose Price, Esther Read, Eleanor Johnson, Edith Gussio, Rose Watkins, Ethel Mae Robbins, Esther June Rigby, Betty Blair Alford, Dot Hathorn, Amanda Hathorn, Frances Ashley, Jane Stebbins, and Patsy Pendergraft.

Pledges present were: Bunt Townsend, Melda Burdsal, Margaret Hughes, Ann Ammons, Charlene Brister, Adelyn Gerald, Lois Bending, Halla Jo Francis, Gene Simmons, Ida Fae Emmerich, Trudy Chichester, Marguerite Stout, Mary Meadows, Carol Hutto, Helen Jolly, Mary Shelton, Mitchie Applewhite, Bobby French, Nell Garland, and Shirley Conn.

Alumnae there were: Catherine Sadler, Pat Mizell, and Bettie Weems.

Pikes Hold Picnic By Moonlight

With a harvest moon, a country lake, weiners, girls, food, girls, and more girls, Alpha-Iota chapter of Pi K A enjoyed a moonlight picnic at "Broadlawn", the country home of Mr and Mrs. Ellis P. Wright. After enjoying a very delicious supper of hot dogs, potato chips, cookies, and drinks, the guests and their dates strolled about the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright and John Weems were the alumnus members present. Actives and their dates were: Sam Barefield, Mary Nell Sells; Joe Jennings, Katherine Abernathy; Bill Patterson, Janet Fox; Bill Cook, Martha Lynn Kenna; Bob Ray, Pat Reed; Billy Moore, Gwen Pettus; Albert Allen, date; and Mr and Mrs. Tommy Doolittle.

Pledges and their dates were: Tommy Wright, Sara Heard; Bill Wright, Shirley Howe; Robert Childress, Charlene Brister; Bill Van Zandt, date; Robert Edwards, Dot Bishop; Bill Maute, Annie Ruth Callahan; Sutton Marks, Frances Johnson; Glen Pigott, Penny Linfield; Reid Dorr, Flossie Quattlebaum; Bob Bullen, Cornelia Hegman; John Davis, Jerry Mayo, and Ed Sanders, date.

After the picnic was over, the couples spent several very gay hours at the State Fair.

Chi O's Whirl At Ainsworth

Chi Omega actives entertained their pledges with a picnic at Ainsworth's Lake on Saturday night, October 13. Refreshments, served around a bonfire, consisted of barbecued hamburgers and other typical picnic food.

Actives and their dates were: Emily Humphreys, Red Holderfield; Ann Porter, Ben Fitzhugh; Alma Van Hook, Pete Jones; Rosemary Howell, James Stokes; Lib Welsh, Craig Castle; Charlotte Gullledge, Charles Allen; Estelle Hawkins, Johnny Howell.

Pledges and their dates were: Betty Brewer, Dick Leatherman; Jane Lampton, O. B. Connerly; Margaret McLaurin, Jack Blasingame; Martha Biggs, Dave Busby; Maurine Lane, Jack Krebs; Rita Hendricks, Johnny Baker; Truly Graves, Merriweather Gerring; June Turnbow, Don Brown; Betty Dossett, Chris Chappel; Miriam Roberts, Parker Carroll; Kit Moody, Raymond Park; Dot Lee Crum, Woody Collins; Tinnie Jennings, Hubert Holmes; Jean Turnbow, Allen Whitley.

BSO's ELECT

Wednesday, October 10, members of Beta Sigma Omicron Sorority elected four new officers to fill vacancies left by graduating members.

The following were elected: President, Betty Lloyd; Vice-President, Edna Earle Williams; Recording Secretary, Geraldine Wilkerson; and Editor, Rebecca Ely. Outgoing officers were: President, Martha Jane Braun; Vice-President, Betty Lloyd; Recording Secretary, Frances Herring, and Editor, Dorothy Wright.

Senior's prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep.

The lecture's dry; the subject's deep.

If he should quit before I wake, Give me a poke for goodness sake!

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PARISIAN

SPORTS STUFF

By Cook

The Sport Spotlight dimmed and died out last week on Millsaps' prospective football team. The boys fought hard to keep the sport alive, but the odds were too great; interference was run against those stalwart lads rather than with them. And so their endeavors have found fruitless returns. Chin up, though, ole boys, next year will likely find an up and coming team, and here's hoping you all will be around to make it a success.

In the meanwhile, a junior sport light inadvertently focused itself on the athletic field north by east of Burton Hall. Anyone passing to and from the cafeteria could easily see, and sometimes feel, the fact that the spirit of football had not been completely extinguished. The rank and file of Millsaps men love the sport—yes, and even some of its women—if for no other reason than as a remedy for removing the dust from their shoes.

This column projects its reflection into the future a bit at this time—about two months hence, and sees a potentially powerful basketball team influencing and attributing development to a wonderful Millsaps spirit. School spirit is an essential campus factor, and there are no reasons for this campus not to regain this feeling that has been so depleted during these years of war. Only one matter has to be taken care of; these players must have a coach—one who will put his heart into his work and direct the energies and abilities of these athletes. This column strongly advocates the school's obtaining a basketball coach as soon as possible, as a solution to the disunity and growing factions on this campus.

Price: What can you tell me about nitrates?

Utley: Well—uh—they're cheaper than day rates.

The davenport held the twain, Fair damsel and ardent swain, Headshe.

But then a step upon the stair, And Poppa finds them sitting there—

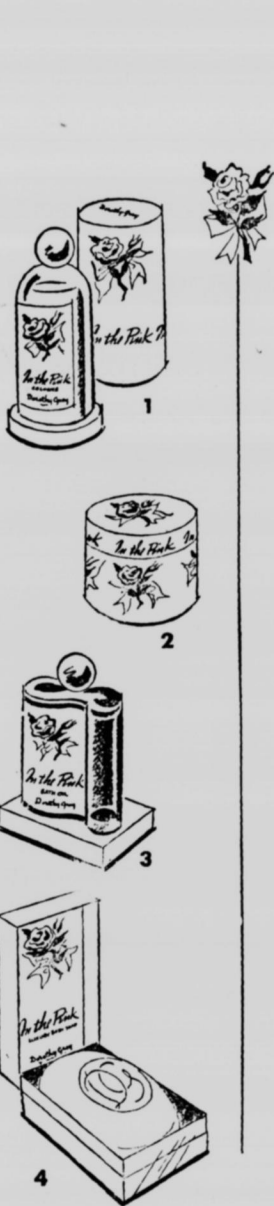
He and she.

Millsaps Offers—

(Continued from page 1)

"4. For institutional courses offered by various colleges and universities such as the Army Specialized Training Program or the Navy College Training Program."

Millsaps is following the suggestions of the American Council of Education in this matter. Besides these possibilities outlined above credit will be given if the veteran can pass examinations in courses in question.



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Millsaps Selects Eight Students For Who's Who

Seven Millsaps students have been selected for presentation in the 1945-46 edition of Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. Dr. Hamilton, together with the other deans and Dr. Smith, named Frances Alexander, Sam Barefield, Frances Herring, Mary Ethel Nay, Myra Nichols, Carroll Steen, and Edna Earle Williams for this honor.

FRANCES ALEXANDER: Editor of the 1945 *Bobashela*, member of the International Relations Club, President of Chi Omega, *Bobashela* beauty, Sigma Lambda, President of Chi Delta, Secretary-Treasurer of the student body.

SAM BAREFIELD: President of Topper Club, member of International Relations Club, Kit Kat, Eta Sigma, YMCA cabinet, SEB, Ministerial League, ODK, Millsaps Singers, President of Men's Pan-Hellenic, Christian Council, Pi Kappa Alpha.

FRANCES HERRING: President of YWCA, assistant in the library, a member of the Millsaps Singers, Kappa Delta Epsilon, Christian Council, Sigma Lambda.

MARY ETHEL NAY: Sigma Lambda, Millsaps Singers, Millsaps Players, Chapel committee, vice-president of the Vikings, secretary of the Christian Council, Student assistant.

MYRA NICHOLS: President of the Vikings, Secretary of the student body, *Bobashela* beauty, Sigma Lambda, Millsaps Singers, Delta Kappa Delta, YWCA cabinet, student assistant.

CARROLL STEEN: Editor of the *Purple and White*, Sigma Lambda, President of Chi Delta SEB, Christian Council, IRC Millsaps Singers, Secretary of the Vikings.

EDNA EARLE WILLIAMS: President of Sigma Lambda, Cruiser queen, Freshman queen, *Bobashela* beauty, Woman's Council, Vice-President of the senior class, IRC, Alpha Psi Omega.

JOE JENNINGS: President of Student Body, Freshman Class.

On behalf of the entire faculty and student body, the Purple and White Staff extends to the family of Bob G. Fish, the most heartfelt sympathy of a crushed group. Though not all of us knew him, tales of his kind and generous spirit came often to us. Perhaps, but it is doubtful, some one else will come to us, who can take his place. "Goodnight Sweet Prince and Flights of Goldfish shall Sing thee To Thy Rest."

Daniels Shoots 'Shela Pictures On Campus

The photographer from Daniel's Studio will begin taking pictures for the yearbook on Monday, November 12. Price of the pictures is \$1.50, for four poses. Students and teachers are expected to pay as their pictures are made.

Patsy Pendergraft, editor, says: "Watch the bulletin board for a schedule of times for different organizations to have their pictures made."

Honoraries Tap

Three honorary organizations on the campus recently tapped a group of Millsaps students for membership. They are as follows:

Alpha Psi Omega (honorary dramatics) — Ethel Eastman, Edith Gussio, Dot Melvin, Lib Welsh.

Those who have been named understudies for Alpha Psi Omega and who will be tapped in the near future are Meryl Mitchell, Bob Ray, Frances Williams, and Rosie Nichols.

International Relations Club (economics, modern history) — George Godwin, Dot Melvin, Patsy Pendergraft, Carroll Steen.

Sigma Lambda (women's honorary leadership) — Dot Melvin, Mary Ethel Nay, Lib Welsh.

Theo Stovall, Myra Nichols, and Marguerite Stanley.

On every page and in full sections are photographs of the various student activities, dances, programs, and just plain "shots." These are an informal yet clever pattern of campus life.

The photography is excellent; so is the lay-out. The captions on the pictures are clever. The arrangement of the entire *Bobashela* is good.

To Mrs. Ralph Jones, charming inspiration for this year's annual, we say congratulations, and to all the staff, both business and editorial, we all say "Thanks" for a grand record of our school year of 1944-45.

"Arsenic" Plays Here Nov. 15, 16

"Arsenic and Old Lace," a play in three acts by Joseph Kesselring, will be given here on November 15 and 16. One cast will be selected to give the play in Vicksburg on November 20.

The action of the play occurs in the living room of the Brewster home in Brooklyn in the month of September.

Three of the parts have been double-cast. Elaine, Dot Melvin; Aunt Abby, Letty Lee Reedy; Aunt Martha, Lib Welsh will be presented Thursday night, and Friday night the characters will be Elaine, Edith Gussio; Aunt Abby, Ethel Eastman; Aunt Martha, Rosemary Nichols.

Committees have been selected and have started working on the production. The make-up committee is composed of Frances Williams, chairman, Rosemary Howell, Mildred Ellis, Betty Blair Alford, Joyce Patrick, Janie Williams, Jerry Mayo and Jackie Byars. Flora Giardina heads the property committee with Ann Ammons, Jeanie Allen and Betty Clark Hamilton serving with her. The stage manager is Mary Ridgway, who has as assistants Betty Lloyd and Bill Cliburn.

Billy Moore is serving as business manager, and Ruth Pellum is handling publicity. Tickets will be on sale in a booth in the hall of Murrah. Tickets will be different colors for different nights. Dr. White said that tickets will be saved for students who are interested in seeing the production.

"Oh-h-h, I hate to get it in his hair!" Jerry Mayo screamed as she put a foundation cream on Craig Castle's face at the trial make-up test for "Arsenic and Old Lace."

In another corner Lib Welsh and Ethel Eastman became more feeble every minute. Occasionally Lib managed a weak, "Don't put the cream on so thick. Put it on thin."

A brown eyebrow pencil applied to Ethel's head represented huge wrinkles. Brown lines at mouth and eyes added another twenty years. Brown coloring on the cheeks made them look sunken and hollow.

Bill Dement looked more "fortyish" every second as they spread pale coloring and age over his face. To top off the whole thing Jerry Fortenberry was changed like magic into "Scarface." Don't miss seeing him with those made-up scars.

As a whole, the make-up committee did a "bang-up" job, which all goes to prove what a huge success "Arsenic and Old Lace" is going to be!

Kochtitzky Heads Sig Pledges

The Kappa Sigma pledges held a meeting on October 25 at the home of Brother Bill Clark for the purpose of electing pledge officers. The following were elected:

President, Bobby Kochtitzky; vice-president, Bob Nickey; secretary-treasurer, Gene Fleming.

Millsaps WSSF Quota for 1945-1946 Totals \$1500



DR. N. J. GOLDING

Dr. N. J. Golding, Millsaps' new vice-president. Unfortunately, no one has been able to tear away the veil of secrecy surrounding the past life of Dr. Golding, so no story. Maybe next issue will contain that gem without price—that thus far unattainable—an interview with Golding.

Millsaps Awards 23 Diplomas

Seven Millsaps students graduated with honors in exercises held Tuesday morning, November 6, in Murrah Auditorium. They were Melba Jo Ables, Jannie Vee Brooks, Cornelia Hegman, Dot Jones, Lael Jones, Anne Miller, and Virginia Montgomery.

Those receiving the B.S. degree were Harry David Helman, Virginia Montgomery, and Annie Eleanor Odom.

Receiving their B.A. were Melba Jo Ables, Frances McNair Alexander, Kathryn Joyce Applewhite, Jannie Vee Brooks, Martha Jane Braun, Billie Jean Dear, June Madeleine Eckert, Robert Rawles Godbold, Jr., Cornelia Bowman Hegman, Frances Lynn Herring, Thomas Edwin Hightower, Dorothy Irene Jones, Lael Shama Jones, Betty Catherine McBride, Anne Elizabeth Miller, Evelyn Ball O'Steen, Esther June Rigby, James Hunter Stokes, Dorothy Miller Webster, and Dorothy Elizabeth Wright.

Miss Florence Smith played "March" (Tannhauser) by Wagner as the processional. The invocation was given by Reverend J. W. Leggett, Jr.

"The Lord's Prayer" by Malotte was sung by Mrs. George Faxon, accompanied by Mrs. Frank Rea Taylor at the piano.

Dr. J. R. Countiss, of Galloway Memorial Methodist Church, addressed the graduates on the subject "If I Were You."

Dean William Reicken presented the candidates to President M. L. Smith, who conferred the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Arts.

For the recessional Miss Smith played "March" (Aida) by Verdi. Mr. N. J. Golding pronounced the benediction.

A quota of \$1500 has been assumed by Millsaps as its contribution to the current World Student Service Fund drive.

Last year a sum of \$864.75 was given by Millsaps students to help fellow students in 13 other nations in their struggle to keep alive the international student community. That amount was more than half of the total contribution from the state of Mississippi.

The war's end has multiplied the need for aid in the rehabilitation and reconstruction of university life in Europe and Asia. During the coming year assistance will be given to students in 18 countries, including China, the Philippines, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Greece, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Russia, Poland, Canada, and the United States. A minimum of \$2,000,000 will be needed from students around the world for this task of relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction for their fellow students, and it is hoped that half of this sum can be raised in the United States among the supporters of the World Student Service Fund.

Members of the Christian Council, the YMCA cabinet, and the YWCA cabinet will contact students for personal contributions. A minimum donation of \$3.00 is expected from everyone. There will also be an opportunity to make sacrificial offerings. A game between the faculty and the girls winning volleyball team will be sponsored by the Christian Council to raise additional funds.

EXAMS ARE HERE; ARE YOU?

It's here at last! That week everyone dreamed of—in their nightmares! It's the week that tells the tale. For these poor souls who haven't yet found out, it's final examination week.

Just as a brief reminder, here's the remainder of the schedule: Friday, November 9—

8:30 to 10:30	English 111
	Chemistry 21
	History 91
	Latin A-1
	Philosophy
	Psychology 11
	French 22
	Greek A-1
11:00 to 1:00	English 11
2:00 to 4:00	English 72
	Education 32
	Sociology 31
	Shorthand 32
	French 21
	Religion 12

Saturday, November 10—

8:30 to 10:30	Biology 11
	Economics 31
	Latin 21
	Shorthand 41
	Music T
11:00 to 1:00	History 11
2:00 to 4:00	Economics 21
	Sociology 101
	Spanish 21

Be sure to see the Pike-Sig football game Saturday, November 17, at 2:00 o'clock on the football field.

Bobashela Arrives After Year Of Sturm und Drang. Eureka!

At last the annuals are here! A surprised student body greeted the 1945 *Bobashela* when it arrived Saturday. Regardless of the tardiness in being released, the light grey book was hailed with shouts of joy and anticipation.

Thanks to Frances Alexander, editor, the annual is one of the most attractive offered. Starting with the classes, senior, junior, sophomore, and freshmen, it gives the various honoraries, the social fraternities, and the Navy V-12 unit.

The beauties crowning their section, picked by Varga, well-known pin-up artist, were: Leela Berryhill, Evelyn Jackson, Edna Earle Williams, Madeleine Page, and Rose Watkins. Runners-up were: Kitty Applewhite, Carolyn Pickard, Dale Burnham, Anne Henry, Ann Hobbs, Betty Weems, Helen Hughes, Frances Alexander, Carolyn Nichols, Ann Spitchley, Charline Gerrard, Ann Porter,

Purple and White

MILLSAPS BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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IS EVOLUTION PLAYING TRICKS?

Idle talk has it that, somewhere to the west of us, there is a place known as mississippi college. Not being one to jump to conclusions, we wouldn't like for you to take our word for it. On the other hand—or should we say the other nostril—the ill wind blowing does, once in a while, bring to our olfactory organs a distinct whiff of something unclean. So perhaps the talk isn't so idle after all. At first we thought it was just a breeze from off a nearby member of B.O.Pu, but we smelled it again Sunday and all (count them, all) members of B.O.Pu bathe on Saturday night (I know, whether they need it or not). So we must face the facts—there may be such an institution as mississippi college.

We have tried to ignore, bravely tried to ignore, the petty annoyances of life, but this problem of mississippi college is growing too annoying to ignore. Not only do they have the presumption to exist — (exist only, and remember, that statement is not yet proven) they also have the audacity to come onto our campus and make snide comments about our mongrel brethren. Millsaps students are rugged. Not only are Millsaps students rugged, but so are the mongrel brethren on the campus. Our dogs don't have to be treated by a special attendant every time he, and we quote, "gets flea-bitten, the mange, and sore afraid." mississippi college dogs do. Just ask them—if you ever get a chance to talk to them. Usually all that is ever seen of the aforesaid (human or canine) is a dim blur in the distance, heading back to clinton and safety.

According to a certain journalistic rag known (but not very well) as the collegian, official student publication of mississippi college, "There is no earthly hole so deep as the hole in Jackson called 'Millsaps.'" We hasten to add—nor as holy.

A few months ago, prompted by an inquiring nature and the enterprising Purple and White, several Millsaps students undertook to ascertain for once and for all the reality of this place called mississippi college. They came back to report that all they could find was a large, rather ungainly pile of bricks across the road from a church in the place called clinton. We were at least glad to know that there was a pile of bricks. It kept our parents from being made out liars. When we were small, the aforesaid parents used to threaten us when especially naughty with: "Be good now, or you'll have to go to mississippi college." Needless to say, with that threat hanging over our head, we became a model of decorum.

Ah, well, enough of idle fancies concerning the existence or non-existence of such a place. There has been enough chit-chat of bugs and cockroaches.

A final word: Let us spray, brethren, let us spray!

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES WE NOTE:

That the College Profile, H e n d r i x College, Conway, Arkansas, quoted an editorial written by Tom Robertson when he was editor of the Purple and White and which we ran (as is the custom annually) last spring. The editorial, "A Fulmination," is a good one.

That (in the ODK "Circle") "Kinchin W. Exum and Jean M. Calloway, past presidents of ODK at Millsaps College, are members of the faculty of The McCallie School, Chattanooga 4, Tennessee. Mr. Exum, who is editor of *The Nuntius*, quarterly magazine of Eta Sigma Phi, national classical honor society, informs us that about one half of the faculty of The McCallie School are members of ODK."

That the V-12'ers of University of Dubuque are departing, even as yours and mine.

That Robbie Campbell, editor of the Miss Delta, publication of Delta State Teachers College, writes threatening notes to the exchange editor, because she hasn't gotten a P&W yet. Eager, we guess.

That Emory University is reviving Freshman Day, which involves push-up contests at 5 p.m. (which isn't as bad as 5 a.m., but with push-up, it's bad either time.)



Karl Wolfe Joins Millsaps Faculty

Karl Wolfe, Mississippi born artist of national fame, has joined the faculty of Millsaps College, and will begin teaching here when the 1946 semester opens January 30, Dr. M. L. Smith revealed.

According to Dean Riecken, Mr. Wolfe will give advanced and beginners instructions in painting, and also individual instructions.

Wolfe, a professional painter since 1931, was born at Brookhaven. He studied four years at the Art Institute of Chicago, at the Pennsylvania Academy several summers and was instructor there during one summer school session. Upon his graduation from the Art Institute of Chicago, he was awarded a year's scholarship abroad which he spent in studying

paintings in Paris, Italy, Belgium and Germany.

He has been awarded many prizes and medals for his work, particularly in the South. Some of these include the William M. R. French Fellowship; the Parthenon Gold Medal at the Nashville Exposition of Southern States Art; the Alabama Art League Prize at Birmingham, Ala.; the Mississippi Art Association Gold Medal; the Blanche Benjamin Prize from the Southern States League, and many others.

He has paintings permanently hung in the Mississippi Governor's Mansion; the state Hall of Fame; the Jackson Municipal Art Gallery; the Montgomery, Ala. Museum; the International Business Machinery Corporation Collection; Millsaps College; Belhaven; Bailey Junior High School,

EXAMS?????

By Rosemary Howell

I
While on the way to the Grill last Friday
I passed through Murrah Hall,
And there I stopped and stood and stared
At what I saw on the wall.
There it was in black and white
As plain as it could be!
A schedule of exams it was
For everyone to see.

II
But mine wouldn't start 'til Friday
So I'd have time to spare.
I'd just kinda organize my notes
And sorta start to prepare.
I couldn't study on Saturday!
Never heard of such a thing
But after I'd spent a gay week-end
I'd be ready to start with a zing.

III
Monday is a terrible day
After a week-end, you know.
So I thought I'd rest up so by Tuesday
I'd be ready to go.
Tuesday I had forgotten
I was going to the Paramount
And afterwards we went shopping
And bummed around about.

IV
Well, Wednesday was one of my busy days
I never did realize
That work could pile so high so fast.
Honestly, how time flies!
My goodness, here it is Thursday,
And I'm so mad I could cuss
I averaged my grades, and to pass the course
I've got to make A plus.

V
Well, there's not so much to study
Teacher gave us some questions in class.
So all I must do is answer them
And make A plus to pass.
Tonight I'm so tired I could just die
And goodness it's getting late.
I think I'll just set my alarm for six
Cause my test won't be 'til eight.

Gavel Reports

MILLSAPS SINGERS

The Millsaps Singers, under the direction of Dr. Alvin J. King, meet on Monday night at seven o'clock; girls meet from four to five on Tuesday and boys from 4 to 5 on Wednesday. Plans are being made to sing Christmas carols on December 16. This will take the place of the annual presentation of Handel's *Messiah*, which will be sung on April 9. The Singers are also planning a tour next spring through north Mississippi.

Debate Club

The Debate Club has received its question for the year, and plans are being made to attend several southern inter-collegiate tournaments.

The national question is: Resolved that the policy of the United States should be directed toward the establishment of free trade among the nations of the world. Members are reading material on various phases of the question for preliminary discussion and debate before the Millsaps varsity teams are selected.

Scads of Fads

With fads come fashions, and Millsaps has an abundance of both. Kit Moody resembled a *Vogue* model when she appeared in a grey suit with red accessories. Lib Welsh caught the eye of numerous people in a black dress with satin trimmings. Rebecca Ely made a pretty picture in a grey ensemble with a fuchsia blouse. Not to be overlooked is Mary Anna Medlin's winter white dress with black sequins, and Marge Ottinger's brown dress with a brown velvet trimming. Mary Jeanne Woodward looks stunning in a fuchsia suit with a black blouse.

Sweaters are a highlight on the campus as proved by the figured ones worn by Ethel Eastman and Jackie Byars. The flowered one worn by Nelle Garland is unusually striking. Fuchsia sweaters appeal to Elina Lynn Brown, Ann Banahan, Julia Goodman, and Evelyn Jackson—and on them they appeal to most anyone.

The male population cannot be excluded. David McIntosh's red shirt made a big hit recently. A colorful masculine twosome are Charlie Allen who wears a yellow sweater, and Bill Cook, who wears a brown jacket, both to the best effect.

To top things off, various lovely hats are being worn. Tink Tingle looked attractive in a black off-the-face hat, and Annie Ruth Walker's brown hat is unusually becoming.

—So fashions come and go, but the styles here can't be beat.

Joe: I suppose you dance.
Jane: Yes, I love to.
Joe: That's even better.

As the girl said when she swallowed her time piece:
"Ate a clock."

Ducky (at World's Fair, to a side show beauty):

"Heaven's alive! If I were to dress like that, I'd die!"

Dr. Sullivan: "Yes, and everyone else would too."

and Mississippi College.

He returned from duty in the Army in June, 1945. He left Jackson for military service in September, 1942.

Finger Feebly Flickers, Flutters, Flinches, Finally Fails

☞ An envious finger at Bill (My fever is going up) Cook and Martha Lynn (Fill in the parentheses to suit yourself) Ken-na for the New Orleans trip. A question: Does Hunter Stokes ride the Rebel every day?

☞ A what's the use of wondering finger at Joe (Absence makes the heart) Jennings for proposing right and left. First to Mary Katherine (How about nothing at all?) Abernathy—then Charlene (I'll be around) Gerard.

☞ An extra reversed finger at Clay (I understand and, Darling, you are not to blame) Alexander for being the nicest thing around in weeks. Do not hide your light—the campus is too dark as it is.

☞ A surprised finger at Ann (Freshmen always make mistakes) Ammons for refusing Charlie (Where is that postman? Where is that letter?) Allen. And other coeds sit and wonder: Why?

☞ An ambiguous finger at Dixie (My mind to me a kingdom is) Hutchinson for leaving us all gasping. The most average of human beings, huh? What price progressive education?

☞ A speculative finger at Billy (Touch of Texas) Moore and Elaine (There once was a man named Brown) Keary. The \$64 question: Are you or aren't you?

☞ An oh so eager finger at Shirley (It doesn't hurt to ask) Conn. You know what they say about those who only stand and wait.

Alums Entertain KD Chapter

The Jackson Kappa Delta Alumnae association entertained members and pledges of the active chapter at a buffet supper in the attractively decorated home of Mrs. R. D. Hall at 3765 Kings Highway recently.

Name plates in the shape of pumpkins were pinned on each guest, and the first part of the evening was spent in getting acquainted. Later, Mrs. C. S. Weems directed the entertainment which consisted of various games and contests and sorority songs.

A delicious refreshment course in the Hallowe'en motif was served.

Those present were: Actives: Jean Whyte, Mae Alice Barnes, Frances Rose Price, Bee Utley, Jane Stebbins, Esther Reed, Eleanor Johnson, Frances Ashley, Dorothy Hathorn, Amanda Hathorn, Evelyn Walker, Helene Minyard, Edith Gussio, Ann Spitchley.

Pledges—Lois Bending, Helen Jolly, Nell Garland, Bobbie French, Ida Fae Emmerich, Marguerite Stout, Mary Shelton, Adelyn Gerald, Bunt Townsend, Carol Hutto, Margaret Hughes, Mitchie Applewhite, Ann Ammons, Melda Burdsal, Halla Joe Francis, Trudie Chichester, Mary Frances Meadows, Charline Brister, and Gene Simmons.

Alumnae—Mrs. W. C. Fullilove, Mrs. P. E. Taylor, Mrs. George Cortner, Mrs. Charles Weems, Mrs. J. E. McCharen, Mrs. Merrill Utley, Mrs. Elgin Wells, Mrs. Ellis Wright, Jr., Mrs. W. R. Sullivan, Mrs. Paul Davis, Mrs. Philip King.

Mrs. Webb Buie, Mrs. Cassidy Sumrall, Mrs. Hildria Bailey, Miss Kathleen Posey, Miss Amanda Lowther, Miss Virginia Minyard, Miss Marianne Ford, Miss Martha Gerald, Miss Pat Mizell, Miss Betty Weems, Miss Dell Walling, and Miss Jacqueline Stevens.

☞ An obnoxious finger at the Smith (Double or nothing) twins and Doris Mae (Who's that knocking at my door? The man in the red convertible, I hope) Harrington. The Foster lines are buzzing—and so is Founders Hall. How about a touch of DDT?

☞ A disgusted finger at all the people who miss "Arsenic and Old Lace."

☞ A reverse finger at Alice (A still, small voice) Collins for doing the most complete about-face this campus ever saw. What wonders love hath wrought!

☞ A worried finger at Lael (Oh, what a beautiful day!) Jones and Polly (I guess I walked in with my eyes wide open) Towne for having such heavy chaperonage on their honeymoon. Two anniversaries on one day, no less.

☞ An undistinguished finger at all the people who do things not at all noteworthy.

☞ A hopeful finger in the direction of the Pi Kappa Alpha-Kappa Sigma fracas next Saturday afternoon. Here's mud in your eyes.

Phi Mu's Quiz Dinner Guests

Phi Mu Sorority held a dinner dance at the Rose Room of the Hotel Heidelberg on November 3. Members and their dates are as follows: Anne Miller, Lt. Charles Hammack; Merylin Mitchell, Clay Alexander; Ruth Pellum, Max Mitchell; Mildred Ulmer, Pat Clendenning; Jannie Vee Brooks, Porter Puryear;

Elizabeth Crisler, Lamar Puryear; Virginia Rehfeldt, Bob Bullen; Tink Tingle, Bill Correll; Jane Willingham, Ray Moore; Gwen Pettus, Bob Nickey; Joyce Patrick, Lt. Lewis Langford; Roberta Stewart, Bill Patterson; Toogie Hamilton, Dean Stewart; Dot Webster, Lt. Eugene Harland; Margaret Dixon, Carmen Dixon.

Pledges and their dates are Skeets White, Gene Nettles; Polly Crisler, Travis Stewart; Broadine May, Jerry Fortenberry; Barbara Robertson, Buddy La Vail; Betty Odom, Bo Denton;

June Whatley, Junior Burgess; Joyce Jones, D. C. Dubois; Annie Ruth Callahan, Lt. Harold Ludlow; Mary Katherine Abernathy, Charlie Allen.

Alumnae present were Rebecca Bufkin, Don Clark; and Peggy Carr, Bob Paine. Betty Brooks Foreman and Joe Stevens were guests of the sorority. Miss Martha Bennett, Professor Jimmy Ferguson, Miss Carolyn Bufkin and Professor Floyd Gillis were chaperones.

A music motif was carried out in the clever decorations. An interesting program "Phi Mu Kollege of Musical Knowledge," was given.

Soc 31 Reverts

Professor Jones' Sociology 31 class went "back to nature" Thursday, November 1. Upon finding their usual classroom in use just as the first bell rang, the students quickly decided that the grounds in front of Murrah Hall would make a very suitable meeting place for that particular day. Professor Jones consented, apparently liking the suggestion very well. The only distracting feature was the play of small brown grasshoppers. Practically the whole class was present, and

Giardina Gives Junior Recital

On Sunday afternoon, November 4th, Mrs. Armand Coulet presented Miss Flora Giardina in her junior recital at Elisnore Hall. She was accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Frank-Rea Taylor. The selections were arranged in five groups. The first consisted of an Italian song by Donaudy, "Spirate pur Spirate"; a French song by Scarlatti, "O cessate me piagarmi"; and an Old English song by Purcell, "Nymphs and Shepherds."

The second group consisted of three French songs: "Romance" by Debussy, "Gavotte" and "Elegie" by Massenet. The next selection, was "Il Bacio" by Arditi.

The fourth and fifth groups consisted of light classical pieces by later writers: "My Johann" by Grieg, "This Day Is Mine" by Ware, "Love Was Once A Little Boy" by Wade-Bellini, "Sing On" by Denza, "Play Gypsies" (from *The Countess Maritza*) by Kalman, "My Heart Stood Still (from *A Connecticut Yankee*) by Rodgers and "Waltzing in the Clouds" by Stolz.

Miss Giardina presented her program with very good taste and sang exceptionally well. Her many friends were delighted and wish her success in years to come.

After the recital, punch and cookies were served in the hall by the two aishers; Miss Cornelia Hegman and Miss Mildred Ellis.

Sigs Hayride To Ainsworth

On Saturday night, October 27, the Kappa Sigma pledges entertained the members and their dates with a hayride to a lovely cabin overlooking beautiful Ainsworth Lake. The cabin was reached after a moonlight ride from the Sig house. The rustic ole' cabin was picturesquely lighted by kerosene lamps, and the fireplace in the center of the room contained a blaze of burning logs.

Below the cabin was a barbecue pavilion where members and their dates roasted hot dogs, while cokes were served. After everyone had eaten, Bill Griffith and Mary Lou Skidmore demonstrated their boogie-woogie ability on the ivories. The joker, Bob Nickey, added his part to the program after Hazel Steen and Dot Melvin had sung several Sig songs.

Members and their dates were Clay Alexander, G.M., Annie Ruth Walker; Ned O'Brien, G.P., stag; Bill Clark, G.S., Dot Melvin; Wesley Saunders, G.M.C., Virginia Ann Batton; James Jenkins, Evelyn Jackson; Louis Langford, Joyce Patrick; Johnny Hill, Ann Banahan; Duncan Heron, Betty Evans, and Mr. Fred Sealey, Alumni, and Mrs. Sealey.

Pledges and dates were Bob Nickey, Hazel Steen; Jack Woodrow, Kit Moody; Bill Griffith, Mary Lou Skidmore; Bob Kochtitzky, Rosanna Brady; Doc Fleming, June Whatley; Jerry Fortenberry, Beth Carley.

LXA Pledges Ludlow

Theta Eta Zeta of Lambda Chi Alpha announces the pledging of Harold M. Ludlow of Jackson on November 4.

the subject of "Competition and Conflict" was covered with what seemed like more enthusiasm than usual.

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Power is a small book of "cre-dos" written by your fellow-students in colleges and universities throughout the nation. These statements of faith and insight will help us to have a faith adequate for our days. Power is written by youth and for youth and is placed on our campus by the Christian Council. All you are asked to do, is place ten cents in the "Power Fund" in the Tatum Room (11 in Murrah Hall) and take a Power. It is published quarterly. In each issue you will find the answer to many of your questions and spiritual strength to overcome the tremendous doubts and fears which we as students on the postwar campus must face in the coming months.

Galloway Gals Gloat

November 1 marks a big day in our lives—our move to Galloway Hall. For most of us, this is our first time to live in a college dormitory. Millsaps' great force of "hired help" painted, moved beds and tables in while we gathered our belongings. We were greeted on the porch by U. Z. With the ever-present cigar in his mouth, he stood around directing everything. (Have you ever thought how much he looks like a dollar-mark \$??)

Anyway, after at least 20 trips from Pike House—Galloway (who says it's just 75 yards?), we had moved all our "pin-up" pictures, lipsticks, and accumulated memories!! Shedding fond tears of farewell, remembering sunbaths in the back yard and good-night kisses on the doorsteps—we left the Pike house to its owners.

Galloway has been repaired since the trainees left. Thus we rapidly converted it into a girls' dormitory — with bright bedspreads, numerous pictures of Van Johnson and That Man Bogart. Though it isn't so secluded as a frat house living room, we like the living room with that huge brick fireplace. And what plutocrats we are—just walking into the dining hall.

All the comforts of home—with Burton Hall as an added attraction. They have the loveliest fights over there, always break down a bed or two, and they even sing! Hubba, hubba!

Daffynitions

Becon—the part of the hog that lures you on.

Spice—two very adventurous people in the intelligence service.

Tearable—something that always rips at an embarrassing moment.

Payper—if the P&W made money.

Grrrrill—said to unattached males who go over to the Post Office.

Spanish—a foreign language that hurts.

Bannd—Music that an orchestra plays when Petrillo says no.

MY LOVE A CANDLE

By C. C. Lehman

You are soft candlelight upon the face of years,
Unflickering flame within the darkling night,
Courageous answer to Time's stinging tears;
The warmth of life puts fear of death to flight.

My smaller sun, my brighter star,
Always and ever shine so bright
Let me not languish from afar,
But stand within the circle of your light.

"Love Letters" Light Lives

If you belonged to the midnight crew last Wednesday, half of Millsaps knows and understands why. While the one half was getting into Halloween mischief, the better half was drooling over Love Letters. And I do mean the show. We agree that it was simply divine. In our lovelorn lives there is still hope. All we have to do is compose a reasonable facsimile to our latest flames—and see the effect we'll have on their young lives . . . or, we can always get a new flame.

Of course, the other half wouldn't know what we're talking about except from hearsay. It's one show really worth seeing. You still have a chance to be among the upper crust. It will be back SOON. Me? Oh, I hafta' see that show again. Gotta' finish memorizing that letter.

Stewart Gazes Into Crystal Ball

Looking into the next eight weeks we find pretty much the same situation as now. However, we think it will be greatly improved by the refresher courses for the veterans, the new co-ed lounge in Murrah Hall, fraternity men in fraternity houses, cokes (constantly) in the Grill, etc. Life at Millsaps is definitely on the up-grade.

We're still waiting for the escalators in Founder's Hall, football victories over Notre Dame, gilt edged Bobashelas, coffee Royal at the cafeteria, blank textbooks, and dances on the campus. Though these things take time, time is all we've got, so why worry? Sit back, stude and stupes and let your dream boat drag in to you. If you go out and try to pull it in, you might get blisters on your hands.

What It Is? Stop, Look, and Read!

It's in the corridor of Murrah—yes, it certainly is. And you'd be surprised at all the things it can tell you. No, it's not a fortune teller, but it might have some affect on your future if you'd look every once in a while.

Has my fountain pen walked off with you? Re-ward! Please help me find my history; I had it just last week. Don't you want to sign your life away to some committee—or labor union? If you do, look no further. There's ample opportunity here.

Did you make it? The Millsaps Singers, I mean. Players' practice—you didn't come on time; as a matter of fact, you didn't come. Your chapel seat—alias cell number. Sooo many questions without answers.

Don't you know? Can't you guess? Why, of course, stupid. The Bulletin Board! No one person could think of so many things even in his spare time.

You need no reservation—Unlim-i-ted information.

TEMPLE of KNOWLEDGE

Dear Temple,
Jorge Burguet is married!

Sorrowfully,
Millsaps Coeds

Dear Coeds,

Bill Dement is not!
Helpfully,
Temple

Dear Mr. Temple,
We have more pledges than activities. Any suggestions?
B.S.O.

Dear B. So,
Have you tried potassium Cyanide?

T. Emple

T.K.

Need your help. Bug crop failing this year. Could you come right away?

Yours in distress,
Burton Hall

Dear Burt,

Dissolve B.O.Pu; the bugs need water. Can't come—Aunt Veronica Murphy starved to death.
T.K.

Dear Temple of Knowledge,

My bosom companion has had the audacity to doubt my veracity so far as to insinuate that I would prevaricate. How can I reestablish myself in his favor?

Uliah Heep

Sir:

May I suggest rotten potatoes at 10 feet?

The Temple.

Words and Music

When we take a look around Millsaps, we find a growing need for one building in particular. Since Millsaps is credited with having the highest-rated music department in Mississippi and one of the best in the South, there is a very desperate need for new music building.

In the Music Hall we now have, the facilities are cramped for the pupils desiring use of them. The walls are not sound-proofed, and the general conditions tend to hamper the necessary practice of the ever-growing number of music students. As the situation stands now, we have superb teachers and many talented students, but with conditions as they are, progress is restricted.

What we need is a larger building, reasonably sound-proof rooms and adequate studios for the teachers. Another thing that would benefit the student body as a whole would be a room with a phonograph at the disposal of the students. This would create more interest in records and the music of America.

The building should be adequately supplied with facilities making possible and encouraging night practice.

Millsaps needs a conservatory, and it needs the students to back the program to get it. So what do you say?

And if information won't help, Try the asylum.

What Gives At 424 Marshall?

Hubba! Hubba! Do the lights not shine as brightly? Are there no more eager knockings at ye olde fronte door? Doth the phone not ring as merrily as once before? Come, come, and tell. What gives? Two fried eggs or a Dali painting?

No, not quite. Sorry, you don't get the ten silver dollars. Better luck next time. Really, it's bad, but yet it's good. Beauty has left 424 Marshall, but Galloway Hall is not so far.

Sometime soon, say a week or so, those angelical little brats (you call 'em Pikes—Webster didn't have a word) will resume housekeeping at the old joint. Or rather, the pledges will take up a new course in pledge training—The Broom & Mop, Their Abilities and Uses, or "Why should I dust? Our pledges have figures that exercise would help."

Truly, we do expect to live there. Perhaps at a later date comes an open house. You know, in the front door—"Hello old pal"—crunch, crunch as you squeeze their hands, hack, hack as they cough over the stuff you throw down them, and out the back door with them. Sometimes they see a room or more.

Well, why don't you come down some time and see us. We'll let you ring our two-tone door bell—Maybe, twice before we twist your arm for running up our electric bill.

Suggested Quiz For Nov. 8-10

1. Which do you consider the most alike, Caesar or Pompey or vice versa? Be brief.
2. Have you the faintest recollection of what Old King Cole?
3. What have you the faintest recollection of?
4. Give the dates of at least two of the following:
 - a. William the Conqueror.
 - b. 1066.
 - c. What is a Plantagenet? Do you agree?
6. Arrange in chronological order:
 - a. Henry I.
 - b. Henry III.
 - c. Henry II.
7. How long did the seven year war last?
8. Which is easier, to ask a girl for a date or stand on Walgreen's Corner?
9. Do you have experience? At what? Why?
10. Exchange telephone numbers, check to see if they are correct, and let's all go out to see what the score is.

(More or less mangled from Hendrix College Profile.)

"You in the back of the room, what was the date of the signing of the Magna Carta?"

"I dunno."

"You don't, eh? Well, let's try something else. Who was Bonny Prince Charley?"

"i dunno."

"Well, then, can you tell me what the Tennis Court oath was?"

"Nope."

"You don't? I assigned this stuff last Friday. What were you doing last night?"

"I was out drinking beer with some friends."

"You were? You've got a lot of nerve! How do you expect to pass this course?"

"Well, I don't know. You see, I just came in to fix the radiator."

Literarily Speaking

Since the appearance and lecture by Hodding Carter before the Mississippi Library Association, much interest has been shown in his new book **Winds of Fear**. The latest of the books on the negro question, it is considered by many outstanding critics to be the most accurate picture of southern life. Mr. Carter is a Mississippian, the publisher of a Delta newspaper. It is supposed that much of his book was gathered from his journalistic experiences.

One of the most controversial novels of this decade is Richard Wright's autobiography, **Black Boy**. It is an embittered, passionate story of his early life in Mississippi, and Tennessee, culminating with his trip to Chicago.

Lillian Smith is the author of **Strange Fruit**, a novel of race relations in Georgia. A sensational story of frustrated hope, it is a pioneer in this type of book.

It is all very well for these books to appear, offering and showing the many mistakes that the south makes, but not one of them offer a solution for this ever-present problem. It would be quite pleasant for some of our more enthusiastic writers to show us what we should do with our minority, though majority, group with the same willingness that they have shown us our deficiencies with them.

The south neither lacks the interest nor the patience nor the hope for this, the solution of our greatest problem. We are constantly aware of it, being receptive and willing to do what we should do, if we could only find out what it is.

And our northern brothers, they will just stop a minute and remember, before they so completely endorse this type of book they have just as much of a negro problem. It seems to me, we southern folks haven't had any race riots, as Detroit has, and we certainly haven't had any strike against the negro. Future authors, please take note.

Does a Postman Ring For You?

At ten, kids, mail should be up. Yes, every morning you can find most of the co-eds in the back of the Grill, just waiting for the mail to be distributed. "E-eee, they got three, and they're all from the same person," yells Alice Collins as she comes out of the P. O.

Now, Hobbs, stop looking sick; that letter will surely be in the afternoon mail. Everyone seems to gather in the back room and wait for each and every letter to be put in his or her box.

Of course, if the "juke box" happens to send forth some good music, they get rid of some of that nervous tension by shaking a leg. When the last letter is put up, there is always that eager look that each lass gives her box. How many did you get "Rosebud"?—Odo-la-la! And Roberta is beaming and we know why! Charlene also seems to look happy these days. A letter does wonders, too!

Yes, mail is lovely, isn't it? Anyway you spell it. The Post Office will always be the place that goes never left out of a co-ed's life, especially since there are so many U. of S.C. letters coming the days.

A Millsaps Alumnus Reports On Terrific Battle of (Beer) Bulge

Germany
June 18, 1945

Dear Dr. White,

Doubtless you have read of the Battle of the Bulge? Battle of the Baltic? Battle of the Balkans? etc? But have you heard of the Battle of the Beer Keg? Ah! I thought not. That, you see, was one of those anonymous battles waged in a lonely outpost, unwept, unhonored, and unsung. That was my only engagement with the enemy (it was a German beer keg) in this World War, as I arrived too late to see combat elsewhere.

"As I think back on the hideous events of that phantasmagoric and melancholy day" (as Poe always says in the first paragraph) it seems to me incredible that it all began as a happy holiday outing—viz., an Army sight-seeing tour through the Tyrolean Alps. There were two G. I. trucks and a band of careless, unthinking youths when we set out on that fateful morning. The first truck carried the main body of sight-seers. The second carried our rations and a handful of leftovers who were unable to get seats on the first truck. It also carried an enormous keg of beer.

I will say here that when the keg was hoisted into place with much straining and groaning on the part of four perspiring privates, it never entered my mind that I alone of all those six stalwart soldiers in our second truck would be intimately concerned with it. Indeed, I scarcely need remind you that as an erstwhile Methodist minister I had on numerous occasions delivered a most effective sermon (or so I modestly believed) which bore the title: "Her First Slip" (i. e., misstep, or not undergarment) in which I demonstrated that, had this pure young woman never taken that first, to her, innocent sip of beer, she would never have become the mother-doing-well of a bouncing seven pound boy of whose presence she could give no rational explanation except to say, "The stork brought him!" (Needless to say, this explanation did not fool anybody.)

Well, as I say, we set merrily out for our tour of the Alps and presently entered a region of cold, rain, winding roadways, steep grades, hair-pin curves, etc., etc. Normally this would not have been too disconcerting, but unfortunately the war was only one month past and our driver still had the unhappy habit of driving as if he were rushing something or somebody somewhere while shells burst on every side and machine gun bullets pursued from the rear. One moment we were going uphill at an angle of 45°. The next moment we were plunging downhill at the same angle. The third moment we were careening around the corner of an Alpine crag with two wheels on the road and eight hanging over the well-known abyss—or with eight on and two off—or with three on and seven off—any combination you fancy. Army trucks, you must know, have no less than ten (10) wheels. In this particular case, each and every wheel of the ten seemed to have taken as its motto: "Every man for himself, and Devil take the hindmost."

It was at this point that things began to happen. No doubt you recall the famous literary instance of the cannon breaking loose on the deck of the gallant ship "Something-or-other" back in the good old days when pirates confined their activities to the high seas and stayed out of such dry-land enterprises as retailing and wholesaling? You don't? Well, it did, anyway, and swished and

swooped and scraped and slithered back and fourth across the plunging deck of the "Something-or-Other" till the ill-fated crew were beginning to think they'd met their ill fate. Finally, of course, our Hero charged out onto the blood-spattered scene with cutlass in teeth and tan on shoulders and lassoed—as it were—the monster and got it back into place.

I mentioned this obscure allusion merely because that is exactly what now took place between me, the keg of beer, and the ill-fated crew of this Army truck. The only trouble was that I forgot to bring my cutlass—if I'd had it I could have cut my throat right there and saved myself a lot of misery. For, as we rounded one particularly Alpine Alp, I heard a thundering sort of rumble and beheld to my horror that the keg of beer had slid out of its place and was tearing down with great speed at a soldier asleep in his sleeping bag on the floor of the truck.

"I heard my own voice utter a blood-curdling shriek," as they say in mystery stories, and I stuck out one foot just in time to deflect the course of the hurtling monster and send it crashing into the wall behind the driver's cab—instead of allowing it to crush into jelly the head of the sleeping G. I.

Now, it was precisely here that I discovered a vast bulf fixed between myself and the "typical" or "average" G. I. For, on looking up, I beheld the other four occupants of the truck sitting with their legs carefully drawn up onto the seats that ran along the side of the vehicle, their faces turned in my direction, and a blank look of inquiry in their eyes.

"The—the keg," I said a trifle apologetically. "It might have killed him."

"Humph!" said the first. "Tough," said the second. "His funeral," said the third. "More beer for the rest of us," said the fourth.

For the G. I., the common or garden-variety of foot soldier who shoots at his fellowman from behind small bushes and out of shell holes, and is in turn shot back at by the said fellowman from other bushes and shell holes, this G. I., I repeat, is a most remarkable product. He is profoundly and completely apathetic to all human affairs save three: Women, Whiskey, and Sports. He can look with equanimity upon the imminent death of 20,000 men. The prospect of plunging five hundred feet over a mountain precipice clad only in Army truck—this fazes him not at all. He stares with a fishy eye upon the ruins of great cities and with an equally fishy eye upon tall mountains, silver lakes, forest fastnesses, turbulent waterfalls, gorgeous sunsets, fires, earthquakes, revolutions, and all the other trivia of the human panorama which are wont to make the uninitiated gasp.

Furthermore, he is "Beyond Good and Evil": he invariably regales you for hours with the amuristie tours de force with which he has betrayed the womanhood of England, France,

At the conclusion of this recital he again invariably pauses, smiles, fumbles for a minute in some obscure pocket or bag and brings out a much-worn photograph:

"The wife and kiddies," he says with an awe-struck air, full of pride, yet at the same time almost reverent. . . .

So you see, "I alone remained," as they say in the books about Moby Dick, "I alone remained" to save the life of the lonely soldier asleep on the floor.

And this was bitterly ironic, I reflected, as the keg went sliding and bumping back into the far end of the truck preparatory to another assault, for I myself do not drink beer, I cannot stand the smell of beer, I hate the taste of beer, and I have many times publicly exhorted large numbers of people to forsake their beery ways.

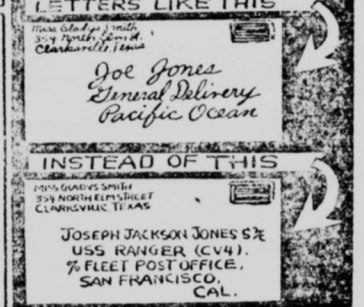
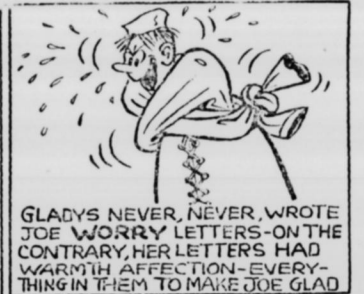
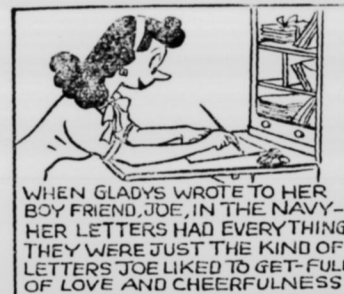
Now there was nothing for it but I must dash out at periodic intervals, cutlass in teeth, and do battle with the sliding horror. The soldier in the sleeping bag stirred occasionally, gazed with an equally fishy eye both at me and at the keg hurtling past his defenseless body, and dropped off to sleep again.

The road continued winding even more precipitously and the driver continued driving as before. The keg charged down one side of the truck and up the other. Sometimes it turned on its side and rolled, sometimes it stood erect and slithered, sometimes it waltzed about a la Johann Strauss. It ran over our rations, it smashed my mess kit, it walked on my toes, it battered our helmets, it banged up the benches. It would even pretend to be asleep and then suddenly jump out at you as the driver slammed on brakes or hurtled around a hair-pin curve. For my own part, sometimes I was above it, sometimes underneath it. I was around it, behind it, in front of it, beside it, among it, between it. The plug, of course, came out very early in the proceedings and full half my time was consumed in frantic efforts to jam the plug back in the hole as the keg went wheeling past, spewing its contents into my face.

"My past life flashed before me," as they say in stories where the hero narrowly misses getting hanged, burned, or drowned. I sat in my corner between rounds, wiped the beer from my heaving breast, and reflected bitterly that this kind of death would certainly look strange in the old hometown paper. Not "Local Hero's Death Save Regiment, Says General" or "Local Hero Slain Wiping out Enemy Division." No, not even "Local Hero Dies Rescuing Dog," but just "Local Youth Killed by Keg of Beer," from which, of course, everyone would assume acute alcoholism rather than a hair-raising and death-defying battle on dizzy Alpine heights for the life of a comrade in arms.

However, no such fate was to be mine. Indeed, had it been, I feel certain that the closing lines would have been a bit awkward. I mean to say, in good novels, the author can sit on his porch of a summer's evening, smoke his pipe, smell the geraniums, and take his own good time in thinking up some really poignant "last words" for his hero to say on page 265, such as Hamlet's: "For this relief, much thanks!" or the rather revealing remark with which Macbeth greeted the news of his wife's death: "Oh, well—she would have died hereafter" (from which we can only assume that the good thane was a bit rankled by certain slurring remarks the old girl had passed on him earlier in the same play).

What I mean to say is, it's deuced difficult to frame anything very memorable when one is about to be run over by a beer-barrel. Burning at the stake is different, or being torn by wild beasts, because there, one always has the advantage of the King James' prose. But the only really sincere thing I could ever think of was the rather unpoetic, "Look out! Here comes the stinking thing again!" And certainly that



On Looking Back

25 YEARS

October 15, 1920

Senior to co-ed: "You know there is something dove-like about you."

Co-ed, gushingly: "Oh, do you really think so?"

Senior: "Yes, you are so pigeon-toed."

Get a college education cheap—Purple and White subscription only \$1.50 per year.

In those days the Pikes were known as Pi Kaps.

Did you know that: The motto of the P & W is "Quae fiant ex hoc cognosces"? (Do your own translating, bud!)

The paper was founded by the junior class of 1909 and all the editions used to be eight-page weeklies?

A "Belhaven Notes" column was published by Millsaps males in days gone by?

The Millsaps Majors defeated Chamberlain Hunt Academy at Port Gibson with a score of 36-0.

There comes a time in the life of every frat man when his pin

lies forgotten in the back of some dresser drawer.

Millsaps Academy, a prep school, was operated in connection with Millsaps College. The Academy had its own football team, paper, and even organized Alpha Chapter of Alpha Gamma fraternity.

Dr. Mitchell and Prof. Hamilton were guests at the Kiwanis Club last Wednesday when they entertained the club with musical selections.

October, 29, 1920

Professor White was elected to membership in Kit Kat.

A free subscription to the P & W was offered to any student who would draw a cartoon of Dr. Reese Lin.

Only two sororities, Kappa Delta and Phi Mu, were on the campus then. On Saturday morning during the chapel hour, the Phi Mus and their dates would go to the chapter room for a party.

Did Prof. Saunders' black cat have anything to do with causing Dr. Watkins to so fittingly announce the Armistice Day holiday? If so, three long cheers for Kitty!

Ode to Ptomaine Tavern

You dirty little brown shack
Without you, life is black—
Those piles of books around the door—
Push and push and push some more.
Squeezed in so close 'n tight,
Glowing red with all your might,
Those cozy tables just for four,
And that cold wind through the door—
For better tavern, and for worse
In our hearts—you will be first!

—Bob Bullen.

wouldn't look good as anybody's epitaph.

Fortunately, I say, I was spared this final humiliation, for, as all things must, so this trip also came to an end. There was a grinding of brakes, the barrel made a final lunge into the front end of the truck, and presently a smartly attired second lieutenant appeared at the back and inquired how we'd enjoyed the Alps. It seemed that we were now stopping somewhere or other for lunch—at which time we would drink the beer—and then in the afternoon we would return to our camp.

Everybody enjoyed the beer tremendously, I might add. Some few associates proffered me foaming canteen-cups, but I only turned a faint purple, clenched my hands inside my pockets, and grated out politely from between clenched teeth: "Thanks—I've already had my share."

When the war is over, I plan to go back to civilian life as a violent prohibitionist, and (according to a tentative schedule I have made out) I hope to speak mainly on the theme: "Battling Beer in Bavaria, or Alcohol in the Alps. . . ."

SPORTS STUFF

By Cook

Campus sports have taken on a new and more vital brightness the past two weeks and now appear to be getting a foothold on the diversified interests of Millsaps students, shaping them together so that all the interests are interwoven around a nucleus of revived school spirit. Last week the gym was something more than an enlarged attic. The afternoons were charged with sounds of running, bouncing feet and the ringing voices of excited players reverberated off the vibrant walls. Anticipation of keen competition this year between the sororities and other women's organizations has attracted many girls to try out for the teams. A great amount of interest has been displayed in the coming volleyball tournament and everything points toward a very lively season.

Millsaps has a football team! This news was flashed the first part of the week while I was busy hunting for another kind of "scoop". Millsaps not only has one team; it has two teams. Since it is impossible at this moment to ascertain which is which—the first or second—I would like to have the word spread around that anyone interested in finding out for himself is cordially invited to attend the first game between these teams, to be played on the Millsaps gridiron at two o'clock Saturday, November 17. One team is composed of Pikes and the other of Sigs, and to say that this will be a "healthy scrap" would not only be an understatement but one slightly in error too.

And so he says, "We call her Mussey Lena—she's the fascist girl in town."

Joe is an athlete. Give him an inch, and he'll take a foot.

But let him have it. After all, who wants athlete's foot?

Joe:

Jane:

Joe:

Jane:

Joe: Gee! Aren't the walls unusually perpendicular this evening?

SONNET TO MRS. GOODMAN

Clifford M. Gordon

You will not be suppressed; you dare to think;
You pit your mind against the solid wall;
You chide the stragglers tottering on the brink,
But pull them back and do not let them fall.

They are the blind believers on a path
Hacked out by servants dusty years ago;
They have been blinded to the fatal wrath
Of God—or if they've not, it does not show.

When more like you shall try, with rusty tools,
To hack a trail of reason through the mire;
We shall have rid our land of useless fools
And purged our brains of violence and fire.

You justify desire for education;
Fulfill our hopes for a democratic nation.

IP States Nation Faces Shortage Of Scientists

Washington, D. C.—(I.P.) For the next twenty years the welfare of the nation will be threatened by a shortage of engineers, scientists, doctors, dentists, and other professionally trained men, according to a joint report of the American Council on Education and the National Research Council who announced their findings recently.

Almost all of the students in the technical and professional fields have been drawn from the classroom and laboratory either for service in the armed forces or for work in war factories. The report stated that at present the number of engineering students enrolled in colleges and universities is 75,000 fewer than in normal years.

In the medical profession the outlook is even darker. If the enrollment continues at the present low rates, there will be 19,000 fewer doctors available to civilians than in our pre-war state.

Enrollment in dental schools is at rock bottom, the report added. With the present number of freshman students numbering one-tenth of the amount necessary for the maintenance of our pre-war standard of dental care, the nation faces a critical shortage.

A moron was very occupied down at Coney Island filling up bottles with ocean water. Along came a friend of his and, very curious, asked:

Goon: "What are you doing, my friend?"

Moron: "I'm going to bottle the Atlantic Ocean and then sell it."

Goon: "Heck, it'll take you a thousand years to get the Atlantic into bottles."

Moron: "Yeah? Then I'll bottle the Pacific Ocean instead."

Goon: "That'll take you fifteen hundred years to do."

Moron: "Well, then I'll stick to the Atlantic."

Chapel Speaker (after 40 minutes of usual blah!): —"and so at twenty I faced the world with 50 cents and a clear conscience."

Bored Voice from the Rear Row: "And what happened to the conscience?"

In the Grill:

Who are you shoving?

I don't know. What's your name?

An old financier was very ill, but his friend said to him:

"Man, you'll fool the doctor and live to be a hundred."

"No, my friend," said the aged banker. "That wouldn't be good business. Why should the Lord wait till I reached par when he could pick me up at ninety?"

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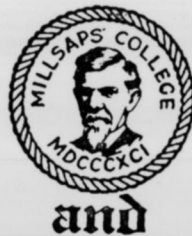
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and

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Vol. XXXIX

MILLSAPS COLLEGE, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1945

No. 5

Famed Lecturer Speaks Here Dec. 12-13

Burgess Johnson, editor, author, professor, and lecturer, will address the Millsaps Faculty Club on December 12 and the student body in assembly December 13. He will present a humorous lecture on some phase of English literature. Also included on his schedule is a talk to Dr. M. C. White's English class.

Mr. Johnson was professor of English at Vassar from 1915 to 1926. He has also been chairman of English at Union College in Schenectady, New York.

A staff editor of Harper and Brothers and of E. P. Dutton and Company, he is assistant editor of *Everybody's Magazine* and editor of *Outing* and *Judge*.

Among his books is a collection of essays, *As I Was Saying*.

Mr. Johnson's poetry includes *Rhymes of Little Boys*, *Bashful Ballads*, *A Little Book of Necessary Nonsense*, *Rhyming Dictionary and Poets' Handbook*, and *Sonnets from the Pekignese*.

Rhodes Trustees Double Number Of Scholarships

Secretary of the Committee of Selection, Professor A. G. Sanders announces that the Rhodes Scholarships will once again be offered to college students in America for the first time in three years. In addition to the regular scholarships, because no scholarships were granted during the war, a limited number of War Service Scholarships will be offered to men between the ages of 19 and 25, and who have completed at least one year of war service.

To be eligible for a scholarship, a candidate must: (1) be a male citizen of the United States, with five years' domicile, and unmarried (except for War service scholarship, for which marriage is not a bar.)

(2) by the 1st of October of the year for which he is elected have passed his nineteenth and not have passed his twenty-fifth birthday. (Scholars elected in 1946 will enter Oxford in October, 1947. Candidates must have been born on or after October 1, 1922, and before October 1, 1928. War service candidates will be eligible if born on or after October 1, 1915, and before October 1, 1928.)

(3) By the time of application have at least junior standing at some recognized degree-granting university or college of the United States. (For war service candidates, sophomore standing.)

Scholarships are awarded on the basis of literary and scholastic ability and attainments, qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy, kindness, unselfishness, and fellow, exhibition of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates, and physical vigor, as shown by interest in outdoor sports or in other ways.

Thirty-two scholarships are as-

(Continued on page 4)

NOTICE

The Woman's Council announces that Millsaps Coeds will not be allowed to go in the fraternity houses on the campus.

Bobashela Room To Be Prepared For Future Use

A Bobashela office located in the basement of Founders Hall is being furnished and prepared for use in the near future, according to a statement made by Patsy Pendergraft, editor. This office will be the center of all work done on the forthcoming annual.

Considerable progress has already been made on the college publication. Individual pictures of the students were made last week by Daniels Studio of Jackson. Group pictures and informal snapshots about the campus are under the direction of Louis McLean, photographer, who entered Millsaps upon his recent discharge from the service.

Lib Welsh and her business staff have begun selling ads to local advertisers.

The literary staff will be announced in the next issue of the *Purple & White*.

Pigott Heads Beethoven Club

The Beethoven Club has been reactivated on the campus in order that outstanding students of music might receive worthy recognition. At the first meeting, which was held last week, plans for the coming year were discussed by the members. The following officers were also elected:

President, Glenn Pigott; first vice-president, Bob Ray; second vice-president, Maryanna Medlin.

It is hoped that a charter for a national musical honorary fraternity may be gained soon. Membership into this group would be by invitation only.

Lustrous-Coated Male of the Pisces Goes to Unwatery Grave

The conviction that "It could only happen at Millsaps" grows upon one after a time spent within these cloistered walls. Where else could a fraternity like B.O.Pu accumulate? Where else could people live in spite of the cafeteria food? Where else could all the student body enter enthusiastically into plans for burying a goldfish? Nowhere else.

The aforementioned goldfish burial started as a joke planned by Trudy Chichester, who was wrought up over the death of her piscatorial pet, Bob G. Fish. An announcement of the funeral was placed on the bulletin board and form there, like Topsy, "it just grewed."

The Right Reverend William Dement, ably assisted by David McIntosh, District Superintendent of Burton Hall, presided over the services held at 6:30 P.M. Wednesday, November 7, in Mur-

Millsaps Students Total 390 for Current Session

With girls outnumbering boys 258 to 132, Millsaps students began on November 12 the last eight weeks session of the current semester. On January 30, classes will return to the regular eighteen week semester for the first time in two and one half years.

In order to make it possible to shorten the time between their discharge and their entering school, veterans will be allowed special privileges. Any veteran desiring to enter before mid-semester may do so, and will receive credit for the entire semester's work if the final exam is passed satisfactorily.

These terms were passed by the faculty after it was decided that no special classes would be taught in short terms. Only the regular second semester courses will be taught, unless there is a demand for an unscheduled subject.

June 3, 1946 will mark the end of the 1945-46 scholastic year at Millsaps.

Fraternity Row Is Here Again

Have you noticed? What? Why, the men in the fraternity houses again! Yep, for the first time in many moons the feminine touches are no more around the two frat houses. The boys have taken over in a big way, and it looks natural again.

Of course, this female reporter has not had an inside view of the changes that have taken place, but my imagination can pretty well supply details. No more will we see boys standing awkwardly on the front porches waiting for someone to give them the "All clear" signal so they can venture inside to wait for their dates. Inside, the rooms are probably quite different too. "Back Home for Keeps" pictures are replaced by some of Varga's handiwork. (Don't think the girls didn't have a few around!)

Chapel. Reverend Dement delivered a stirring and inspired sermon on "Where Is He Now?" His rhetorical question of, "Is he gone?" embarrassingly enough was answered by the wailing "Yes" of the bereaved Miss Chichester.

Miss Flora Giardina sang an especially adapted version of a popular song in honor of the occasion—"His Heart Stood Still." The mourners and friends were deeply moved. But they were even more strongly moved—right out the door, in fact—when Mr. Dement announced that there would be a memorial collection taken.

The final rites were performed beside Galloway Hall, where Bob G. Fish was laid to rest. John Cirlot played "Taps" and Mr. Dement pronounced the requiem: "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. If the cat don't get you, then U. Z. must."

Religious Emphasis Week Features Dr. W. A. Smart



DR. W. A. SMART

Dr. W. A. Smart, noted author and lecturer and associate dean of Chandler School of Theology at Emory University, will be the principal speaker for Religious Emphasis Week, December 2 to 9.

The theme of Personal Dedication will be stressed throughout the week. Classes will be arranged to include a chapel period each day, and discussion groups have been scheduled for the dormitories at night. During the week classes will meet as follows:

First Period.....	8:00- 8:40
Second Period.....	8:45- 9:25
Third Period.....	9:30-10:10
Chapel	10:15-11:10
Fourth Period.....	11:15-11:55
Fifth Period.....	12:00-12:40

The chairmen of the committees which will make plans for the week are: Entertainment, Rebecca Ely; Book display, Bob Ray; Finance, Craig Castle; Dormitory discussion groups, Mary Ridgway; Worship, Laura Mae Godbold; Publicity, Mary Nell Sells.

Religious Emphasis Week is sponsored each year by the religious groups on the Millsaps campus, functioning through the Christian Council. An outstanding religious leader, who is familiar with student life and problems, is selected to address the student body and is available for private conferences with individuals.

YWCA Convenes Here Nov. 17

"Faith for Today's Task" was the theme of the convention held at Millsaps on Saturday, November 17, by the 1945 Mississippi Area Meeting of the National Student Council YWCA. The morning session was opened by a period of group singing, which was followed by introduction of delegates.

After the opening worship, the group heard three addresses centering around the general theme. The topics were: "Our Task as World Citizen," "Our Task as Citizens of Our Country," and "Our Task as Individuals."

Rebecca Ely, member of the Continuing Committee for this year, presided over the afternoon session. Two-hour discussion groups in seminar were held for further questioning on the theme of the morning addresses. The National Student Secretaries explained "The YWCA's Responsibility" and the summer programs. Miss Phyllis Griefe, Traveling Secretary, presented WSSF.

Dr. Bond Fleming spoke on "My Faith Looks Up," which concluded the convention.

Pi K A Pledges

On Tuesday afternoon, November 6, Alpha-Iota Chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha pledged Sonny Clements of Jackson, Mississippi. He is the twentieth pledge for this season.

WSSF Solicitors Seek Offerings From Students

Canvassers for the World Student Service Fund drive are now scouting the campus in an attempt to raise from personal contributions, two-thirds of the \$1,500 quota given to Millsaps. The remainder of the amount will be secured by ball games and other activities sponsored by the Christian Council. A game between the faculty and the girls winning volleyball team will be one of the features staged.

It is hoped that each local student will give a minimum donation of \$3.00 for this worthy cause which will aid fellow students in thirteen other nations in their struggle to keep alive the international student community. Last year Millsaps' students raised the sum of \$864.75, more than half of the total contribution from the state of Mississippi.

Those who are serving as canvassers are Nell Smith, Martina Cadenhead, Mary Ridgway, Gerry Wilkerson, Robert Childress, Carroll Steen, Sam Barefield, Edna Earle Williams, Rebecca Ely, David McIntosh, Bowman Clark, Craig Castle, Joe Powell, Lib Welsh, Mildred Ellis, Laura Mae Godbold, Myra Nichols, Patsy Pendergraft, Julia Goodman, Mary Nell Sells, Mary Ethel Nay, Bob Ray, and Helene Minyard.

Have you given your part to the WSSF?

Sullivan Again Heads Laymen

At the recent annual meeting in Meridian of the Conference of the Mississippi Board of Lay Activities, Dr. J. M. Sullivan was elected conference lay leader for the 25th consecutive year. On December 6 and 7, this board will hold a retreat session at Hattiesburg, Miss. The prospects are for large attendance and great success.

Dr. Ross Moore is the secretary, and Dr. D. S. Dearman, formerly of Millsaps, is treasurer.

Purple and White

MILLSAPS BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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Collegiate Digest

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W. S. S. F.

You've heard about it every day. You've seen it posted on doors, walls, and trees. You've been asked for a personal contribution for the W.S.S.F. Then you know about the refugee and uprooted students in Europe, the victims of war, the struggling students, the starving students. You know that the World Student Service Fund provides direct relief for these students. Have you given enough consideration to these needs? Have you given YOUR share?

Millsaps students have been fortunate this year. We have not been hounded a half-dozen times for contributions to various "charities" or "drives." The W.S.S.F. is not a charity nor is it merely a drive—it is your part as an American student in the world enterprise of student-to-student help. We appreciate the attitude that most of the students have taken in this program and the willingness they have shown in wanting to share. There are some students, though, that have shown tendencies to anger and disgust when approached by a canvasser. These students are not all alike, do not come from one social group, nor do they have the same economic backgrounds. They simply have not stopped to think! These young people we ask you to help are fellow-students who are fighting against hunger and despair. These students have the odds against them, yet they have the courage to fight. They not only have fought the war just past, they are preparing to fight just as courageously for the peace, and for a better world.

There are few, if any, students on this campus who have had any contact with the W.S.S.F. overseas. You have not seen its funds misappropriated. You have no reason to believe that it is not on the level. It is operated on an international, interracial, non-sectarian, and non-political basis . . . it exists for the purpose of reconstruction and rehabilitation for those who have no college to which they could return as many of "our" boys have. They have no "GI Bill" to furnish their textbooks. All their books were blasted with their schools.

Chinese schools will remain in the interior for at least another year—you don't have to go to school in caves. You may gripe about the cafeteria food—but it is better than a bowlful of cold rice each day. A European student would think it Thanksgiving or Christmas every day had he the privilege of eating half of what many of us leave on our plates. You may think you could not give up the daily "coke" or the juke box rendition of the current jive tune—the students "over there" seldom hear of these luxuries.

Wake up, Millsaps students! Wake up the world's needs! The W.S.S.F. is your opportunity to show that you care; that you are thankful for the many privileges that you enjoy. Yes, Millsaps is asked to raise \$1,500.00 this year. Sounds rather stiff doesn't it? But when we stop to think what a little bit would do, each one of us will want to give that much and then a little more. We will reach our quota—and go over the top!

Just one dollar will provide soy-bean milk for a month for a Chinese student threatened with tuberculosis. Five dollars will buy one parcel of books which will bring new hope to refugee students and enable many of them to obtain degrees. Seven dollars will provide a Norwegian student with a pair of shoes. Ten dollars will supply condensed milk for a Russian student for a year. Fifteen dollars will supply fuel for a month for a kerosene-pressure lamp around which forty Chinese students can study.

With six hundred dollars of our quota, Millsaps can subsidize a room in the Chalet des Etudiants at Combloux, France. A plaque will be placed on the door, and any of the students can correspond with him (or her). The Chalet is operated for the rehabilitation of students whose nerves have been shattered and whose schools have been destroyed. Many of the students will be tuberculosis convalescents. The Chalet is located near the Swiss border. Here, because of the atmosphere for the exchange of ideas, eighty students from eleven nations met recently to discuss the problem of peace, and the students' part in it. With them lies the hope of the future. If those students who have undoubtedly

thought more than we have about what they fought for can think critically and constructively on these problems, surely we can keep faith with them and keep at least one student in the chalet next year.

The W.S.S.F. gives a concrete job on the campus. It is the channel for action toward making the peace as real as was the war. In the days to come, it is the earnest hope that each student will catch the real significance of this worthy cause and will GIVE TO W.S.S.F.

Mary Ethel Nay

ARE THOSE PRICES NECESSARY?

(This editorial was left on the P&W desk. It is not the practice of the P&W to run anonymous editorials, but this one so well expressed the opinion of the student body that we are running it anyway.—C.S.)

Pardon our lack of enthusiasm about the food in the cafeteria now that Millsaps considers itself on the way back to normal. We admit that the food is much better, but since the war is over, is there any just reason for the exorbitant prices? When things have reached the state that one serving of meat (the majority of which are undersized) is 25c, an average breakfast 35c, lunch 67c, and dinner never less than 50c, it is easy to understand the attitude of students who consider the aforesaid prices highway robbery.

Don't get the wrong idea, Millsaps, we do love you—but we just don't want to give you the shirts off our backs too.

Clark Proves Valiant Hero As "The Body"

It seems that the past few weeks at Millsaps have been be-sprinkled and be-spattered with a number of unorthodox occurrences. There was the funeral of Mr. Bob G. Fish, which occurred within a short time of the first appearance of "the Body."

"The Body," of course, in other circles might be Charles Atlas, Van Johnson, or perhaps Captain Marvel; in this esoteric group "the body" could mean only that martyr to the drama, Bowman Clark.

For it was Bowman who said, "No sacrifice is too great," and so risked having claustrophobia and a collapsed lung so that "Arsenic and Old Lace" might have a corpse in the window seat for nearly two acts. Refusing to let it be said of him that he shirked his duty, Bowman permitted his face to be daubed with white powder so that his appearance might be "corpse-ly." (At this point it might easily be wondered if Bowman's lack of oxygen might not have caused that bluish-white color, and not rigor mortis.)

At any rate, a rousing cheer for "the body" who, armed only with a pillow and a blanket between him and the cold, hard deck, set out to prove that he was willing to do or die for the art. "The show must go on!"

My neighbors call their little boy "Flannel."
"Flannel?"
Yes, he shrinks from washing.

Ruth rode a motorcycle
On the seat right back of me,
We took a bump at sixty-five
And rode on . . . Ruthlessly.

He: Please! Please!
She: No.
He: Just once.
She: No.
He: Aw, Ma! all the rest of the boys are going barefooted.

The weeks were passing,
I should be glad.
The weeks are passing,
But I am sad.
The weeks are passing,
Sad my lot.
The weeks are passing,
But I am not.

Scads of Fads

Fashions and more fashions. We all know what is the thing in general but we hit something extra spectacular very now and then. A mixture, no doubt necessitated by our rainy Monday, was that of Anne Henry—plaid skirt, blue sweater, maroon umbrella, black coat, white kerchief with flowers, and black boots to top it—or should we say top?

We surely admire the way Gene Nettles always looks as if he'd just stepped out of a band box. And speaking of looking smooth, we're all still swooning over the tuxes that appeared at the Phi Mu dinner dance. We've missed seeing the strictly formal of past days.

Neatness is the word for Edna Earle Williams, whom you never see (especially in the office) without a goodlooking suit on.

Annie Ruth Callahan has got a wardrobe to make people sit up and take notice anyhow, but that grey pinstripe wool gathered skirt is something unique in what to do with that material. We like it.

It's always fun to wait for the next day to come to see whether you're right in your guess as to which pair of suspenders Percy Powers will wear next. Do those things give moral (?) support or otherwise?

Meryl Mitchell has decided to be different this year—Now she wears saddle oxfords with socks, far from wearing brown shoes minus socks all last winter.

One alone is Bill Patterson who obviously believes an outfit isn't complete until a bow tie is added. He doesn't need a face to be identified as long as that tie is around.

Two chillun who literally look like dolls are Betty Odom and Evelyn Walker when they step out in their short fur jackets. And incidentally Betty has a new two piece red and white checked dress we want to see sported more often.

Dr. Fleming definitely needs mentioning for having such an assortment of suits and for his rubber sole shoes that enable him to sneak up on unsuspecting victims.

No one can deny that Bill Dement had something veery new (and need we add astounding?) in his A. & O. L. costume—But we won't elaborate on the subject. It might lead to a campus fad. Heaven forbid!!

Lib Buck can wear her purple

Gavel Reports

IRC

The International Relations Club announces the tapping of three more new members. They are Anne Henry, Peggy Weppler, and Flossie Conine.

KDE

On Wednesday, November 14, Kappa Delta Epsilon, named Mae Alice Barnes, Clara Foy, Ethel Mae Robbins, Frances Rose Price, Esther Read, and Mary Lou Miles for membership in that honorary.

CHI DELTA

Chi Delta selected Lib Welsh, Ruth Pellum, and Toogie Hamilton; these girls were tapped in chapel, Wednesday, November 21.

Editor's Mail

Dear sweet, lovely, angelical Carol,

Yours truly has interviewed Pop King.

Pop King says we will go on a singing tour about the last of February.

He doesn't know anything else about it.

I even pushed needles under his fingernails.

He still doesn't know anything about it.

Please do not beat me into a pulp. Honest Injun, I tried.

Yours truly,

Y. Truly

(P.S. It's little notes like this that make editors old before their time.—C.S.)

Co-Eds Return to Whitworth Hall

Happy days are here again! Whitworth is beautiful! After being occupied by Uncle Sam's boys in blue for two years, it has been returned to the co-eds. We are happy to report that they left it in good condition. The building got a new make-up job inside and out, and the floors were gone over. And boys, they've given us a phone with an extension too. Envois females from Galloway and Founders come over and groan. Some were overheard saying that it looks like a hotel, and it does too! There are spacious closets with sliding doors in all the rooms.

The Navy offices are still occupying the right wing down stairs, but when they leave the partitions will be torn down and we'll have a living room again. I never thought I'd see such a luxurious lay-out on dead end Millsaps Campus. I used to hear fantastic tales of the wonders of Whitworth Hall and now they're all come true. After Founders it's just plain Heaven!

Sam: What's horse sense?

Zeke: Something a horse has that keeps it from betting on people.

Lady in bus station: Why are you going to so much trouble to find one measly caramel?

Gentleman under the seat: Lady, my teeth are still in it.

bolero and skirt any old time while we stand by and eye Roberta Stewart has a beige one that runs it a close second to specially when she dons that pink sweater with it.

Agreed that loafers are the style but why have heels on them when they absolutely refuse to stay put around one's feet. Ain't it disgustin'?

Cook Pins Kenna, Steen Hides Secret Love; Engel Declared Nonessential; Finger Grows

A finger at Craig (I stay around Galloway all the time) Castle. Could it be Lib (I take religion, too) Welsh?

A tired old finger at Sam (Philosophy first, Sells second) Barefield in the hope that he will soon see the light—and we do mean the moonlight.

A quizzical finger at Patsy (Could it be love?) Pendergraft and Bill (It seems we stood and talked like this before) Correll. He's such a swell fellow—why hurt him?

A ronchy, ronchy finger at Charles (I'm so good-looking) Allen. And which will it be? Ev or Jean? Hummm?

A tarnished third finger left hand at Ernest (I love to sit at home, honestly) Jordan for being sucker enough to be tied to Mary (I love to dominate men) Ada (I go to Ole Miss and have a good time) Simmons' apron strings. (Pd. adv.)

A wondering finger at Ned (Will I ever make up my mind) O'Brien and Ann (A different one every week) Banahan. She has such beautiful eyes!

A bent old finger at Bill (Me and all my women) Van Zandt and Jean (Your line is my line) Wynne.

A discovering finger at John (I'm really not so bad, once you get to know me) Cirlot and Amanda (I've got one at last—I think) Hathorn. Ain't it wonderful?

A salty finger at Bob (I love my booze almost as much as my women) Kochitzky. And another at John. What, another one on the same campus?

A finger at Jean (Of course Woody is cute but he is soooo conceited) Turnbow. He's wondering where he stands with all the others. (Why not ask the Temple of Knowledge? Cordially, The Finger.)

A finger at Hazel (I have a secret love, but I'll never tell) Steen for being so conspicuously with all the men on the campus. P. S. We love it. (Signed: All the men.)

A finger at Bill (You should have seen me last year) Dement for lacking a current flame. Burnt out these days, ain't he? Charge'!!!

An "Oh, it's so tough" finger at Pat (All you've got to do is smile) Clendenning and the current run-around he is getting from that sweet little blonde with the blue convertible. Anyone we know?

A she's good looking finger at Katherine (I fall in love too easily) Abernathy. Keep trying, dearie, you may succeed.

A subtle finger at Jack (I'm so settled, I'm sunk) Marsalis for, although a paragon of fidelity, attempting to be a gay dog on the side.

A congratulator finger at Martha Lynn Kenna and Bill Cook for making it legal and such. Blessed be the ties that bind!

A reverse finger at Joe (Love triumphs over physics) Wiggins and Mary (I like him too) Wharton. Something you never learn in any kind of lab.

A finger at Betty (I'm in the market for dates) Lloyd. You should see the little place down by the river.

A finger at Bill (Chemistry lab was never like this) Griffith and Mary (He's a nice boy. But?) Lou Skidmore. Well, fire, smoke, water—

A finger at Charlene (Will this never end?) Gerrard and Joe (Even though I'm gone, the

memory lingers on) Jennings. Will he, or won't he? What, again?

A finger at Catherine (I can sing, too) Herring and Griffiths (Every night with you) Meeks. Don't they make a wonderful couple?

An "I'll keep trying" at Bob (So my feet won't touch the ground) Ray and Ann (I like the Follies) Ammons. When Knight-hood was in Flower.

A chubby finger at John (I'm really very happy though) Davis and Gerry (I have a car) Mayo. Ah, those moonlit inter-ludes!

A "We get along very well" finger at Bo (What wonders convertibles have wrought) Thompson and Mike (Are you making a play for me?) Engel. What's that about a chocolate bar?

A gay finger at the pseudo-theatrical group who jaunted to Vicksburg Tuesday night. Some of them still aren't back, so 'tis rumored.

A reverse and webbed finger at Virden (Aloha Oe) Turner for being so sophisticated in a nice sort of way.

A wedding finger at Ann (My gosh! Will it ever happen?) Spitchley and Joe Frank (I go to State) Sanderson. Best wishes and stuff.

No more gossip do we know, So no more dirt will we throw. Your guess is as good as mine!

Vikings Throw Sadie Hawkins Shindig

Skunk Hollow had nothing on Millsaps students Saturday night, November 10, when the Vikings gave a "Sadie Hawkins" party at Raymond Lake. The house was decorated in a semi-rural, semi-Thanksgiving theme, and the guest followed suit. Some of the girls' costumes ranged from out-sized slacks to undersized army shirts borrowed from brothers.

Carroll Steen was in charge of the evening's entertainment, which consisted of a short program, a Sadie Hawkins race (which the boys couldn't help losing, since they were already tied around the ankles) and "You chase me, then I'll chase you" games.

Refreshments were good ole hard apple juice, hot dogs, potato salad, and such. Grapes brought along for dessert generally ended up on the wall or under someone's unsuspecting foot.

The very incomplete date list is:

Ann von Seuter, S2c Joe Steinwinder; Jean Roberts, Dave McIntosh; Claire Jordan, Hank Zander; Pat Reed, Russell Hobgood; Frances Johnston, Sutton Marks; Betty Langdon, Bowman Clark; Catherine Shumaker, Rob-



Miss Margaret McDougal, daughter of Mrs. J. F. McDougal, 1223 Poplar Street, Jackson, Mississippi, has arrived in the Philippines to serve the armed forces as an American Red Cross staff assistant. Until her Red Cross appointment, Miss McDougal was employed as a stewardess by the Delta Air Lines, Atlanta, Georgia, and previously was employed by the Office of Price Administration in Jackson. She is a graduate of Ruleville, Miss., High School and Millsaps College, A.B., 1941.

Phi Mu Alums Entertain Epsilon Chapter

The Phi Mu Alumnae Club entertained the pledges and actives of Epsilon chapter with a barbecue supper on Wednesday night, November 14, at the lovely suburban home of Miss Dona Harpole on Terry Road.

Lighted by bright colored lights, the attractive side yard was the scene of the festivity. Prior to eating the deliciously barbecued steaks and tempting viands, the alumnae group joined with the active chapter of Millsaps College in singing Phi Mu songs. Later in the evening the party moved to the spacious Harpole living room where bingo and other entertainment were enjoyed by the sorority sisters. Novel prizes were awarded the lucky contestants.

Actives present were Julia Goodman, Anne Henry, Virginia Rehfeldt, Joyce Patrick, Helen and Evelyn Murphy, Mary Evelyn Collins, Roberta Stewart, Wilma Axtell, Meryln Mitchell, Ruthert Childress; Lesbia Byars, Bill Cliburne; Carroll Steen, Craig Castle; Hazel Steen, Billy Ates; Lena Mae Ray, Bob Ray; Carolyn McKewen, Jack Marsalis; Joyce Adair, Javier Crespo; Mary Nell Sells, Sam Barefield.

Other members present were: Clara Foy, Rosemary Nichols, Myra Nichols, Martina Cadenhead, Carol Blumer, Virginia Conerly.

Faculty members chaperoning were:

Dr. M. L. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Fleming, Dean and Mrs. Riecken. Pellum, Margaret Vandiver, Sarah

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Deal, Gwen Pettus, Jane Willingham, and Betty Clarke Hamilton

Pledges attending were Broadine Mae, June Whatley, Betty Odom, Joyce Jones, Bill Toler, Barbara Robertson, Annie Ruth Callahan, Beth Carley, and Katherine Abernathy.

The alumnae hostesses were Mrs. E. Griffin Alford, president, and the following members: Misses Dona Harpole, Catherine Riddell, Martha Bennett, Edith Childress, Helen Childress, Martha Nell Willingham, Vee Dinkins, Rachel Conner, Connie Harrison, Maxyne Madden, Wilma Shaw, Blanchine Cook.

Mesdames Howard Morris, G. A. Ray, John Godbold, T. A. Murray,

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KNOWLEDGE

Dear Temple,
Why don't the B.O.Pu's sing at meals any more?

Betty Lloyd

Dear Betty,
Martha and Carl offer too much competition.

Temple

Dear T. K.
Why is a writer of fiction a very strange individual?

G. P.

Dear Glenn,
Because his tale comes out of his head.

T. K.

Dear Temple of Knowledge,
What is love?

Jean White

Dear Jean,
Shakespeare said love is an itching around the heart that cannot be scratched; Browning said love is what makes the world go 'round—with that worried expression; Schopenhauer says it's physical — "Motive" says it's spiritual; Greg Holmes says it's— Oh, never mind!

Temple of Knowledge

Dear Temp,
Wish you would give me some tips on how to act on a date.

Javier

Dear J.
Just do the opposite of what Bill Dement tells you to do.

Temp.

The teacher was explaining the examples in arithmetic to her class and was much pleased to see that her dullest pupil was paying very close attention. "At last," she thought, "I have succeeded in making an impression on his mind." When she had finished the demonstrations, she asked, "Well, Tommy, did you understand the examples as I explained them?"

"No, Ma'am," answered the little boy, "but there's one question I'd like to ask you."

"What is it, Tommy?"

"Where do the figures go when you rub them out?"

A DEFENSE

A fraternity or sorority is an organization of a selective group held together closely by bonds of congeniality, loyalty, and high ideals. Chancellor Harry Woodburn Chase of New York University has said, "A fraternity is fundamentally a group of students congenial in tastes and character, living together happily because they have something in common with each other."

There are countless benefits to be derived from membership in a fraternity or sorority: (1) Orientation, or adjustment to surroundings is a definite contribution. A student entering college is confronted with many new situations, numerous activities, unfamiliar faces, and strange surroundings, and it is the fraternity or sorority that is of definite assistance in such time of confusion. It clarifies ideals, strengthens self-confidence, widens acquaintance, opens up new values in life.

(2) Group Behavior — Chapter Life is valuable from the standpoint of group behavior. One develops a group consciousness and a group loyalty which are invaluable in after life, and above all one learns to live and think with others.

(3) Developing Personality — Frequently people enter college with no idea of the true value of getting along with other people. This type of person may have been the supreme ruler in high school, or maybe the other extreme — quiet and shy. In a fraternity or sorority one must learn to subordinate to others at times; on other occasions, must assume leadership.

(4) Social Responsibility — The influence of the group helps correct individual faults and cultivates gracious social habits. Someone has said, "A fraternity represents social life in miniature." Leisure time may bring satisfaction and benefit, or loneliness and forming of bad habits. Fraternity and sorority life offers pleasant companionship and recreation and are keenly aware of developing the individual.

(5) Incentives to High Scholarship — Many problems facing under classmen have been experienced and solved by fellow members, who are always ready to give helpful suggestions and advice. Pride in the chapter prompts the individual to do his best.

(6) Loyalty — Fraternities and

Rhodes Trustees --

(Continued from page 1)
signed annually to the United States, and for at least two years the trustees have authorized an equal number of war service scholarships each year. Two regular and two war service candidates will be chosen from each state, and each district, in this case Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, and Arkansas, will select eight men.

On Panay, an American soldier picked some fruit. It looked delicious but to make sure he strolled over to a Filipino youngster, pointed to his mouth, then to the fruit, and looked inquiringly at the boy. After going through this routine several times without results, he turned in despair to an approaching doughboy. "I was trying to find out if this is good to eat," he explained.

The young Filipino's face brightened, "Heck, yes," he said. "It's got Vitamin B."

"Now, children," said the Sunday School teacher, "I have told you the story of Jonah and the whale. Willie, you may tell me what this story teaches."

"Yes'm," said Willie, the bright-eyed son of the pastor; "it teaches that you can't keep a good man down."

sororities alike foster loyalty as a fundamental aim. They demand that the member's loyalty be first to the college and then to the ideals for which the fraternity and sorority stand.

Henry Van Dyke said, "More than other men the scholar needs friendship to sweeten and enlarge life. The college that bans student fraternities closes its windows . . . Friendship means more than the choice of personal companions. It means the benevolent spirit, rooted in good will, and blossoming in the desire to give and to bless."

The ideals of fraternities and sororities exemplify the highest standards of individuals and group conduct, and if they are violated it is because members as individuals have failed to grasp the significance of their vows.



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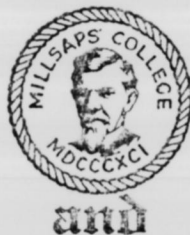
Ayer

JACKSON'S FASHION CENTER
Emporium

Christmas Holidays!
From December 20
To January 7

The

Purple



White

Student Rally!
Wednesday, Dec. 12,
at 7:00 P. M. in
Murrah Auditorium

Vol. XXXIX

MILLSAPS COLLEGE, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1945

No.6

Student Body to Select Twenty Campus Beauties

Nominees for the 1945-46 Bobashela Beauties will be presented to the Student Body in a colorful stage production, "Jingle Belles", on Monday, December 17 at 7:30 p.m. Each social group on the campus has nominated four girls for presentation at this time. Tickets are on sale to the membership of the fraternities, sororities, and the independent groups. Each student will be entitled to twenty votes. The beauty poll will be taken after the performance, and twenty "gorgeous gals" will be chosen from the parade of forty nominees. The public is cordially invited, and their interest is appreciated, but only students enrolled in the current term will be allowed to cast votes.

Hazel Steen and Roberta Stewart are co-chairmen for planning the "Jingle Belles" production. Working with them are Gerry Wilkerson, Evelyn Walker, Mary Ethel Nay, Gene Nettles, and the assistant editor of the 1945-46 Bobashela, Ned O'Brien.

Nominees will be announced in chapel, Wednesday, December 12. Until then, keep your eyes open—for further announcements concerning "Jingle Belles."

White Casts "Her Step Husband"

Dr. C. M. White and the Millsaps Players will present "Her Step Husband," a three-act comedy on January 15 or 17. The play is double-cast and promises to be as good, if not better, than "Arsenic and Old Lace."

In the play Mary, an incurable romanticist, tries to impress her wealthy Aunt Emmy. Willie, her son, is to profit from this impression by being remembered very generously in Aunt Emmy's last will and codicil. Using her husband Harvey as a bulter, she takes Florence's fiancée to be her husband. Jerry, the husband pro tem, enjoys it while Harvey becomes very excited and angry. As for Florence—well. The outcomes are deliciously funny as you shall see.

The cast is Mary—Catherine Herring and Katherine Abernathy; Aunt Emmy—Mary Ann Turner and Frances Williams; Sylvia, a friend of Mary's—Polly Crisler and Shirley Conn; Stella, Mary's maid—Carol Hutto and Maxine Winn; Harvey—Bill Dement and Bob Ray; Jerry, Florence's fiancée—Craig Castle and Gene Nettles; O'Shea, the dumb policeman—Bob Bullen. The parts of Limpy Lannigan, the brook, and Florence have not been cast.

Directors are Ethel Eastman for one cast and Lib Welsh and Meryn Mitchell for the other.

Because of mixed-up schedules, the Chi Omegas and Lambda Chi's have not had a social date. SEB announces the following dates:
Chi Omega—January 12
Lambda Chi—January 19

Magazine Offers Cash Prizes For Literary Work

A \$1500 prize contest open to all officially enrolled college students throughout the United States has been announced by TOMORROW magazine, which has consistently sponsored the work of new and young writers.

The best short story and the best article will each receive a first prize of \$500, while second prize in both of these categories will be \$250.

The choice of subject matter for both stories and articles is left to the discretion of the contestants, although no theme is actually prohibited. Manuscripts will be judged solely on the basis of literary merit and clarity of expression.

TOMORROW, a magazine interested chiefly in public affairs, literature, philosophy, education and science, with emphasis on their development in the future, will publish both the prize-winning story and article in its December 1946 issue. However, all manuscripts, whether or not they receive awards, will be considered for publication.

Length of manuscripts may range from 2500 to 5000 words. The notation "Entry for College Contest" along with the name and address of the contestant must appear on the envelope and also the first page of each manuscript. Return postage must also be included. This contest closes on May 1, 1946. All entries should be mailed to College Contest, TOMORROW, 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

Social Calendar Published

A social calendar assigning meeting dates and times has at last been set up and published. This calendar was decided upon early in the fall, but due to a lethargic SEB, has not been published until now.

Ample copies have been printed for each student to have one. These copies will be left in the registrar's office and will be handed out upon request.

Students and organizations are urged to get a copy of this calendar and find when their meeting time is assigned. There has been a very unsystematic method of calling a meeting when necessary or possible up to this date. The calendar is published to prevent such mix-ups.

Any organization finding it impossible to meet on its assigned date will present a signed petition to SEB to have the date changed. If an organization does not meet on the assigned date, SEB has the power to revoke the charter of the offending group.

SEB Announces Elections to Be Held December 12, Second Primary On December 19

Twenty-one Men Pledge Frats

Twenty-one male students were pledged by three of the Greek letter fraternities as a result of the rush week held for those who entered Millsaps November 12. Pledging was held Friday, November 23.

Kappa Alpha claimed eight pledges, all Jackson boys: Ernest Allen, Jack Bishop, Ernest Jordan, Perry Luckett, Jr., Pat McMullin, Billy Morrison, Pat Noble, and Melvis Scarborough.

Kappa Sigma pledges are Tommy Cote, Tommy Williams, John Kochtitzky, Jimmy Davis, Billy Gilmore, Louis McLain, Jimmy Crisler, Max Payment, all of Jackson; and Bo Thompson, Meridian.

Lambda Chi Alpha pledges are Eugene Pollock, Bill Allen, Dudley Dickerson, Randall Martin, Jackson; Rex Jones, Preston Jackson, Laurel.

Millsaps Fails to Reach WSSF Goal

Of the \$1,500 goal given Millsaps by the WSSF drive, a total of \$432.50 has been received with an additional \$378 pledged by the students. This calculation leaves the amount of personal contribution lacking by \$185.

Students are urged to give all they can in order that the goal might be reached soon. Besides the personal contributions of \$1,000, other funds of possibly \$500 will be raised by athletic events on the campus.

Canvassers who are continuing in their untiring efforts are Nell Smith, Martina Cadenhead, Mary Ridgway, Gerry Wilkerson, Robert Childress, Carroll Steen, Sam Barefield, Edna Earle Williams, Rebecca Ely, David McIntosh, Bowman Clarke, Craig Castle, Joe Powell, Lib Welsh, Mildred Ellis, Laura Mae Godbold, Myra Nichols, Patsy Pendergraft, Julia Goodman, Mary Nell Sells, Mary Ethel Nay, Bob Ray, and Helene Minyard.

Majorettes Tap Nineteen

Margie Burdsal, president of Majorettes, announces the tapping of the following:

Mary Ridgway, Mae Alice Barnes, Betty Sue Pittman, Mary Ethel Nay, Betty Jane Long, Rose Watkins, Catherine Armstrong, Frances Rose Price, "B" Utley, Ann Porter, Kathryn Carver, Edith Gussio, Bonnie Lee Harmer, Evelyn Walker, Eleanor Johnson, Rosemary Howell, Rebecca Ely, Nadine McKinnon, and Charlotte Gullidge.

First primary of elections of student body officers will be held on December 12, according to a recent Student Executive Board announcement. Nominated for president was Carroll Steen. Nominated for vice-president was Anne Henry. Mae Alice Barnes, Nadine McKinnon, and Rebecca Ely were nominated for secretary-treasurer.

Joe Wiggins and Bill Griffith for president, and Charlie Allen for vice-president were nominated from the student body. These petitions for nomination must be signed by 10% of the student body and must have been turned in to SEB by Wednesday, December 5, according to a Constitutional ruling.

Candidates must be a junior or senior and have at least a C average. Voters must have been enrolled not later than September 12, unless they are former Millsaps students.

A second primary will be held on Wednesday, December 19. A majority vote is required for election.

Students are advised that any group painting sidewalks or buildings on the campus with their candidate's name will be subject to a heavy fine by SEB.

Smart Completes Religious Talks

Dr. W. A. Smart, principal speaker of Religious Emphasis Week, today completes his series of discussions at Millsaps based on the theme of Personal Dedication.

During the past week, Dr. Smart has stressed to the students the reality of religion and the importance of God in everyday relationships. For an hour each afternoon he has scheduled personal conferences with those people who had problems or questions to discuss with him.

At night, Dr. Smart visited the different dormitories to discuss with the students problems of interest in their particular group. These discussions were planned to offer an opportunity for free conversations rather than the usual lectures.

On Sunday, after he preached at Galloway Memorial Methodist Church in the morning, Dr. Smart was entertained by members of the Christian Council at a luncheon at the Robert E. Lee Hotel. This week the various social organizations on the campus have accompanied him to meals in the cafeteria.

The congregation of Capitol Street Methodist Church had Dr. Smart as their speaker last Sunday evening.

Chi Omega Pledges Four Girls

Chi Delta chapter of Chi Omega announces the pledging of Mary Elizabeth Dodds, Jean Haughton, Janet Fox, Jackson; Jeanne Roberts, Centreville.

BE SUBRE TO VOTE (SEB Elections)

Purple and White

MILLSAPS BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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LET'S GET OFF THE FENCE

In a recent Emory Wheel, we read that people who advocate military preparation are thinking "in terms of war, not peace."

We also read that President Truman would rely upon well-trained citizens who would be mobilized quickly in case of an emergency.

Just to make it unanimous, we disagree with both of them.

In an age such as this, when war is a lasting rather than unusual process, it is ridiculous to think of peace unless we plan to become a soft-headed group of Transcendentalists. It is also ridiculous to think of half-way measures when thorough measures are necessary.

The isolationist trend of thought was what kept us from being prepared for Pearl Harbor, what kept us thinking we were safe simply because we had an ocean on either side.

The fence-straddling methods of President Truman are what will leave us vulnerable when the next war involving the United States begins.

There is no use in "glamorizing the military." But there is no reasoning in ignoring facts. Facts such as war in Yugoslavia and China. Facts such as the atomic bomb.

It would be nice to retire into our shell of isolation again. But the atomic bomb has showed that war is no respecter of persons or of trends of thought.

Universal peacetime conscription is the only answer. If the men in Washington refuse to see that, for the sake of a few more votes in the next election, it is our fault as well as theirs.

IMPORTANCE OF ELECTIONS

The first primary of elections of the student body officers will be held on December 12. It is imperative that all students eligible vote in this election. The student body officers should be representative of the entire student body.

Under a democratic system every citizen has the privilege of voting. (Under certain qualifications in Mississippi, of course.) If a democratic government is to function at all, it is necessary that a majority of citizens qualified to vote take advantage of this great privilege.

Our college life should be a preparation for later life. So take advantage of your opportunities now!

—Margaret Vandiver

WHO'S WHO AT MILLSAPS

President of Sigma Lambda.....Edna Earle Williams
Editor of Purple and White.....Carroll Steen
Editor of Bobashela.....Patsy Pendergraft
President of Baptist Student Union.....Robert Childress
President of Christian Council.....Sam Barefield
President of YMCA.....Bowman Clark
President of YWCA.....Mary Nell Sells
President of Woman's Council.....Evelyn Murphy
President of Men's Panhellenic.....Joe Wiggins
President of Women's Panhellenic.....Anne Henry
President of Beta Sigma Omicron.....Betty Lloyd
President of Chi Omega.....Lib Welsh
President of Kappa Delta.....Margie Burdsal
President of Phi Mu.....Julia Goodman
President of Vikings.....Rosie Nichols
President of Barbarians.....Bowman Clark
Grand Stinko of B. O. Pu.....Bill Dement
President of Kappa Alpha.....Nat Hovious
President of Kappa Sigma.....Clay Alexander
President of Lambda Chi Alpha.....Dan Wright
President of Pi Kappa Alpha.....Bill Patterson

GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL INTRAMURALS

	Games Won	Games Lost
Chi Omega	4	0
Vikings	3	1
Beta Sigma Omicron.....	2	2
Phi Mu	1	3
Kappa Delta	0	4

An Afternoon With el P&W, or Behind Those Swinging Doors

For the benefit of those who are interested, a typical working afternoon in the P&W office Monday, Dec. 3, to be exact, goes something like this:

Steen comes in and begins typing what stories are handed in. (No typists—and even if there were any typists, there is only one typewriter.)

Pellum comes in, slightly wet, and drops her shoes on the floor. (She thinks better that way.)

Galloway arrives shortly after, well wrapped against the rain. They all huddle together for warmth and a conference on "What To Do Till the News Stories Start Coming In."

One types, one writes headlines, one sits and thinks. (This task usually falls to Galloway, since she is admittedly the brains of the outfit.)

Welsh drags in wearily: I'm so mad I could die! This is Monday and it's raining, which is even worse—and everything is going wrong!

Steen: Do you have your assignment? (She unfurls the wooden-handled whip, reserved for feature writers. It makes them feel wanted.)

Welsh: I'm doing that right now. (She sits—on a table, since no one has bothered to make the weekly expedition to round up enough chairs.)

Stranger: (sticking his head in the door) Can you tell me—?

All, in chorus: First door to the left—but she won't be back till two o'clock.

Stranger: (withdraws, overwhelmed by the charm of journalism.)

Hovious: (slipping in under the stranger's unsuspecting arm, when no one was looking—Least of all, the arm). Does anybody in here want to buy a good portable typewriter?

Cirlot: (taking advantage of the beachhead to follow) Yeah. I got a good typewriter—only used it once—sell it to you for \$50. And by the way, does everybody who goes to Millsaps have to be a ministerial student?

All, in chorus: No, we don't like portables. No, we aren't ministerial students.

Hovious and Cirlot: (Obviously taken with the company) Well, what's going on?

(They settle down for a long chat, which starts out with jokes and ends up with unkind words about WSSF—unkind words about "Why not educate the people in Mississippi?" and so forth.)

Holmes: (slinking in like last week's Simon Legree—in a collegiate way) Can I get my two cents worth in this? (The collection plate is silently extended to him.)

Stranger: (The staff thought at first it was Holmes' villainous mustache) Where does a veteran go to register?

All, in chorus: (you know).

Martha Bennett: Here's a letter you people might be interested in. (She tries to leave, but by then the door is blocked by James Spotswood, Clarion-Ledger reporter—plug for our team.)

Spotts: Where is the campus reporter for the P&W? (He and Pellum retire for a business chat.)

Merthel Nay: (only one of

many) I don't have my assignment in yet, do I?

Staff: (accepting inevitable) No, you don't.

Merthel: But I will. (She is followed by a long line of people, all of whom say the same thing.)

It goes on far into the night. Meanwhile, there isn't a paper being gotten up and there aren't any headlines being written—but there is a spirit of good fellowship marred by only a few fist fights and two broken chairs. Three hours of lively chatter—and they all decide to leave. And then the staff begins to work. For about half an hour.

After that they go home.

Weather Report

Pleasant—Helen and Evelyn Murphy.

Windy—Glen Pigott.

Changeable—Betty Jim Canon.

Sunny—June Whatley.

Unpredictable—Martha Becerra.

Warm—Jerry Fortinberry.

Stormy—Betty Odom.

Unusual—George Bourguet.

Cool—Bill Clark.

Fair—Kathryn Carver.

Calm—Albert Allen.

Cold—Charlie Allen.

Doubtful—Harold Ludlow.

Torrid—Martha Lynn Kenna.

Breezy—Woody Collins.

Placid—Bill Cook.

Unchanged—Laura Mae Godbold.

Sultry—Janet Fox.

Bright—Annie Ruth Callahan.

Quiet—Bill Patterson.

New Sig Pledges Honored

Kappa Sigma pledges were honored at a party at the Rotisserie on Saturday, November 24. Members and dates present were:

Clay Alexander, Meryln Mitchell; James Jenkins, Evelyn Jackson; Bob Kochtitzky, Annie Ruth Walker; Roy Bane, Letty Lee Reedy; James Noble, Bess Buchanan; Bill Clark, stag; Wesley Saunders, Virginia Ann Batton.

Pledges, rushees, and their dates were:

Bo Thompson, Carroll Steen; Henry Shields, Maudella Du Bard; May Payment, Mary Elizabeth Delhomer; Louis McLain, Dora Jean Fryant; Jimmy Davis Alma Van Hook; Jimmy Crisler, Mary Ludlow; John Kochtitzky and Birdog Williams, stags.

Lambda Chi Initiates

Three pledges were initiated to membership in Theta Eta Zeta of Lambda Chi Alpha on Thursday and Friday, November 29 and 30. They are Charlie Brandon, Bill Ates and Joe Powell, all of Jackson.

Gavel Reports

IRC

Edna Earle Williams was re-elected president of the International Relations Club at a meeting November 27. Charlotte Gullledge was elected vice-president and Carroll Steen, secretary-treasurer. Peggy Weppeler and Ethel Mae Robbins, new members, read a paper on lend-lease. Present after a long absence were: Dr. Wharton, Prof. Gillis, and Dan Wright.

BSU

The first regular meeting of the BSU will take place on Friday evening, December 14, at 6:15. The meeting will be held in the Religion Room in Murrah Hall. An interesting program is being planned by Gene Nettles, program chairman. All Baptist students are invited.

YMCA

At a recent meeting of the YMCA, Bowman Clarke was elected president. Other officers are: William Stokes, vice-president; Robert Childress, secretary-treasurer; Craig Castle, publicity chairman; and David McIntosh, social chairman.

Letters to the Public—Enemy?

Dear Public,

With Bill (Teddy) Dement's famous words "I shall prepare at once for the journey," Arsenic and Old Lace journeyed to Vicksburg on Tuesday, November 20. Several members of the cast and friends had volunteered their cars for transportation. You really should have seen the window seat ("The Body's" casket, you know) tied to the top of Dr. White's car! When we were all gathered in the basement of Crawford Street Church, a group came to take us out to the U.S. Waterworks Experiment Station. There we saw models of the Mississippi River, the Golden Gate Bridge, etc. It was very interesting to our un-scientific minds! Returning we drove through the park and saw all the monuments on the way to the YMCA where we had supper. Bullen taught us the Vicksburg method of walking "downhill." The highlight of our dinner was the announcement of the engagement of Miss Estelle Hawkins and Rev. Bill (I advocate B.O. Pu) Dement! It was greeted by shouts, speeches, and exclamations from the entire cast including the mayor of Vicksburg.

Despite handicaps of staging, our play was a great success! Most of us felt that it was our top performance. Between acts Estelle, Glenn Pigott, and Evelyn Walker furnished music in their usual manner. Mayor Haney even invited us back! Of course, we feel that Hollywood is crying for our talents now, but Dr. White has twisted our arms and persuaded us to stay in school long enough to do another play. Knowing that our first duty is to dear ole Alma Mater, we are turning down all our offers so you people will all be able to say someday, "I knew them when..."

We hope to take some of our next plays to such great metropolises as McComb, Crystal Springs, Byram, and PHILADELPHIA (all the famous people lived here... Public Enemy No. 1 and Blondy Black). So we'll see you in the next play which, by the way, is **Her Step-Husband**. We think it's going to be grand, but you'll hear more about that later.

P.S.—Remember never to take wine from old ladies. "It's elderberry wine—we make it ourselves."

Do you have a distorted sense of beauty? If so, cast your Beauty Ballot vote for C. Steen, Galloway, and Pellum!

Becerra Hogs Spotlight, Dement Discovers Love, Cannon Gives Love Up, But Life Goes On

A shivering finger at Martha (Well, So I spent the money for my blanket) Becerra. "The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, and what will poor Martha do then?"

A surprised finger at Craig (Golf course is wet tonight) Castle and Lib (The living room at Galloway is too bright. Can we help it?) Welsh for the obvious. Guess they were driven to it by the fluorescent fixtures.

A congratulatory finger at Bill (No parting there) Dement for taking the fatal step and pinning Katherine (I've stopped trying) Abernathy. She isn't wearing the pin because the safety catch won't work.

A buzzed finger at Carl (I get around) Smith for showing Mary (Freshman of the week) Shelton the twelve most prominent spots on the golf course—and then having a late date. How could he uv?

An eager finger at Bobbye (How else can I learn French?) French for being impressed by Mike (What, those chocolate bars again?) Engel. You know, the one-man football team.

A webbed finger at Prof (I just work here) Gillis for all the things we know about him. Es may!

A disappointed finger at the Weatherman for no more snow.

A somewhat bored finger at the people who won't paint the murals in the lounge so we can all move in.

A nicotine finger at Cephas for his dollar lighters that "work every time—wind, rain, snow or sleet—money-back guarantee."

A questioning finger at Ernest (Square knot) Jordan for loosening up the ties a bit. Who said the Finger doesn't influence people?

A hubba finger at the people who went to Oklahoma—all hubba except Rose (Life is like that) Watkins, who delivered the fatal thrust while there. So cruuuuuueelll.

A surprised finger at Rebecca (I always get caught) Ely for supposedly being the one who causes all the noise at Founders.

Another finger at Betty (I've told you I don't love you, Ham. I don't want to see you any more.) Jim, (I love you. But I don't really love you) Cannon. Well, do you or don't you? Poor Ham. Founders' Hall's heart bleeds for him.

An eager finger at the Smith (We like to get up early) twins for those daybreak telephone calls.

A worried finger at Jean (No sweets till Christmas) White for being oh so mahd over Rex (How could she uv) Jones. The pipe and the dimple explain it all.

A thank you finger from the Galloway girls to Elaine (It fits his personality) Keary for giving Billy (Deep in the heart of) Moore a much-needed pup tent. Is Corky going to share it when and if he arrives?

Another very necessary finger at Martha (I told him to wear his sailor suit) Becerra and Jack (I want to be your friend) Burnham for concocting the most interesting romance of the week.

A wondering finger at Mary (I'll chase you) Lou (Then you chase me) Skidmore.

A disappointed finger at Carroll (Well, So I'm not married) Steen. (Pd. adv.)

A Things are looking up finger at Reid (This pin might

look better on Hazel—but Cupcake had to make his profit) Dorr for talking on and on into the night about Toogie (Unsuspecting) Hamilton and for forcing John (Love that gal) Davis to go to see Jerry.

A knocked-out finger at Alice (Excelsior!) Collins for getting a ring that big! She got her diploma from Holmes' School of Mahd Love—Five Labs a Week—the next day, but she didn't have to work for it.

For sale: One slightly used portable typewriter, sold at only twice its former price. See John Cirlot. (Unpaid adv.) For further information about the 23-year-old widows needed, see Cirlot and Hovious.

A long distance finger at Meryln (It's been a long, long time) Mitchell for that low-blow faked phone call from State. As a certain Latin would say, "Speet on their faces" of the people who framed it.

Ruth Pellum got two pair of silk stockings from Shanghai. (Filler.)

A hopeful finger at Glen (I'm an active!) Pigott. Maybe his vocal cords will wear out.

The snow is gone—and so are we.

Phi Mu's Lunch At Rose Room

Epsilon chapter of Phi Mu sorority held a luncheon Saturday, December 1, in the Rose Room of the Hotel Heidelberg. The following members were present: Julia Goodman, Anne Henry, Virginia Rehfeldt, Elizabeth Crisler, Roberta Stewart, Margaret Vandiver, Sarah Deal, Helen Murphy, Evelyn Murphy, Bettie Hamilton, Wilna Axtell, Jane Willingham, Joyce Patrick, Tink Tingle, Meryln Mitchell, Ruth Pellum, Gwen Petrus, Mary Evelyn Collins.

Pledges attending were: June Whatley, Barbara Robertson, Katherine Abernathy, Betty Odom, Beth Carley, Broadine May, Skeets White, Polly Crisler, and Annie Ruth Callahan.

Alumnae present were: Mrs. Hugh Gillespie, Mrs. M. L. Smith, Miss Rachel Conner, Miss Martha Nell Willingham, Mrs. John Godbold, Mrs. Arthur Varnado, Mrs. George Cahall, and Miss Joyce Smith. Miss Elizabeth Craig, faculty advisor, and Mrs. J. D. Ball, patroness, attended. Guests were: Shirley Howie, Sarah Frances Johnston, Mary Ann Thrower, Betty Jean Ozier, Annie Ruth Walker, Bess Buchanan, and Dot Selph.

Criticism is one of the few things people would rather give than receive.

The smallest package in the world is a man who is wrapped up in himself.

TEMPLE of KNOWLEDGE

Dear Temple of Knowledge,

I don't know why I wasn't chosen to be in the beauty contest.

Liza Haggy Hair.

Dear Liza,

They chose only 40. Why don't you go in as a dark horse?

Temple of Knowledge.

Dear Temple,

How come we can't play volley ball?

Mu of Kappa Delta.

Dear Kaydees,

It isn't that you play so poorly; it's just that the other teams play so much better.

Temple.

Dear T. of K.,

When will the living room at Whitworth Hall be finished?

Cirlot and Kotiski (literal spelling).

Dear John and Bob,

What's the hurry? Penny and Betty don't mind the front porch.

T. of K.

Dear Temp,

Do you think Prof Harrell knows that some of us have been doing some long-range window peeping from the observatory?

Tom.

Dear Tom,

It's a cinch that he does now.

Temp.

Beta Sig Pledges Fete Actives

The pledges of Alpha Zeta chapter of Beta Sigma Omicron entertained the actives at a Hobo Party Tuesday, November 21, at Battlefield Park. The guests were dressed in costumes of blue jeans and plaid shirts. The atmosphere was informal and friendly. The party was opened by the pledges singing "Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe," accompanied by Mary Anna Medlin. Games and dancing were enjoyed by all. Sammie Price, mistress of ceremony, led a series of games based on the Hobo theme. Refreshments of hamburgers, cokes, and fudge cakes were served.

Actives present were: Dorothy Eady, Nina Bess Goss, Frances Gray, Elaine Keary, Betty Lloyd, Julia Fay Mayo, Ruth Shanks, and Edna Earle Williams.

Pledges present were: Ada Mae Bain, Jackie Byars, Cathryn Campbell, Anne Craig, Dewey Cobb, Mary Elizabeth Cowan, Carolyn Hays, Elizabeth Ann Lampton, Mary Anna Medlin, Dorothy Myers, Sammie Price, and Maxine Winn.

MYRON'S SHOES

132 East Capitol St.

BSO's Entertain At Beta Ranch

Beta Sigs entertained their dates at Beta Ranch with a barbeque on Saturday night, December 1. The ranch house was decorated appropriately for the occasion. Soft drinks, peanuts, and fruit were served from the "Bar" while guests enjoyed games and dancing.

A short program was presented, the first number being an amusing melodrama, "The Opyr." Characters were: Edna Earle Williams, the heroine; Cathryn Campbell, the hero; Betty Lloyd, the villain; and Maxine Winn, the vamp. The orchestra was made up of Catherine Herring, Gerry Wilkerson, Laura Mae Godbold, and Ada Mae Bain. Jerry Mayo then played a number of saxophone solos, including "I Can't Begin to Tell You" and "White Christmas." Dewey Cobb's tap number followed and Mary Anna Medlin gave out with some of her famed boogie. The last number on the program was a "strip tease"—with pistols as favors—by Elaine Keary.

Actives and their dates were: Catherine Armstrong, Nat Hovious; Nina Bess Goss, Sutton Marks; Betty Lloyd, Greg Holmes; Bonnie Lee Harmer, Johnny Cirlot; Ruth Shanks, Leo Hagan; Lois Ann Fritz, Bob Nickey; Elaine Keary, Billy Moore; Lee Berryhill, Dan Wright; Catherine Herring, Griffis Meek; Kathryn Carver, Charles Brandon; Julia Fay Mayo, Joe Odom; Frances Gray, Bill Shanks; and Dot Eady, Robert Childress.

Pledges and their dates were: Laura Mae Godbold, David McIntosh; Cathryn Campbell, Bill Dement; Carolyn Hays, Carl Smith; Dewey Cobb, Jack Woodrow; Jerry Mayo, Johnny Davis; Dot Myers, Randall Martin; Sammie Price, Bowman Clark; Maxine Winn, Billy Wright; Ada Mae Bain, Brock Thornhill; Jackie Byars, Jerry Fortenberry; Anne Craig, Bill Maute; Mary Anna Medlin, William Haywood; Mary Lib Cowan, Jake Newsome; Elizabeth Ann Lampton, Reed Dorr, and Bessie Mae Barrow, date

Other Beta Sigs present were: Mary Alice Boyles, Edna Earle

ON THE LEVEL

"As with gladness men of old did the guiding star behold—as with joy they hailed its light, leading onward, beaming bright. So, most gracious Lord, may we evermore be led to Thee."

The Christmas Season, 1945, approaches bringing with it strains of the old familiar carols. For days carol tunes have been wafting over the campus as the Singers have been preparing for the annual "Feast of Carols."

Religious Emphasis Week has come and almost gone. It could not have come at a more opportune time in the semester's program. While the students were singing, "So, most gracious Lord, may we evermore be led to Thee," Dr. W. S. Smart was giving wise counsel and guiding the students into a deeper realization of God and his place in the lives of youth. This week was the one week set aside for special emphasis on religious activities. Let us make it our duty to continue this same spirit in all of our activities as we approach the Christmas season. May this Christmas-time be even more meaningful because of our interest and enthusiasm for religious activities.

Clark Heads Barbarians

Bowman Clarke was recently elected president of the Barbarians, independent organization for all non-fraternity boys on the campus. Other officers elected were Jack Marsalis, vice-president; William Stokes, secretary; David McIntosh, treasurer.

This independent group is a member of the National Independent Students' Association. They will participate in intramurals and other events of the year.

"Were you ever pinched for going too fast?"

No, but I have been slapped.

Williams, Becky Ely, and Gerry Wilkerson.

Chaperones for the evening were: Professor and Mrs. R. R. Haynes, Dr. and Mrs. Bond Fleming, and Dr. Ross Moore.

S. P. McRAE COMPANY, INC.

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SPORTS STUFF

By Cook

The Millsaps Majors have their first ball club of the 1945-46 session. At four o'clock Monday afternoon, the men met with Coach Arthur Burns to form the basis for a basketball team—a team that will in all likelihood go far toward making Millsaps a winning school once again.

Though the team is not large in size, it possesses men with an exceptional amount of speed, and we feel confident that by the first game, the team will be in top form with that certain thing called touch control mastered.

Coach Burns is known to all Jackson sport fans, having officiated in practically all the basketball games in this area for the past several years. He invites every available man on the campus to come over to the gym and work out. Practice begins at four o'clock every afternoon.

The team so far is composed of the following players: David McIntosh, Charlie Allen, Randal Martin, Jack Murphy, Brock Thornhill, George Burguet, James Davis, Preston Jackson, and Bill Cook.

Nickey Heads Sig Pledges

Pledges of Kappa Sigma elected the following pledge officers on Wednesday, November 28: Bob Nickey, president; Gene Fleming, vice-president; Louis McLain, secretary; Johnny Kochtitzky, treasurer.

You Know What?

French, il is un hard subject. The weather ain't so ben ni. First it's cold, then it rains. Drooly hair, droopy eyes. Beaucoup homework. Good jour, n' est—ce pas true today.

Po' little filles and gens are going to le dogs. Countrie est all corrupt. Best the sun come out or Whitfield will have un new membre. Dr. Smith says no life after 50; can't possibly do all cet francais before 50 . . . fingers est froid.

Blue Monday, wet Wednesday, Freezing Friday. Le weather homme est mixed up. Je am mixed up. Le sommeil has defeate moi.

Chi O's Lead Scholastically

Chi Omegas lead in the scholastic averages for the sororities during the eight week session from September 18 to November 19, it was revealed today.

The Chi Omegas with a 2.00 average were closely followed by Beta Sigma Omicron with a 1.93 index. The others in order of their averages are: Kappa Delta, 1.8; Phi Mu, 1.65; and Vikings, 1.49.

These grades are only for the actives of the chapters.

Wright Heads Lambda Chi's

Dan Wright was elected president of Theta Eta Zeta of Lambda Chi Alpha on Friday, November 30.

Other officers selected at this time were Eugene Burnett, Vice-President; Charlie Brandon, Secretary; Bill Ates, Treasurer; Joe Powell, ritualist; and Percy Powers, social chairman.

Retiring officers are: Jack Worley, president; Al Lovata, vice-president; Clifton Anderson, secretary; Joe Wiggins, treasurer; and David Llewellyn, social chairman.

Sig Officials Visit Chapter

Christian Natvig, Kappa Sigma Worthy Grand Treasurer, of Bronxville, New York, and George Reynolds, District Grand Master, of Baton Rouge, La., visited Alpha Upsilon chapter of Kappa Sigma for a business meeting recently. All alumni and active members were at the fraternity house for the meeting.

Sigs Initiate

Alpha Upsilon chapter of Kappa Sigma announces the initiation of Bob Kochtitzky and Bill Griffith. The initiation took place on November 22 at the Kappa Sigma house.

"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?" asked one man of his friend.

"Sure," was the answer. "Did you think it would go through?"

Literarily Speaking

One of the most unusual and surprising new books is James Street's current selection, *The Gauntlet*. A direct opposite from Mr. Street's other offerings, it is the story of a Baptist preacher, London Wing, and his experiences in his first church. A brilliant young man, yet unseasoned and unaccustomed to the reality of life, through his dealing with the harsh knockings of life, becomes a great minister and a great man.

Mr. Street has done himself proud with *The Gauntlet*. It is by far the outstanding book of this year, and well-deserves the Literary Guild award. I hope that he will continue this new trend and to write more great books.

Going on with books on the spiritual side of life, the book table in the hall, right outside of the chapel holds many excellent and worth while volumes. E. Stanley Jones, and his book *Victorious Living*, is an excellent example.

Dr. W. A. Smart, Religious Emphasis speaker, is the author of *The Contemporary Christ*, a discussion of every-day modern religion. One of the most beautiful books of prayers is G. A. Cleveland Shrigley's, *In His Name*, a prayer for every-day. Many more that will be an inspiration and will be a pleasure to own, are on this table, come by and see!

Pi K A Initiates

Alpha-Iota Chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha announces the initiation of the following men; Reid Dorr, Greg Holmes, Louis Jones, and Glen Pigott. The initiation ceremony was administered to them Monday night, December 3, at the Pi K A House.

This space is dedicated to Phillip. Phillip who? Fill up the space.

It's what a man learns after he thinks he knows it all, that counts.



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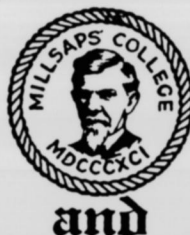
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Vol. XXXVIII

MILLSAPS COLLEGE, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1946

No. 7

MAJOR WILSON, CMH, HONORED

Sanders Presents \$100,000 for Arts Building Here

Mr. R. D. Sanders, Mississippi industrialist, has presented Millsaps College a \$100,000 Christmas gift for the construction of a domestic arts building. Dr. M. L. Smith and the late J. Lloyd Decell received the gift from Mr. Sanders Friday, December 21, 1945.

Making the contribution at his downtown office, Mr. Sanders said: "I believe in furthering Christian education. In these times of 'isms,' that is the most important project we have. I propose to do other things of this nature as time goes on. I have been greatly impressed with the progress made at Millsaps since Dr. Smith became President, and I think you are going to see even greater things out there."

Mr. Sanders said he hoped textile designing will be included in the courses to be taught in the new building. He also pointed out that he is now using out-of-state personnel for these positions in his industries.

Dr. Smith disclosed that a formal testimonial in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders will be given later in January.

N. W. Overstreet will be architect for the new building, which will be located in the valley between Murrah Hall and Carnegie-Millsaps Library. It was revealed that working plans are now being drafted.

Otis Will Speak To P-16 Veterans

"Veterans have been just listening for some time now. I'd like to give them a chance to do the talking. After they get through, I'll throw the punches to them," stated Mr. Otis of the Veterans Administration when he was invited to a forthcoming meeting of the local veterans club.

Because the administration is moving to ex-Foster General Hospital this week, Mr. Otis will be unable to come to Millsaps for a meeting until between January 21 and 25.

Any veteran wishing to attend this special meeting, please contact one of the Veteran Club officers as soon as possible and give him your name. Those to whom Public 16 applies are especially urged to come. If enough men are interested, Mr. Otis will bring a P-16 authority along with him.

Girls' Basketball 'Murals Planned

Plans for girls' basketball intramurals are being made by the Majorette Club. These games will start the second week of next semester. A schedule will be posted on the bulletin board soon.

To the undefeated team a silver cup will be presented. This honor was won last year by Kappa Delta sorority.

In Memoriam: Bishop J. Lloyd Decelle

The Veterans Present —

Ye olde Purple and White, scandal sheet, gossip rag and among other things the college newspaper, was—as you have probably already noticed—turned out by a group of Uncle Sammy's ex-buzz boys, tight pants, and sea-going bell hops. A motley crew, ranging from that dapper Clay Alexander to that man about town, the boy the gags and gals cry for, Cy Allen (ain't I mean! and besides, I offered Allen a chance to pay up).

Seriously, we the veterans do wish to thank Carroll Steen and Ruth Pellow for their invaluable assistance and thanks to all the other members who took a back seat so that we could take a stab at this sort of thing.

The Boys

Clothing Drive Closes Tomorrow

Stop, look, and listen, folks! Tomorrow is the last day to donate garments to the clothing drive being sponsored by Sigma Lambda and the YWCA.

Mary Ridgway, chairman of the campaign which is being held in connection with the United Nations Clothing Campaign, states that any wearable clothes will be greatly appreciated. They will be sent overseas to those whose homes and lives have been torn apart by war.

Anyone wishing to give to the drive may place the clothing in the box placed in Murrah Hall or in the boxes in each of the dormitories by Saturday noon.

Helene Minyard Heads Majorettes

Helene Minyard has been elected by the members of the Majorette Club as their new president. Other officers elected were vice-president, Rosemary Nichols; secretary-treasurer, Frances Rose Price; intra-mural chairman, Anne Porter; and representative to Woman's Council, Eleanor Johnson.

Beta Sigs Elect Ely For President

Alpha Zeta Chapter of Beta Sigma Omicron elected the following officers to fill in positions held by January graduates: Rebecca Ely, president; Bonnie Lee Harmer, vice-president; Frances Gray, corresponding secretary; and Lois Ann Fritz, editor. Outgoing officers are: Betty Lloyd, president; Edna Earle Williams, vice-president; Dot Eady, corresponding secretary; and Rebecca Ely, editor.

White Schedules "Step Husband" Feb. 14, 15

The Millsaps dramatic department, under the direction of Dr. M. C. White, will present a three-act comedy, **Her Step-Husband**, on the nights of February 14 and 15. There will be a different cast for each of the two presentations.

On February 14, the following cast will perform with student directors Lib Welsh and Merelyn Mitchell in charge.

Nancy Marshall Katherine Abernathy
Harvey Marshall.....Bill Dement
Sylvia Allen.....Polly Chrisler
Aunt Emily Paisley
.....Mary Ann Turner
Florence Ainslee, Ruth Applewhite
StellaCarole Hutto
Limpy Lannigan, Jerry Fortenbury
Officer O'Shea.....unfilled
Dr. Gerald Niles.....Craig Castle
The second cast, under student direction of Ethel Eastman and Edith Gussio and as listed below, performs February 15:

Mary Marshall.....Shirley Conn
Harvey Marshall.....Bob Ray
Sylvia Allen.....Katherine Herring
Aunt Emily Paisley
.....Frances Williams
Florence Ainslee, Mae Alice Barnes
StellaMaxine Winn
Limpy Lanniganunfilled
Officer O'Shea.....Bob Bullen
Dr. Gerald Niles.....Gene Nettles

The part of Officer O'Shea in the first cast and that of Limpy Lannigan in the second are yet to be filled. Anyone desiring either of these parts may contact one of the directors of its respective cast.

Mary needs another husband for a day and when she gets one, things begin to happen. To learn the rest and to have a hilarious night, see either of these two enactments of **Her Step-Husband**.

Millsaps Honors Major Louis Wilson, CMH Winner, Day

Doolittle Heads New Vets Club

The student veterans of World War II met recently and formed an organization, electing the following officers to serve for the semester ending January 26, 1946: Tommy Doolittle, president; John Hill, vice president; and Fred Carver, secretary-treasurer.

Purpose of this organization is published herewith in the preamble to the constitution: "In recognition of the numerous fields of mutual endeavor and problems held in common and aware of needs exclusive to veterans, we the veterans in attendance at Millsaps College this day of our Lord, November 28, 1945, do hereby declare this the constitution of the Millsaps College Veterans Association by which liaison with faculty and student activities shall be facilitated, fellowship and amusement provided, and orientation into campus life accomplished. All other rules referred to hereafter as by-laws shall be subservient to this document."

The constitution was formed and accepted on December 1, 1945.

It is the intention of the club to serve all veterans in the following manner:

1. By providing a representative on S.E.B.
2. By maintaining a club room in Buie Gym.
3. By collecting information prior to the commencement of refresher courses in various subjects as to nature and number and negotiating with the faculty on behalf of refresher courses.
4. By promoting various social functions in the name of fellowship.

The college has designated the former athletic room in Buie Gym as the clubroom. It is at the present being furnished with amusements and study facilities.

Plans are being made for a dinner dance to be held soon after the opening of the new semester to welcome new student veterans to the college.

The association wishes to thank and acknowledge the following gentlemen: President Smith, for his devotion to the cause; Dean Riecken, for his aid in organization; Mr. Hathorn, for his aid in securing furniture for the club; and Professor Gillis, for his aid in developing the constitution.

KD's Pledge

Mu chapter of Kappa Delta sorority pledged Shirley Howle of Union Mississippi, on Tuesday night, January 15. Supper was enjoyed at Primos afterwards.

Millsaps College and Alpha-Iota Chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity honored and presented Major Louis Hugh Wilson, U. S. M. C., winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, and Millsaps alumnus, at a special college convocation, Wednesday morning, January 16, in the Millsaps Auditorium.

Mr. Walter Spiva, president of the Millsaps Alumni Association, after the invocation and singing of the hymn "America," presented Dr. M. L. Smith, president of the college, and introduced the distinguished guests.

Following the singing of the Marine Corps Hymn, Mr. Spiva, presented Major Wilson, with a scroll from the college. The principle address was given by the Hon. Thomas L. Bailey, Governor of Mississippi, who paid honor to Major Wilson, and to Millsaps College, of which both were former students.

Closing the program, "Alma Mater" was sung by the entire assembly.

Among the distinguished guests which were presented included, Colonel Roy D. Hickman, National Pi K A president, Dr. Freeman H. Hart, national executive secretary, and a delegation of state officials headed by Governor Bailey. Representatives from the municipal government, local clergy and members of the board of trustees, were present.

Trailer Units To Accommodate Millsaps Vets

Millsaps veterans may soon find a solution to their housing problem in fifty trailer units which are to be placed on the campus. Arrangements have been completed for the procurement of these units, but it is not now known when they can be delivered. Arrangements are also being made to get six housing units with four apartments in each unit, making a total of twenty-four apartments in addition to the trailers.

The trailers are six and a half feet wide and twenty-one feet long. Each one will have two beds, one table, four chairs, one heater, one coal stove, a kitchen sink, and a water storage tank. There will be separate trailers for toilet facilities, washing, and showers.

Rent will be kept as low as possible and will be on a non-profit basis. Exact rental fees are not now known, but the Veterans Administration prohibits rates of more than twenty dollars a month on these units.

Purple and White

MILLSAPS BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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WHAT IS YOUR OBJECTIVE?

While looking through a book on college wise cracks I noted two that seemed to hit the spot for this article.

The first came from the Philadelphia Inquirer, "A college diploma doesn't become of much value to a man until he learns that it isn't worth anything as an alibi."

The second was taken from the Indianapolis News, "It must be a good deal of a jolt to change all of a sudden from a university graduate to a mere guy looking for a job."

Although every man's reason may be worded different, basically we all have the same idea and that is to use the college education that we receive as a stepping stone to our belief of success. That alone should change the above 'wise cracks' into something worth considering.

Three years from now when you want to get married or do one of many things are you going to use the forthcoming diploma as an alibi or are you going to turn your back on the cherished degree and become a mere guy looking for a job?

Those are but two of many examples why I believe a veteran's age is important when he considers his objective. If you are over twenty-three and have professional ambitions or plan never to have any responsibilities, then a degree is of primary importance. If, however, you have reached that age and want to get into the business world in the non-professional class and have responsibilities, then I believe that your objective is primary and the degree is secondary.

Many colleges have realized this fact and have made available to veterans courses that are mainly vocational in content. These courses are designed to assist the veteran in obtaining satisfactory employment as soon as possible. Most of these courses are of two year duration and the graduate is awarded a certificate. The credits thus obtained may be credited towards a degree if the veteran desires to continue his schooling.

For example one highly accredited school offers courses in Accounting, Business Statistics, Marketing, Personnel Administration and many others that would be of interest to you as a bread winner. These courses take two calendar years and are recognized and approved by business concerns.

So what is your objective when you become a "mere guy looking for a job"? Will you have to give alibi's or stop before you reach your goal?

T. E. Amster

A VETERAN'S VIEWS

The war is over! Yet Millsaps hasn't recognized the victory. With one of the results of the war's termination in clear view, the return of a sizable number of war veterans to school here, the college of these men's choosing fails in its obligation to them, to itself, and to the future. All three of these are homogeneous, are of the same desire and need through kindredship of purpose.

The average veteran expects no more than an understanding of his position and a program of education and activities thoroughly modern and far-sighted. He finds, instead, a school system, though of recognized scholastic merit in the established departments, antiquated according to the times and the pressing need of preparation for the future, near and far. The world turns at a faster pace today. Tomorrow, with all of its uncertainties, is almost today.

Millsaps (although the navy students have gone) should set its sails at full mast and steer toward a newer and brighter horizon. To accomplish the task, this college must broaden its concept of complete education. Additions to the existing departments should be made. A new spirit of endeavor must govern the minds of all connected with Millsaps College. The lesson learned by many veterans, that of making full use of time and opportunity, might well benefit the college.

We live in an age of enlightenment, not only in the field of education, but also in social views. Millsaps was founded in 1891, but its interpretations of proper social conduct and

its restrictions on social life have progressed but slightly from that year. A veteran, if no other member of the student body, is able to conduct himself properly under all circumstances. Since the majority of the male students here are, and will continue to be, veterans, there should be for this reason alone a more broadminded regard for the lighter life of college.

A great future lies ahead of Millsaps College. Unless the college acts now with full vigor of body and mind, the chance for great progress may be wasted. And without this progress, Millsaps will continue to fail in its obligation to the veteran, to itself as an institution, and to the future.

—By James Noble.

A VETERAN LOOKS AT RELIGION

Everyone has heard the old quotation, "There's no atheist in a foxhole." You can bet your bottom dollar on that. Ask any of the combat boys; they'll tell you. I dare say the average "flak happy" veteran has a better conception of his religion and God than most civilians ever hope to have, regardless of who they may be. It seems that a lot of people, particularly in the college group, go to church without ever trying to figure out why. They go because their parents went, they have been going as long as they can remember, and after all the social element demands it. They go and listen, among other things, to what the minister has to say about the situation, with a vague regard for the spiritual consolation that could be derived if so desired. This definitely cannot be said about any veteran who has had any connection with death whatsoever. Most of us suffered the same emotional upset in trying to adjust ourselves properly with our own conscience and with God. A man under life or death circumstances has only one hope for any consolation and that is his religion. It mattered not whether he had previously denied or confirmed his faith, for when the possibility of an extreme sacrifice presented itself, he immediately tore down all mental and spiritual restrictions and started with a clean slate. In this manner he could more successfully accomplish the task of re-orientating himself according to his own conception of what God meant. Now here's the deal, a lot of people could certainly profit from what the veteran had to learn the hard way. If they would only stop and try to figure out what this thing called religion really amounts to, then I sincerely believe they would benefit greatly from the effort.

Next time you go to church ask yourself this question, "Just what am I doing here. Why did I come?"

—By Greg Holmes.

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE MONEY?

Somewhere or other, the idea has originated that being editor and business manager of the Bobashela is the royal road to romance and gay weekends in New Orleans on the Student Activity Fee. But, like so many fairy stories, life is not like that.

The beauty parade staged a few weeks ago had two purposes: 1. Let the students select the beauties for the annual for a change, rather than grabbing a passer-by and letting him have the job. 2. Make some much-needed money for the Bobashela.

The 40c charged for the tickets started out to be 35c; then an item called luxury tax crept in. The idea was to let each organization sell as many tickets as members and ten over to be able to nominate four beauties. Unfortunately, one or two groups couldn't see their way clear to doing this—but the beauties were not withdrawn.

There was another idea involved too. That was to set a yearly tradition of letting the students pick the beauties. With time (and a chance for longer preparation) it could work into a good yearly program.

And for the people who think perhaps the Bobashela staff is filthy with lucre, don't believe it. A certain percentage of the Student Activity Fee is set aside each semester for the annual. Ads are sold to pay for part of the book. Groups buy pages of the annual. But that doesn't come anywhere near paying for the entire Bobashela.

Our last annual had the advantage of four semesters' Student Activity Fees. It went in the hole a grievous amount. This year's staff is working with the handicap of only two semester's fees.

Last year, Bobashelas could be sold on the side to the sailors. This year, every student pays his fees and there is no such source of extra income.

Once or twice back in the Dark Ages when the Bobashela still cost the amount students paid for it, people made money off of it. Even in later years, people good at cutting corners could make a profit. But that doesn't exactly lead to good annuals.

This year's staff wants the 1946 Bobashela to be the best ever. So do we all. But it will take money and student cooperation. Student cooperation, that is.

Gavel Reports

The Majorette Club initiated the following girls on December 19: Mary Ridgway, Mae Alice Barnes, Betty Sue Pittman, Merethel Nay, Betty Jane Long, Rose Watkins, Catherine Armstrong, Frances Rose Price, Bea Utley, Anne Porter, Kathryn Carver, Edith Gussio, Eleanor Johnson, Rosemary Howell, Rebecca Ely, Nadine McKinnon, and Charlotte Gullede. Bonnie Lee Harmer and Evelyn Walker will be initiated at the next meeting.

The group went to the Rotisserie for a banquet dinner afterwards.

Literarily Speaking

One World In the Making by Ralph Barton Perry presents in fuller detail the ethical conception of the "One World" which was the political testament of the late Wendell Willkie. The author chides himself for presuming to deal with so wide a field of human personality, principles, and endeavor.

However, his method is not at all pretentious; rather, it is a written meditation about the problems that will arise in molding persons of different religious and moral codes, persons of different allegiances and aspirations, into a universal and common religion of mankind. This is not another "peace" scheme or lofty talk. It is a realistic, common sense, reasoning of the most important questions of the time.

Shall we become united into a decent, God-fearing society or shall we all be destroyed by ourselves? Perhaps Mr. Perry has the answer in this, his latest book.

Co-eds Drool At Returning Vets

The men are back! Hubba! Hubba! Some of the fair damsels on the campus have expressed their ideas on this important (you bet) subject.

Carroll Steen says — "Lovely idea, but it's tuff that I'm graduating so soon before things return to normal."

Hazel Steen — "I'm graduating too, but I'll make the most of what I yet may spend, before I too into hard work descend."

Rose Watkins — "It's obvious . . . I think it's fine that they picked Millsaps to come to (joke)."

B. Utley—"I'm happy now . . . before, I was anxious."

Ruth Murphey — "It's O. K. The more, the merrier."

Helene Minyard — "Glad they are back . . . wish there were more."

Virginia Batton — "I think it is grand that they are back but tuff that they are all leaving next semester."

Carolyn McKewen—"Good idea . . . hubba!"

Elina Lynn Brown — "Marvelous."

Helen Stone—"Helps this girls' school to be co-ed once again."

Corabel Roberts — "Great because I don't have to sit at home anymore."

Jean Haughton—"Most nice."

Alma Van Hook—"Could use many more."

Letty Lee Reedy — "If this is the return to normalcy, let's do it more often."

And Miss Dot Melvin comes out with "Zounds goood."

Ev Jackson — "Think it's won."

(Continued on page 3)

Noble's Nasty, Bess's Benefitted, Haughton's Haughty, Patterson's?

☛ An interested finger at Ann (I always dance this way) Ammons for being seen in the company of one Gene (Prop open my eyelids) Fleming so much, as of late.

☛ A hilarious finger at Woody (Full speed ahead) Collins for always trying to match dates with Jean (yak-a-ta-yak) Turnbow. It can't be done, fella'.

☛ A knocked-out finger at Jane (I'm going to Madison) Stone for making Ossie (Just take one deep breath and yell) Williams finally see the light. You need sun glasses, Williams?

☛ A copyrite finger at Bill (I'm running the show) Morrison for always being so confident of his attraction (which is missing). No, no, no, no, no—it couldn't be true!

☛ An impressed finger at Annie Ruth (Do they really have bull sessions at Whitworth?) Walker for receiving those long distance calls in the wee hours of the morning. Interesting?

☛ A disillusioned finger at James (divans are so lumpy) Willoughby for living such a hard "newly-married" life.

☛ A disgusted finger at Amanda (I must have that loving) Hathorn for trying to establish a beach-head with Jerry (I was so young and innocent) Fortenberry.

☛ A reverse finger at Adelyn (I have "bedroom" eyes, too) Gerald for those detailed midnite conversations via phone (all on her own). "Where there's a will, there's a way."

☛ A b'wong finger at Greg (move aside women, here I come) Holmes for taking long trips during holidays to see some naive character. Haw!

☛ An amazed finger at Virginia (I finally made it) Daracott for getting pinned and really and truly "hooked." Congrats!

☛ A relieved finger at Bill (I don't know what made me do it) Moore for finally catching up with Elaine (It was so sudden) Keary and pinning her. Take this flower!

☛ A 90% proof finger at Carl (Let me play with your poodle) Smith for having to be identified with a tag around his neck as he was gently thrown on the train, homeward bound.

☛ A Gargantuan finger at "Rags" (Give me room . . . lotsa' room) Ragland was swapping women with Brock (I use Fitch, honest) Thornhill. Tien!

☛ A dead finger at John (duh!) Kochtitzky. Are ya' livin', ole' man? Well show us.

☛ A mentally wearied finger at all the English majors who have just finished their comprehensives, and a grateful finger at Dr. White from all of them for the chicken supper.

☛ A technical finger at Jimmy (I play bridge for blood) Davis and a hopeful finger that he will pass his entrance exam for West Point.

☛ An accusing finger at James (just an ole' Harvard man!) Noble for not bothering to say a kind word. We know our I. Q. is low, but, honest, we're human . . . look it up in your law book!

☛ An encouraging finger at Jean (I'm trying so hard!) Haughton for holding on to Ci (ah, women . . . they can't live without me!) Allen. More power to you!

☛ A pale, weak finger at one Ernest (I'll say I'm the cutest boy! Just ask me . . .) Jordan for that misplaced conceit. Courage, lad.

☛ A sympathetic finger at Bess (Yes, I do need that hair-do) Buchanan for always having

to listen to the "tired" conversation that Harold (I give 'em a hard time) Ludlow and Bo (I have a "rassling" degree) Thompson dish out.

☛ A questioning finger at Wesley (Take me back to Ole Miss) Saunders for being so hard to get to know. Just one weak smile; that's all we ask.

☛ A forbidding finger at John (I only want to talk about myself) Cirlot for not being able to do without those "puppy-dog" glances from Penny (I love 'em all) Linfield. Grow up, Sonny.

☛ An unhappy finger at Betty (I'm one of those Delta women) Odom for monopolizing the wire to several well-known addresses. Try giving them your address.

☛ A genuine finger at J. W. (Let's face it) Patterson for finally breaking down and surveying the "scenery" around Millsaps. P. S. All of you "unattached" veterans please take note. Why be irritated?

Practice Teaching Is So Tuph!

By Uno Whoo

Two young am I, and too beautiful to suffer at the hands of such a merciless horde. A group of uncontrollable young fiends is ruling my life—my nerves are shot; my equilibrium is upset; my resistance is low.

There is the head of a skeleton on my desk. Sometimes this is put to use as a vase; sometimes it serves as a miniature waste basket; most often it is the bane of my existence because the pupil nearest the desk insists on feeding it apple all period.

There are blackboards walling 3/4 of my classroom. These blackboards sometimes serve as a useful place to write the assignment for the following day; sometimes tests are written there; most often pupils sitting nearest the blackboards use it to write derogatory epithets about fellow students and as often about the teacher. And this not half—but I am running out of breath (it's short these days and I'm using ear phones, too).

Ride I the bus to Central every day: walk I into the classroom; feel I the paper wads which welcome me; shout I the questions over the din; wait I in vain for the answers; dismiss I the class; totter I to the bus stop; ride I the bus back to school; hit I the sack.

Co-Eds Drool At—

(Continued from page 2)
derful . . . Be glad when more get here."

"Pete" Peatross—"Great, but where are they hiding?"

Betty Clarke Hamilton—"Something new is being added."

Patsy Pendergraft—"I would say that they are very necessary to create the correct Millsaps atmosphere."

So . . . you see the girls are

Major Louis Wilson Honored by Pi KA

One of the highlights of the years social events was the brilliant reception given Wednesday afternoon, January 16, from three to five o'clock, in honor of Major and Mrs. Louis Hugh Wilson, Congressional Medal of Honor Winner, and Millsaps graduate, by the Alpha-Iota Chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

Guests were greeted on the porch and shown to game room of the fraternity house, where the receiving line was assembled. Receiving were Mr. William Patterson, president of Alpha-Iota, Mrs. John Albert Fincher, Dr. John Albert Fincher, district president, Major and Mrs. Wilson, Colonel Roy D. Hickman, national president, Miss Mae Alice Barnes, president of the Mu Chapter, Kappa Delta Sorority, Dr. Freeman H. Hart, national executive secretary, Miss Rosemary Nichols, president of the Vikings, National Independent Student Organization, Dr. and Mrs. Marion Lofton Smith, president of Millsaps College, Mr. Jack Francis, president of Gamma-Theta chapter of Pi KA of Mississippi State College, Miss Martha Lynn Kenna, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis W. Wright, Sr., Mr. Truley Meek, president of Gamma-Iota Chapter, University of Mississippi, Miss Julia Goodman, president of Epsilon Chapter, Phi Mu Sorority, Mr. Frank Scott, Miss Elizabeth Welch, president of Chi Delta Chapter of Chi Omega Sorority, Mr. Albert McKee, President of Gamma-Psi Chapter of Pi KA, Louisiana Polytechnic Institute, Miss Betty Lloyd, President of Alpha-Zeta Chapter of Beta Sigma Omicron Sorority, and Mr. Henry Kinzell from Alpha-Gamma Chapter of Pi KA, Louisiana State University.

Receiving in the hall and at the guest book were Mr. Robert Bullen and Mr. Bob Ray.

Guests were greeted in the living room by Miss Elizabeth Craig and Miss Carolyn Bufkin, sponsors of Alpha-Iota Chapter and members of the local group headed by Mr. William Cook.

The refreshment table was centered with an arrangement of early spring flowers and silver candle holders with white tapers. Double punch bowls were used at either end of the table and silver trays of frosted cakes and mints were offered. Miss Betty Clarke Hamilton, Miss Charlene Gerard, Miss Myra Nichols, Miss Elaine Keary and Miss Jean Roberts assisted in serving and receiving.

Groups of active members showed the guests throughout the house, which has just been redecorated. Mr. Charles Allen and Mr. Robert Edwards bade the guests good-bye.

much happier now that Saturday night isn't the loneliest night in the week.

MYRON'S SHOES

132 East Capitol St.

Pikes Honor Major Wilson, Founders Day At Banquet

Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity, observing their Annual Founder's Day, and the visit of Major Louis Hugh Wilson, entertained at a banquet January 16, at 7:00, in the Edwards Ballroom.

A hosts of distinguished guests, including the Governor, Thomas L. Bailey, Col. Roy D. Hickman, national president of Pi K A, Dr. Freeman H. Hart, national executive secretary, and various local officials were present. Many alumnae of this chapter and members and alumnae of other chapters were there. Serving as Toastmaster was Mr. Garner M. Lester, who introduced Rev. Roy C. Clark who gave the invocation. Mr. Garner then presented the guests of the evening. Following this Pi K A songs were led by Mr. Aden Barlow.

Colonel Hickman presented

thanks from the National organization. The Climax of the evening was an address by Dr. Hart. As the concluding number of the program, the traditional song, Dream Girl of Pi K A was sung.

Smith Fetes Wilson

At 12:30, January 16, Dr. M. L. Smith honored Major Louis Wilson with a luncheon in the college dining room. The guests included those professors who taught Major Wilson, and Colonel Roy D. Hickman, National President, Dr. Freeman H. Hart, National Executive Secretary, and Mr. Harvey T. Newell, National Pledge Training Chairman.

Wit's End, or The Strange Case Of The Man Versus The Train

By POLLY CRISLER

—Once there was a man.

—What a man! I mean—what? a man? I do not believe you.

—I do not care what you do not believe so long as there is a man in it or not, which ever way conveys my meaning.

—O.K. O.K. Have it your way.

"There was a man!"

—We begin again with a man who was an 83-pound weakling. One day he read "Vitamins and Wait," I think. He read how Charles Atlas could bend nails with one hand.

"Heck," he said, "I can beat that; I can chew nails." But then he read how Mr. Atlas could pull a train, often called a locomotive.

He began to think, and he said, "I will be a Boon to Humanity. Someone asked him if he would be a Bonny Doon.

But he ignored them noisily and bought a mail order course from Mr. Atlas.

His muscles began to grow and so did his ideas, which he had not bargained for in this course. He transformed himself from

an 83-pound weakling to a 90-pound dynamo.

He went to the train station and saw a train pulling out and a lady running to catch it, which she did not.

So he ran shouting: "Hubba, Hubba!" which, being interpreted, means "Down with Atlas."

He caught the train and dragged back and was loved from then on by ladies catching trains, which they now catch by shouting "Hubba, Hubba!"

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Stinky Hears From V. O. Seagrams About 400 Monsters In 40 x 40

Cell 93
Tugaloo A. & M.
January 14, 1946

Dear Stinky,
Greetings: No, this isn't your draft notice, get out of the closet. I just want to tell you 'bout a knocked-out course I'm taking this semester. It's so interesting I've decided to make it my major. Now prepare to hurl your hulk into the fray with more than the usual amount of vigor! This class is a gizmo . . . I mean it . . . and is held in the Grillology Building. Would you say that 400 monsters could squeeze into a 40 by 40? Boy, are we eager! The quiet atmosphere with only soft music (Betty Hutton) strictly soothes our ragged nerves.
"Prof" (Green fees paid to) Sephers hardly ever gives homework, but we have a six hour lab every afternoon. We only get 49 cuts, though. Looks like they'll always be tough about cutting here. Talk about a large charge, where else can you drink cokes, smoke your favorite brand, and eat eggnog ice cream in class? Anyone who puts in ten hours green time is exempt from exams, too. A typical test question is "What does one say when asked 'May I bum one?'"
Speaking of ranchy characters, if you'd come in third period, you'd see Collins and Turnbow, Moore and Keary, and Cook and Kenna, The Steadies, making mahd luv in the first two booths. Such birddogs as Jimmy Davis and Tommy Williams hold their own beauty revue in the Misery Booth. It's funny how the gals stay away from that section of the room! If you should hear a loud "hubba hubba," you'd know it was only Kochtitzky II taking a reading or maybe Annie Ruth sited a new man cruising in the door. No kidding, it's a model classroom. I like it especially because it's so easy to concentrate there.
I could write for hours on the one subject, but it's time for Grillology lab. (See what I mean). Let me know how things are down there in Buenos Aires. Bet it's hot there.
Lots of it,
V. O. Seagrams VII
P. S. Write to Cell No. 26874532, Tugaloo, for free translation. Please enclose 26c to cover any charges that might come up.

Anti-Grill Group Gets Grilled

The most common type of person on ye olde campus is that well-known "Grill Hound." This reporter has delved into the matter and will dwell exclusively on the opposite type—those people most frequently not seen in the Grill and why.
Mary Anna Medlin is never in the Grill because she teaches music lessons every afternoon. She's commonly known as one of those people who let their talent interfere with campusology."
David McIntosh's absence can only be explained by the fact that he is allergic to mob scenes.
Mary Nell Sells and Sam Barefield never appear because they obviously have other things to do. You know that old saying—"Two's company—."
Alice Collins is never seen there any more because she evidently doesn't desire any people's company any more. Can you blame her after seeing that new sparkler on the third finger—left hand?
The girls in Founders haven't been in lately because of the recent sore throat epidemic. Hurry and get well, gals!
Ernest Allen doesn't come in the Grill because—well, let's just say that he obviously doesn't like Coca-Colas. And he's married anyway.
Tinnie Jennings comes in only on those occasions when the mail comes in.
Then there's the red-head Beth Corley, who probably just can't stay away from that good-looking Whitworth Hall long enough to journey over Grill way.
That big Ragland boy (Does he put the six-footers in the shade!) hasn't been seen on the premises yet. Maybe it's because he can't get through the door. (We're only kidding. Why not drop in sometime?)
Last of all, Annie Ruth Walker's face is never seen in the Grill any more because she's just "natchelly" the shy type and crowds frighten her.

BSO's Celebrate Founders Day

Alpha Zeta Chapter of Beta Sigma Omicron sorority celebrated their Founders Day with a banquet at the Edwards Hotel. The banquet room was decorated in ruby and pink, the sorority colors. A beautiful birthday cake, a gift from the alumnae chapter, was the center-piece of the head table. An original and entertaining program was presented by the pledges during the banquet.
Alumnae attending were the following: Mrs. W. L. Wiley, Miss Martha Kendricks, Mrs. A. W. Bee, Mrs. Percy Thompson, Mrs. A. J. Biggs, Miss Dorothy Boyles, Miss Mary Alice Boyles, Mrs. F. G. Breland, Miss Marie McKewen, Mrs. R. C. Maynor, Mrs. J. C. Smith, and Mrs. V. K. Smith.
Actives present were: Betty Lloyd, Edna Earle Williams, Dot Eady, Julia Faye Mayo, Elaine Keary, Lois Ann Fritz, Catherine Armstrong, Geraldine Wilkerson, Bonnie Lee Harmer, Frances Gray, Catherine Herring, Kathryn Carver, Ruth Shanks, Nina Bess Goss, and Rebecca Ely.

The following pledges attended: Mary Elizabeth Cowan, Ada Mae Baines, Jackie Byars, Anne Craig, Mary Anna Medlin, Laura Mae Godbold, Dewey Cobb, Sammie Price, Carolyn Hayes, Catherine Campbell, Dot Myers, Elizabeth Anne Lampton, Bessie Mae Barrow, Jerry Mayo, and Maxine Winn.

Phi Mu Honors Mrs. L. H. Wilson

Epsilon Chapter of Phi Mu Sorority honored Mrs. Louis H. Wilson, nee Jane Clark, with a luncheon on Wednesday, January 16, in the Rose Room of the Heidelberg Hotel. The honoree was introduced by Miss Julia Goodman, president of the Epsilon Chapter.
After an interesting program, Miss Virginia Rehfeldt led the chapter and guests in singing several Phi Mu songs.
A large number of patronnesses, alumnae, and mothers attended the luncheon.



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Galloway Gals Swoon Over Chat With Their Man Van

Last Sunday night I was awakened from my peaceful dreams of gremlins and fairies playing "Farmer-in-the-dell" on the golf course to hear the hysterical screams of Galloway Gals "I talked to Van Johnson!"

No, dear readers, Van didn't suddenly discover that Galloway, not Hollywood, has all the glamour gals—but this is a true story! You know one does have to meet Fate half-way (sometimes even twist his arm).

About 10:15 we heard via various sources that Van Johnson was coming through Jackson en route to New Orleans. So a group of girls, headed by the initiative of Flora Giardina, decided to call him at the airport in New Orleans and have him paged.

The telephone operator swooned, "Do you mean Van Johnson, THE MOVIE STAR?" Half the girls were in the phone room downstairs and the others were huddled around the extension upstairs. The operator called back to say that He was staying at the St. Charles and she would have him call "Miss Giardina, Jackson, Important" as soon as He came in.

Not being a Van Johnson fan, I went to bed figuring that there wasn't a chance that he would really call back and besides nothing but talking to Humphrey Bogart could have kept me up. So the girls began their vigil, willing to wait all night in the possibility that this dream might come true.

Then came the fatal moment. It was actually Van Johnson, himself! Flora explained that a group of college girls had pooled their allowances and waited all night to talk to him, and told him how very much it would mean to them just to hear the sound of his voice.

Different girls took their turn saying "Hello Van." Some of the remarks were these:

Mary Ann Turner—"My name is Mary Ann Turner and I am 18 today and this surely is a big buzz for me."

Trudy Chichester—"Are you still sober?"

Evelyn Myers—"Van, darling!"

As each girl spoke to him and he replied, she would go into hysterics—swooning and screaming. Shirley Howle's reaction was by far the most positive. She threw the telephone into the air, jumped up and went galloping down the hall screaming "Van spoke to me!" By time the three minutes were up, all the girls were emotionally exhausted. Needless to say, no one slept during the night.

If ever you can't get the line at Galloway, you'll know we're talking to some movie star—"I'd climb the highest mountain if I knew that Bogart would be there." Hubba, hubba!

Summer School Dates Made Tentatively

Tentative plans for summer school have been made, according to Dean William E. Riecken. There will be two terms, both offering a wide variety of courses. The first term will be May 30 through June 29. The second term is from July 8 until August 1. A large enrollment is expected.

Bobashela Nears Completion As Deadlines Set

After a visit from Mr. Robert Faerber, sales manager of the College Annual Division of the Alabama Engravers, all deadlines for copy, write-ups, and pictures have been set. Mr. Faerber met with the Editor, on Sunday, February 10, to make final plans for layouts. The book will depict Millsaps' reconversion to a peacetime college.

No class pictures may be made after Saturday, February 16. These pictures are being made at Daniel's Studio on East Amite Street, and cost the student or faculty member \$1.50 for four poses.

All honoraries, clubs, fraternities, and sororities should be sure that their page has been paid for and that their membership rolls have been given to Jean White or Mary Ridgway. Money for organizations' pages should be given to Mary Nell Sells before Monday, February 18, and membership rolls should be handed in by Wednesday, February 20.

New students who wish to purchase a copy of the '46 yearbook must pay an additional fee of \$1.75 to Elizabeth Welsh, or to some one on the Business Staff, before Wednesday, February 20. Only those students who have been enrolled in both the September and November terms, and in this semester (which began February 1) will receive an annual without paying any additional fees.

Chi O's Initiate Eighteen

Chi Delta of Chi Omega held initiation for eighteen new members last week, extending from Tuesday through Friday. The highlight of the ceremony was the announcement of Betty Dossett as Model Pledge.

Besides Betty, others who were initiated were Kit Moody, Betty Brewer, Jane Lampton, Maurine Lane, Rita Hendricks, Margaret McLaurin, Betty Klumb, Dot Lee Crum, Mary Wharton, Corabel Roberts, Miriam Roberts, Tinnie Jennings, Mary Elizabeth Peatross, Frances Culley, Mary Anne Jiggitts, Martha Biggs, and Truly Graves.

High School Day Set For April 27

According to Dean W. E. Riecken, Millsaps Annual High School Day will be held April 27. At that time aptitude tests will be given to determine the winners of a number of scholarships. There will be a science display and other entertainment. All Mississippi senior high school students are invited to attend.

In case you have been wondering, the Purple and White office has moved. It is now downstairs in the library—but don't come through the typing room. We even have a private entrance of our own—plus fluorescent lights and a telephone. The fourth estate is coming into its own!

SEB Announces New Calendar

Following a new policy, the Student Executive Board announces that it is leaving open dates in the student calendar for the present semester. These dates may be taken by any organization which so desires, without first applying for it.

February 16	Lambda Chi
February 23	Open
March 2	Kappa Alpha
March 9	Vikings
March 16	Phi Mu
March 23	Open
March 30	I.S.A.
April 6	Kappa Delta
April 13	Beta Sigma
April 20	Open
April 27	Kappa Sigma
May 4	Pi Kappa Alpha
May 11	Chi Omega
May 18	Open
May 25	Open

Millsaps Students Go To MSM Meet

Nine students, accompanied by "Uncle Nat" Golding, Millsaps' new vice-president, attended the Mississippi Methodist Student Movement conference at M.S.C.W. last week-end. The theme of the conference was "Christianity Meeting the Crisis of Our Time." Dr. Edward T. Ramsdell of Vanderbilt University was the guest speaker.

One of the most effective and inspiring services was the forum led by Dr. Ramsdell on Saturday afternoon. Those participating in the panel were Rev. N. J. Golding of Millsaps; Rev. D. T. Ridgway, Executive Secretary of the Mississippi Conference; Carolyn Caffey, M.S.C.W.; Hilda Hill, M.S.C.W.; Miss Frances Gruff, Wood Jr. College; and Frances Herring, recently of Millsaps.

Other speakers and guests of the Conference were Miss Dorothy Nyland, student secretary for the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, who visited our campus last week, and Dr. Harvey Brown of the Board of Education. The Reverend Mr. W. J. Cunningham of Oxford was the banquet speaker.

Among the alumnus of Millsaps who were re-united at the conference were Frances Herring, now Director of Religious Education at the First Methodist Church, Corinth; Ba-Ba Reeves, graduate student at the University of Alabama; Sue McCormick, Youth Director of the North Mississippi Conference; Clayton Morgan, professor of English at Jones County Jr. College; and Dorsey Allen, as-

(Continued on page 4)

1946 Bobashela Dedicated To Dr. Vernon L. Wharton

The staff of the 1946 BOBASHELA announces that the annual is to be dedicated to Dr. Vernon L. Wharton, sociology and history professor recently discharged from the Navy.

"It is fitting that this year's book be dedicated to Dr. Wharton, because the theme of the '46 BOBASHELA features the return of the Veteran to our campus; and because Dr. Wharton with his sincerity and directness, has already become the friend even of those

students whom he did not know until his return from the Navy," said Patsy Pendergraft, BOBASHELA Editor.

Dr. Wharton attended Millsaps from 1924 until 1928, at which time he received his B. A. degree. After teaching school for a short time at Slidell, Mississippi, he went to the University of North Carolina and received his M.A. degree there in 1931. He took Dr. Moore's place on the Millsaps' faculty from 1935 until 1937, while Dr. Moore did graduate work.

Dr. Wharton, after two year's work, received his Ph.D. degree at the University of North Carolina. His thesis, *The Negro In Mississippi after the Civil War*, won nation-wide acclaim and is now being published. He joined the U. S. Navy in 1942, and served as Lieutenant Commander in the Intelligence Department.

Students know him by his snappy navy blue suits and his quiet, unassuming attentiveness to their opinions on any subject.



DR. V. L. WHARTON

32 Men Pledge Frats As Rush Week Ends

The four Greek letter fraternities on the campus recently pledged the following boys:

Kappa Alpha

Max Payment, Jackson; Selby Barnes, Jackson; Tommy Riley, Jackson; Charlie Parker, Jackson; Leon Miles, Wiggins; Jerry Keith, Yazoo City; William Cook, Jackson; Tommy Scruggs.

Kappa Sigma

Roddy Campbell, Jackson; Bobby DeKay, Jackson; Lou Everett, Jackson; Harold Bailey, Jackson; Zollie Stevens, Hattiesburg; John Baskin, Glen Allen; J. T. Peatross, Jackson; Turner Morgan, Jackson; Paul Ferrera, Sanatorium.

Pi Kappa Alpha

Lester Alvis, Jackson; Stuart Carruth, McComb; Kenneth Carruth, McComb; Jack McCormick, Crystal Springs; M. L. McCormick, Yazoo City; Hank Zander, Jackson; Jay Barnes, New Orleans; W. B. Cooper, Camden; Carl Brunner, Jackson; Gilbert Gibson, Jackson; Allen Stewart, Jackson; Hank Pope, Glenn Teasley, Emory Peeks, and William Crisler.

Phi Mu's Pledge

Three girls will be pledged Sunday afternoon by Phi Mu sorority in the chapter room. They are Tommie Forrest, Yazoo City; Rosalind Butler, Jackson; and Madge Davis, Terry.

Sarah Frances Johnston, Hernando, was pledged shortly before the close of last semester.

Schedule Posted For Intramurals Of Fraternities

A tentative schedule for the men's intramural basketball games has been set up as follows:

Tuesday, February 12—Pikes vs. Lambda Chis.

Wednesday, February 13—KA's vs. Sigs.

Friday, February 15—Independents vs. Lambda Chis.

Tuesday, February 19—KA's vs. Pikes.

Wednesday, February 20—Sigs vs. Independents.

Thursday, February 21—KA's vs. Lambda Chis.

Friday, February 22—Independents vs. Pikes.

Monday, February 25—Sigs vs. Lambda Chis.

Tuesday, February 26—KA's vs. Independents.

Wednesday, February 27—Pikes vs. Sigs.

Godbold, Emmerich Fill MSM Offices

Two Millsaps students were elected to positions of state offices of the Methodist Student Movement at a Conference at M. S.C.W. last week-end. Laura Mae Godbold will head the deputations work for the state and Ida Fae Emmerich was re-elected to head the publicity staff from this conference. Sue McCormick, graduate of Millsaps, was also re-elected to the position of state treasurer for the MSM.

Purple and White

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FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

Last week saw the conclusion of rush week for the men's Greek-letter organizations, and what a week it was! The fraternities, which had been rather calm during the war-time, have reverted to their antebellum state of throat-cutting, back-stabbing, mud-slinging, and arm-twisting. Fortunately, no fatalities have been reported as yet—but the final count hasn't been turned in.

All this so that each organization can get the men it wants and wants desperately. The question is, is it worth it?

Fraternities have good points. They promote friendships, social life, scholastic and athletic ability.

But from the frenzied ordeal through which Millsaps has just gone, it would seem that fraternities also have some bad points. One remedy for the whole set-up would be a better-organized Pan-Hellenic Council, which would state in bold print the rules governing rush week. That way, we might be able to avoid a recurrence of the just past bedlam.

And besides that, the fraternities—and rushees—might avoid making mistakes. Both parties live up to the name of the week by making snap decisions about each other—and sometimes regretting it. If rush week took place several weeks after the beginning of the semester, the new students and fraternity members could get to know each other better. (The same applies to the sororities).

And we might not lose so many friends.

ARE YOU LITERARY?

Hear ye! Hear ye! All you students who have learned that a sentence requires a noun and verb, who know that a news story requires who, what, when, where, and how, and inverted pyramid writing, who know that a feature story requires a subject vaguely interesting, and those who know that a society story includes lots of names and names and names—and who wore what—You are being paged.

Anyone interested in joining the staff of the Purple and White and learning what makes newspaper people that way, please sign your name to the sheet posted on the bulletin board for aforesaid purpose—name plus staff you would like to join. Then watch the Purple and White assignment bulletin board for your name, complete with job.

THE COMPREYAT

By Steens-Fitz-and-Startz

(An Idiocy, which asserts eternal ignorance and justifies the ways of Steens to White.)

On Taking Their Comprehensive (for the first time)

Before the phantom of false learning died,
Methought a voice within the classroom cried,
"When all the comprehensive is prepared within,
Why nod the red-eyed Steens outside?"

And as the bell rang, Steens who stood before
The classroom shouted—"Open then the door!
You know how little we have studied
And once inside, may come out no more."

Subconsciously:

Look at the brainy girls about us—"Lo,
Laughing," they say, "into this test we go,
Unloose the stream of knowledge from our minds
And let the words onto the paper flow."

Now the exam reviving mental fires,
The thoughtful mind begins to list satires,
Where the White hand of M.C. on the board
Puts up, and Steen upon the floor expires.

Defoe indeed is gone with all his prose
And virgil's nine-ringed hell where no one knows,
And still a cloud collects upon the mind

And many a student out the window throws
Herself.

Inner soul of Milton the Christian:
Each class a thousand new facts brings, you say;
Yes, but where are the facts of yesterday?
The stacks of facts that bring the others here,
The same shall take Hazel and Carrol away.

The comprehensive-hardened Dr. White:
Well, let it take them! What have I to do
With Editor and English Assistant too?
Let Floss the brainy bluster as she will
Or Charlene go to Ole Miss—heed not you!

A stack of English notes throughout the night,
A jug of water, Chesterfields—affright,
We grope through Browning's doctrines and designs,
Ah, Ignorance were Idiot's Delight!

Some for a 100 on this test, and some
Sigh for the low Pass to come.
Ah, take the test, and let the credit go,
Nor heed the throbbings of a brain grown numb.

Paradise Lost:

The hope of passing we had set our hearts upon
Turns ashes—and we flunk. Anon.
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
The facts and dates of three whole years are gone.

Baffled:

There was a spot for which I found no source.
I did not know who wrote "Upon Divorce."
I know Pope said, "Whatever is, is right,"
But what man cried, "My kingdom for a horse"?

Kismet:

I sometimes think there never blows so red
The rose as where some English major bled,
Took her English comprehensive, then
Went home and put a bullet through her head.

Facing facts:

Ah! my belearned, fill the brain that clears
Today of all failed tests and futile tears;
Tomorrow:—Why, tomorrow I may be
Myself a junior filing clerk at Sears.

Warning:

Ah! make the most of what you yet may do
Before a comprehensive faces you;
Test unto test, and failure unto flunk,
Sans cap, sans gown, sans diploma—You too?

Whispered in class:

Ah! Steen, could you and I with him conspire
To throw this sorry stuff into the fire,
Would we not trample it to sherds—and then
Re-write it nearer to our brain's desire!

Threatening:

And though O Prof, who taughtest us in vain,
Who tried so hard to stimulate our brain;
How oft you gave us facts and spots and dates—
How oft you must teach it to us again.

Paradise Regained: (for teacher and Steens):

And when like you, O Flossie, we shall pass
Into the black-robed graduating class,
It will be years from now—and Dr. White
Will mop his fevered brow and sigh, "At last!"

Literarily Speaking

Probably the most individual and arresting collection of poetry on the current market is Gwen dolyn Brook's *A Street in Bronzeville*. Even without narrowing the criterion down to Negro poets of which she is one, her verse still looms far above the other mocking-birds who lay their strange volumes on the book shelves. Miss Brooks seems to be at her best in the ballad form. Many of these poems could be set to music and, with the proper blue arrangement and vocalizing, be converted into hit parade material. Her poetry is alternately brooding and exotic, then gay and ironic.

She relates the story of how a little colored boy sets fire to his baby brother in an oddly light hearted yet sad ballad. She tells of wife-beating men and old married people and Negro heroes who had to "kick the law in their teeth" to be heroic, with equal ability.

Another interesting thing about Miss Brooks—she does not resort to the Negro idiom to make her point. This, alone, is worth the price of the book.

I sincerely think we may anticipate better and better things from Gwendolyn Brooks. Edna Millay, beware!

Live and Let Live

BY THE WORST OFFENDER

Pardon my expostulations, but couldn't the privileged few of you who so broadseatedly occupy the booths in the Grill relinquish to us plebian once in a while? Not calling any names, but you (J.W.) and you (Prof. Gillis) and you (Sarah Deal) need to lose a few pounds by standing.

And there's nothing so exasperating as to return to the bulletin board in a certain well-known academic building on this campus to admire your handiwork—only to discover that some underhanded soul has taken the tack from your IMPORTANT announcement for the purpose of putting up his own insignificant and poorly written bulletin concerning the sale of second-hand books for only slightly more than original cost.

Perhaps I have overstepped the boundaries of social conduct criticism, but any complaints may be filed at the P&W office.

And the eager female baseball fan who wouldn't play without a diamond.

SEB CALENDAR

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
YWCA 4:45 Sing. 7:00 Deb. C. 8:00	SEB 1:00 Sing. 4:00	Dram. C. 1:00 Sing. 4:00 PiKD 7:00 Beeth. C. 8:00	YMCA 4:30 Y Cab. 6:15 Sci. C. 7:00	Bobash 1:00 Chr. Coun. 4:30 AlPsiO 7:00
YWCA 4:45 Sing. 7:00 PrMd. 7:00 AED 8:00 Deb. C. 8:00	M.W.PnHl 1:00 Sing. 4:00	Dram. C. 1:00 Sing. 4:00 KDE 7:00	YMCA 4:30 DKD 7:00 E.S.P. 7:00	Bobash 1:00 IRC 7:00
YWCA 4:45 Sing. 7:00 Deb. C. 8:00	Sing. 4:00	Sing. 4:00 Maj. C. 7:00 Beeth. C. 8:00	Y Cab. 1:00 YMCA 4:30 Sci. C. 7:00 Chi De. 7:00 ThNS 8:00	Bobash 1:00 Chr. Coun. 4:30 Women's Council 7:00
YWCA 4:45 Sing. 7:00 PrMd. 7:00 AED 8:00 Deb. C. 8:00	Sing. 4:00	Dram. C. 1:00 Sing. 4:00 DKD 7:00 KDE 7:00	YMCA 4:30 SigLam 7:30	Bobash 1:00 IRC 7:00

Any organization not meeting at assigned date and hour is subject to a fine by SEB of \$15.00.

Finger Waxes Wrathful At Love But Is Charmed By Newcomers

☛ A surprised finger at Joyce (So I like diamonds!) Adair and Bill (I know what I like, and I like what I want, etc.) Hall for pulling the quickest engagement seen on this campus in a long time. Seven days with the right woman is, even at that, a short time.

☛ An immodest finger at Ida (Gypsy Rose) Fae (Take it off!) Emmerich for mistaking the aisle of a bus for a private dressing room. She looks very innocent.

☛ A lonesome finger at Mary Nell (Thursday night is the only worthwhile night in the week) Sells for looking so that way.

☛ The usual finger at the Welsh-Castle and Moore-Keary twosomes. Mrs. Johnson gets sooooo tired of explaining to the boys what the front door is for. After all, fellas, 24 hours a day!

☛ A vaguely romantic finger at Annie Ruth (Bigger'n hell) Walker and J. W. (Do my eyes bother you? They sure bother me!) Patterson.

☛ An adolescent finger at Lena Mae (A man's a man for a' that) Ray for being so impressed with the ardent attentions of David (Persistence, that's me) Harris.

☛ A disappointed finger at Mary Anna (You aren't supposed to call at this time of night) Medlin for forgetting that house mothers hear all—especially when it's over the telephone.

☛ A magnetic finger at Rebecca (Flight of the busy bumble bee) Ely for drawing a Caravan conquest all the way from Pennsylvania just for the week-end.

☛ A saccharine finger at Mary Katherine (Here we go again) Abernathy for managing to crack that harder-than-stone exterior of Bob (I'm not so cute. It's just the way my mother dresses me) Nichols. It's all a question of whether Robert blows the bridge or his top first.

☛ A charming finger at Danny (Big Stick) Wright for his song, "With an Escort of P-38's."

☛ A finger at Mary Ruth (I don't work here any more) Murphy. We're wondering if she serves Joe (Let's keep my love life out of this) Wiggins. She doesn't serve us.

☛ A treacherous finger at Jean (Can I help it if I'm irresistible to he-men?) White for so disconcerting Rags (Hunk of man) Ragland that he couldn't play ball at all. Peaches, baby, how could you uvvvv?

☛ A light-under-the-bushel finger at Preston (Little Rakes) Jackson for singing in the shower only.

☛ And speaking of lights under the bushel, Clifford M. (For Milton, MacVeigh, Marvelous, or Moron) Gordon is back with us. Did we detect a slight sign of indifference on the part of the student body?

☛ A scathing finger at Carroll (Love in the shower) Steen Who thawed thy frigid heart?

☛ A love-in-blooming finger at Stuart (The body) Carruth and Gretchen (The body) Stackhouse. The other femmes caught only a fleeting glimpse of her dust.

☛ A yat-ta-ta finger at Helen (Cliches may be made in Heaven, but I use them often enough to give them an earthy aroma) Jolly for the expected and usual talk, talk, talk.

☛ A narrow finger at Stewart (Opinions? Nobody's but mine count with me) Broom. It's all so true.

☛ A baffled finger at Carl (No, no, it couldn't be true) Smith for having to deny the same rumor 49 times in one day. For the sake of his public, no, he isn't engaged to the fleshy babe in the blue Oldsmobile.

☛ A nomination for Character of the Week: Joe Stewart. Need anything more be said?

☛ An icy finger at Louie (Gather around, you lucky people) Wilkins for being so that way. To borrow a line from Levant: "Tell us, Louie, if you had it to do all over again, would you fall in love with yourself?"

☛ A stern, Ministerial League finger at Bill (The charge that fizzled) Dement for trying to make Dewey (What is this thing called arsenic?) Cobb think he has any intentions of having any intentions. For shame, reverend.

☛ A sweater girl finger at Rosie (My guy's come back) Watkins for throwing herself so thoroughly into her cheer-leading act.

☛ A cowering finger at Bob (Army life was never like this) Nay for being so thoroughly under the thumb of the Mrs.

Enoff of this mud-slinging. Agreed?

Phi Mu Actives Fete Initiates

The actives of Phi Mu sorority entertained the new initiates with an informal Valentine party at Battlefield Park on Tuesday night, February 12.

After a light supper was enjoyed, the eds and coeds danced the rest of the evening. The Valentine motif was used in the decorations.

New initiates and their dates: Katherine Abernathy, Gene Pollock; Broadine May, Bob Edwards; Polly Crisler, Bob Lindsey; Skeets White, Bob Ray; Beth Carley, Rex Jones; Barbara Robertson, Jerry Fortenberry; Annie Ruth Callahan, Lester Alvis.

Actives and their dates: Julia Goodman, Bill Maute; Anne Henry, Bill Williams; Tink Tingle, Giles Crisler; Elizabeth Crisler, Miller Dent; Gwen Pettus, Martin White; Jane Willingham, Eugene Harland; Ruth Pellum, Harold Ludlow; Merlyn Mitchell, Henry Lacey Steinreide; Helen Murphy, Sutton Marks; Evelyn Murphy, Jack McCormick; Mildred Ulmer, Hank Zander; Mary Evelyn Collins, John Kimbrough; Roberta Stewart, Preston Jackson; Peggy Carr, James Noble; Margaret Vandiver, Pat Clendenning; Sarah Deal, Bob Bullen; Wilna Axtel, Jerry Keith; Joyce Patrick, Louis Langford; Virginia Rehfeldt, William Cook; Toggie Hamilton, Reid Dorr.

Pledges and their escorts: June Whatley, Jimmy Davis; Betty Odom, Billy Ates; Sarah Frances Johnston, Louis Jones; Bill Rehfeldt.

Rushees and their dates: Tommie Forrest, Birdog Williams; Madge Davis, Craig Castle; Rosalind Butler, Ernest Jordan.

Chaperones were Dr. Bond Fleming, and Professor and Mrs. Jimmy Ferguson.

Add superlatives: As unnecessary as a glass eye at a key hole.

KD's Celebrate Dagger Week And Initiation

Mu chapter of Kappa Delta sorority honored its second degree pledges with the traditional Dagger Week, February 12-15. The activities consisted of: a big sister party Monday; a picture show party Tuesday; a get-together at Margie Burdsal's home on Olive Street Wednesday; a party at Patsy Pendergraft's on Poplar Thursday; a house supper Friday at the Kappa Delta lodge, at which the actives presented the traditional "burning of the iron KD".

Initiation will be held at 2:00 p.m. Sunday, February 17. The actives will honor the new initiates that night with a banquet at the Silver Room of the Heidelberg Hotel.

Actives participating in Dagger Week are: Mae Alice Barnes, Jean White, Patsy Pendergraft, Evelyn Walker, Esther Read, Mary Sue Ridgway, Helene Minyard, Eleanor Johnson, Edith Gusio, Frances Rose Price, "B" Utley, Dot Hathorn, Amanda Hathorn, Betty Blair Alford, Jane Stebbins and Rose Watkins. Alumnae present were: Margie Burdsal, Catherine Sadler, and Pat Mizell.

New initiates are: Mitchie Applewhite, Ann Ammons, Melda Burdsal, Lois Bending, Shirley Conn, Mary Frances Meadows, Adelyn Gerald, Halla Jo Francis, Trudy Chichester, Mary Shelton, Bunt Townsend, Ida Fae Emmerich, and Margaret Hughes.

Sigs Entertain With Smoker

The Alpha Upsilon Chapter of Kappa Sigma Fraternity entertained a group of new Millsaps men at a smoker in the Governor's Mansion, Thursday night at eight o'clock, February 7.

Governor Bailey, one of the most distinguished of Alpha Upsilon's alumni, served both as host and as master of ceremonies, introducing Mrs. Bailey, hostess, and Mrs. N. P. Lightcap, chapter mother. In addition to the Governor, who gave an introductory talk, Judge Julian Alexander, Mr. J. H. Morris, Rev. James D. Wroten, Jr., Dr. G. L. Harrell, Mr. Fred Seely, Mr. Albert Green and Mr. V. B. Hathorn spoke to the gathering. Clay Alexander was heard as chapter president.

Among the other alumni present were Mr. Steve Burwell, Mr. Walter Hellum, Mr. Russel Noble, Mr. Laurence Rabb, Mr. John Burwell, Lt. Thomas Hathorn, Mr. Milan Richardson, Mr. Eugene Morse, Mr. Leland Morgan, Mr. Baird Green, Mr. Jack Ferris and Mr. James Burwell.

The actives and pledges of Alpha Upsilon Chapter present at

MYRON'S SHOES

132 East Capitol St.

Nat'l Inspector Visits KD's

The Kappa Delta national inspector, Mrs. Harry Kellar, Jr., of Shreveport, La., has been visiting Millsaps College February 13-15. She is Gamma South Province president of Kappa Delta and her duties include supervision of college chapters in Louisiana and Mississippi.

Mrs. Kellar, former Elayne Odom, graduated from La. Polytechnic Institute in 1943 with a B.S. degree in home economics. She served as secretary and president of the college chapter and later as president of the Shreveport Junior Alumnae group of Kappa Delta. She was engaged

the smoker were as follow. Actives: Bill Griffith, James T. McCafferty, Jr., Ned O'Brien, James F. Noble, Jr., Gene Fleming, J. Wesley Saunders, Henry Lacey Steinriede, Clay Alexander, J. C. Jenkins, Jr., Jerry Fortenberry, John Hampton, Bill Bethea, Lewis Langford, Robert B. Kochtitzky, John Roy Bane, Bill Clark and Robert Nichols.

Pledges: Louis McLain, James M. Crisler, Tommy Williams, James L. Davis, Robert Nickey, Tommy Cote, Jack Woodrow, and John Kochtitzky.

On the Level

This week this column is directed to the girls. Why do you not come to the YWCA? Last week a minority group of the girl students made an interesting tour of the museum which is located in the New Capitol Building. All who went seemed to enjoy the fellowship and learned many interesting facts about our state.

In a few weeks, Dr. Hollister of the State Board of Health is planning to give a course to a joint group from the YWCA and the YMCA. The course is to be on Friendship and Marriage. If these meetings prove successful, it will be up to the girls and boys to make it possible by supporting this project of the Y's. Watch the bulletin board for further information about this and PLAN TO COME.

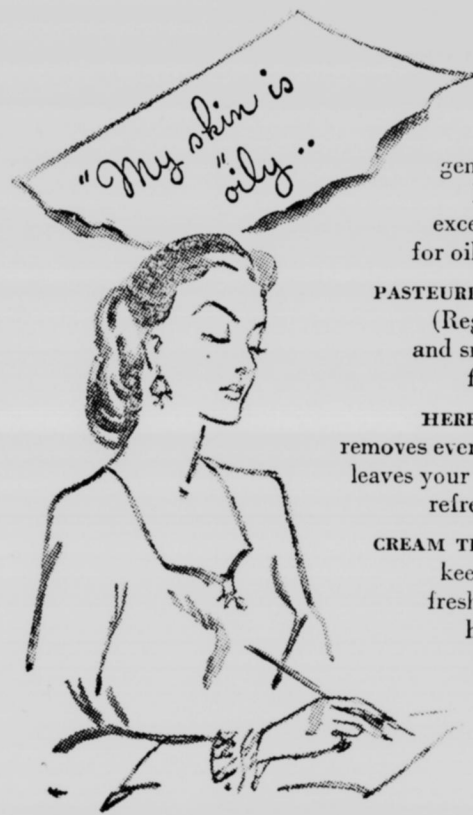
as a draftsman by an electrical engineering firm for which she equipped herself by taking night courses at Centenary College while her husband was overseas.

At present Lt. and Mrs. Kellar are stationed at Champaign, Ill. Her present trip will cover an inspection visit to the five college chapters in her province and visit to her home in Shreveport.

*"Mme. Rubinstein,
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The Hand-Writing On the Wall, Or What Teachers Are Made Of

(Clifford M. Gordon, with the indulgence of Mrs. Marguerite Goodman and Dr. V. L. Wharton.)

Some vindictive editor (who shall remain anonymous for reasons of security), who evidently shall gloat to see me thrust headlessly out of Millsaps, assigned to me the task of analyzing the handwriting of several teachers. Thinking to select the more gentle type, I decided to pick on Dr. Wharton and Mrs. Goodman. After looking at their scripts and noting their temperaments, I was immediately regretful of my decision. So this is by way of saying sadly, "Goodby, Millsaps, and down with the Purple and White."

I—Marguerite Goodman: The Woman With a Mind.

Mrs. Goodman's left-leaning script seems, to her, unattractive. I do not find it so. It is a somewhat unusual script because it projects her personality so truly.

Mrs. Goodman's character revolves around the core-emotions of Reserve, Discipline, Will-Power. Her will-power and self-discipline are collectively awesome. I have analyzed no handwriting for a great while, man's or woman's, having behind it so much will. Here is a woman capable of practically anything she sets for herself to do. Here is a career woman. Here, without the remotest contradiction, are the traits of a pedagogue.

Mrs. Goodman would have made a perfect old maid. She is so fastidious, so painfully particular that she is especially hard to please. Her students, of course, know this. As an incidental presumption, I should be willing to wager who is boss at her home.

Mrs. Goodman is an unbending, inflexible, intelligent, shrewd woman, liable to no man. Her reserve is one of the most potent aspects of her nature, combined with a sensitivity that is tedious. She fights this reserve, but cannot fully suppress it. For one so reserved, however, there is evident a responsive warmth which I rarely find in combination with reservation.

Her temper is ferocious. Her anger is steady, firm, and unbending when aroused. Again I don't need to tell her students this.

Her sense of decency and fairness is scrupulous. She thinks. (Which is a rare trait among college girls.) She could never be misled in her conception of the prudent and the unwise.

II—V. L. Wharton: Distilled Atomic Energy.

People fear Dr. Wharton. He is so highly critical, so sardonic, so mentally agile, so unpredictable, unconventional.

His script is almost unintelligible. Why? Because his hands are no match for his brain. While his thoughts race ahead and around, his hands lag behind trying to transcribe some percentage of what he is thinking. Few scripts have the forward onrush that his characters do.

More than any handwriting I have examined at Millsaps, this one intrigues me. It offers unlimited explorations. There is almost nothing concealed in his script; in fact the traits reveal themselves so plainly, I feel as though I hardly referred to his script for information.

Nearly every word akin to action must be applied to Dr. Wharton: Temperamental, violent, Intense, ardent, Analytical, magnetic. Temperament is the keynote. His temper is explosive and dangerous, but it burns itself out quickly with its intensity. In his determination he is ruthless and, I imagine, always successful.

His selection of adjectives is the finest representation of his character I have ever stumbled upon. Red (anger); Green (jealousy, ask his wife); Angry (I've already told you about that); Intelligent (extraordinarily); Interesting (ask the girls—but not in the presence of his wife); Adventurous (every qualification); Dashing (doesn't this all add up to the same?); Assiduous (now you may ask me—I take sociology under him); Unlike (a very individual script.)

Sincerity.

After analyzing this script, I was completely winded. Neither can I keep pace with such a mind!

And then there was the girl who washed her hair in liquid TNT and was surprised when it came out in bangs.

Dancing? What's that?

BSO Announces Ten Initiates

Alpha Zeta chapter of Beta Sigma Omicron announces the initiation of ten pledges. Initiation took place at the sorority house on Oakwood, on January 30 and February 2. The following girls were initiated: Jackie Byars, Jackson; Dewey Cobb, Bude; Mary Lib Cowan, Grenada; Anne Craig, Batesville; Elizabeth Ann Lampton, Tylertown; Jerry Mayo, Jackson; Mary Anna Medlin, Tippecanoe; Dorothy Myers, Deemer; Sammie Price, Philadelphia; and Maxine Winn, Belzoni. After church, Sunday, February 3, these new initiates, their "big sisters", other Beta Sig actives, and pledges enjoyed dinner at the Green Room of the Heidelberg Hotel. "Little sisters" received corsages and gifts from their "big sisters."

Pledge awards were also announced at this time. Mary Anna Medlin was chosen model pledge. Dewey Cobb won the pledge scholarship award and Mary Lib Cowan turned in the prize-winning scrapbook.

Phi Mu Initiates Eight Members

Epsilon chapter of Phi Mu held initiation for eight new members on Saturday night, February 9, in the Silver Room of Hotel Heidelberg. After the services were performed, a dinner was enjoyed in the Rose Room at which time Julia Goodman, president, announced Mary Katherine Abernathy as being Model Pledge, and Polly Crisler as Scholarship Pledge.

Others who became active members of the sorority at this time were Annie Ruth Callahan, Beth Carley, Broadine May, Skeets White, Barbara Robertson, and Joyce Jones.

MILLSAPS—

(Continued from page 1) sistant pastor of the First Methodist Church in Tupelo.

Millsaps' delegates were: Laura Mae Godbold, Ida Fae Emerich, Mary Ethel Nay; Gene Simmons, Lois Bending, Mary Ridgway, Bill Stokes, Mary Evelyn Collins, and Dewey Cobb.

If there's a mo(n)ster in the house, ("n" is silent) it's surely a Millsaps student.

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SWEET 6-TEEN SHOP



Whitworth Invaders Retreat In Midst of Shouts 'n' Shots

In the wee hours of last Sunday morning (not so early that Ann Hobbs had come in) there drove around Whitworth Hall three inebriated young men in a pick-up truck. Now these gentlemen were on a purely social call—and call they did, loudly and with evident enthusiasm. Having exhausted their lungs, the gallants decided their yelling was impolite and perhaps they'd better come in and apologize. However, upon finding the door locked and no one there to open it, they used what nature gave them for the purpose of opening locked doors: namely, shoulders and feet. But the door refused to open and the boys felt it necessary to sacrifice a window pane. Now these boys were larger than the architect had anticipated and so they could not climb through the broken pane. By this time their consciences had twitted them so about the yelling that they felt they would stop at nothing to come in and apologize. Mrs. Massey fired one—to no avail; fired two—to no avail; then she must have run out of ammunition (We know Mrs. Massey is a good shot, but it was dark and the front door of Whitworth is some feet away from the back door of Founders).

There was nothing (the penitent boys felt) to do but run the pick-up onto the porch and crash the door. So they raced their motor, threw her in low and up the steps they went. However, the exhaust pipe wouldn't clear the top step and after three tries the boys decided "to heck with it" and, dragging their exhaust pipe behind them, they motored across the front lawn and down the steps by the bus stop. An adjacent police patrol car gave chase and it is hoped that after they caught the young pranksters they gave them a good talking to for yelling outside the dormitory. After all, Whitworth Hall does have a doorbell and coeds just don't appreciate their male callers not using it.

Sororities Ask Board For Building Plots

Petition for a plot of land on the campus for building sorority lodges was presented to the Board of Trustees by representatives of the four Millsaps sororities on February 20.

Mrs. Melton, national collegiate vice-president of Phi Mu; Miss Martha Gerald, treasurer of Kappa Delta alumnae; and Miss Mildred Clegg, national scholarship chairman of Beta Sigma Omicron, represented their sororities at this meeting. Miss Celeste Ferguson, editor of the *Eleusis*, represented Chi Omega and presented the petition to the board.

The board of trustees voted to turn the matter over to the building and grounds committee for further consideration. Mr. R. L. Ezelle is chairman of this committee.

Willoughby Heads VAM, States Purposes

A recent election held by the veterans organization of Millsaps, better known as the VAM, netted the following results: president, James Willoughby; vice-president, Bill Williams; secretary-treasurer, Fred Carver; chaplain, Bill Hall.

When questioned as to the aims and future plans of the VAM, president Willoughby said, in part:

"As post-war students of Millsaps, we have pledged ourselves to a complete renewal of ambition. During the trying time (in military service) there came a feeling of difference between the uniform and the civvie. It is our purpose to overcome that feeling on our part."

"The purpose of our organization," Mr. Willoughby continued, "is a twofold one, educational and social—it is our purpose to discuss our needs in courses of extra or preparatory studies among ourselves and then present them in orderly fashion to the proper authorities. Our social phase will include fraternity and non-fraternity members, to make their school life more enjoyable."

DDT Sprayed In Gym To Remove Last Traces Of Major Defeat

(Hank Pope, veteran sports writer and now a Millsaps student, analyzes the Majors' last basketball game of the season.)

They have been spraying the ol' quarter acre gym with DDT. A bunch of kids from Louisiana College invaded the campus, swept into the Majors with atom-like fury, and left the locals with nothing but a wad of tattered prewar press clippings in their wake as the curtain went down on the '46 basketball season. Final score Louisiana College 42, Millsaps 37.

So if you've been noticing any unsavory effluvia the past few days, that is where it came from. With all due respect to the basketball players, but putting it mildly, the Majors' display against Louisiana College "stunk."

As the Majors were closing the season, they were outsmarted, outplayed, and outmaneuvered by the visitors all the way. Louisiana College had the old "moxie." Although the faithful home folks held out with crossed fingers, the Majors' apathy was disturbing from the outset. Even though David McIntosh, one of the McComb busy-bodies, was hot in spots and craving help, the locals couldn't seem to get excited about it, until it was too late.

Louisiana College used a tight, pressing man-for-man defense. This, added to the Majors' dismal inability to hit the basket all night, made them completely frustrated. Big Evan Ragland,

SPRING HOLIDAYS!!!

will begin Thursday afternoon, April 18, and continue till Tuesday morning, April 23, at 8:00 a.m., announces Dean Riecken. These dates will include Easter Sunday.

Dr. Priddy Joins Science Staff

Dr. Richard R. Priddy, formerly of Ohio, is a recent addition to the Millsaps Science department. He is teaching chemistry and geology.

Dr. Priddy has recently been district geologist for the Texas Company. His chief interest for the greater part of six years, according to Dr. Priddy himself, has been the geology of Mississippi. He did field work for the Mississippi State Geological Survey, for which he made reports on the minerals of Tallahatchie, Montgomery, and Pontotoc counties.

A graduate of Ohio Northern, which he calls "a Methodist college about the size of Millsaps," Dr. Priddy also received his B.S. in education there. He got his M.A. and Ph.D. in geology at Ohio State in Columbus. The subject of his thesis was "A Microscopic Study of the Rocks of Ohio and Indiana."

Mrs. Priddy, the former Lillian Benson, is also a native of Ohio. They are now living at 1121 Monroe Street.

Dr. Snyder, Northwestern Prexy, Declares Our Generation Must "Straighten Out The Mess"

Speaking in chapel Wednesday, February 20, Dr. F. B. Snyder, President of Northwestern University, gave his views on the future of America. He told of the battle of Ticonderoga and of early life in this country. Then he discussed the present-day situation and stated that his generation had made a sorry mess of things but our generation would have to straighten it out.

Robinson to Speak At Pre-Easter Meet

Reverend W. R. "Slim" Robinson will be the speaker at the Pre-Easter meeting held here from March 4 to 8, Christian Council announces. He will emphasize sociology rather than the religious season of Easter.

The committee in charge of this week's meeting is made up of Laura May Godbold, chairman, Mary Nell Sells, Bowman Clark, and Mary Ethel Nay. Reverend Robinson will speak each morning. Class period will be shortened to allow an extra chapel period each day, Monday's period being compulsory. A short discussion will be held every evening instead of Vespers at the usual time.

Christian Council has elected three new members. They are the Reverend Golding, Bill Dement, and Laura May Godbold.

Final Dates Set To Buy 'Shela

This is the last week that "new" students, those who have been here two semesters, can buy a Boba-shela, announces Patsy Pendergraft, editor. There will be a student at the table in the hall at Murrah who will accept the \$1.75 due.

All students who have not done so are urged to fill out an activity sheet which will be supplied at that table. It is necessary for students to fill these sheets out so their pictures will appear in the annual.

Plans are being made for a beauty section which will be arranged differently from sections in former annuals. This year's beauties were photographed at Ainsworth Studio.

Apathetic Studes Elect Officers

In a recent fill-in election for student body officers, Rosemary Nichols was elected secretary-treasurer and Bobby Kocktitzky was chosen head cheer-leader.

Rosemary defeated Mae Alice Barnes by a small majority to fill the office left vacant by Nadine McKinnon, elected secretary-treasurer in the regular election last fall.

Kocktitzky defeated Bill Correll in the first cheer-leader election held in several years. The last cheer-leaders were selected by the Navy office to cheer the V-12 football team.

This election was characterized by an even greater lack of enthusiasm on the part of the student body than usual.

The Millsaps Singers presented four hymns: "Lord of Hosts," "Angel Voices Ever Singing," "My God and I," and "Beautiful Savior." Seniors and members of the faculty were dressed in academic robes for the occasion.

Lunches With Students

At a luncheon at the home of President M. L. Smith, Dr. Snyder met the student leaders who are heads of various campus organizations.

Later, Dr. Snyder spoke at a Faculty-Trustee Dinner given Wednesday evening at a local hotel. In addition to members of the faculty and Board of Trustees, about 100 guests were present.

"Very Pleased With Millsaps"

Stating that he was very pleased with Millsaps, Dr. Snyder expressed his enjoyment in his contact with the students and praised Dr. Smith as "a gracious host." Mrs. Snyder accompanied him on his trip to Jackson.

Prexy Since 1939

Dr. Snyder has been president of Northwestern University since 1939 and has been associated with that school for 37 years. He received his Ph. D. at Harvard and is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. His "Life of Robert Burns" is his best-known work.

Singers Tell of Tour Plans

On Sunday morning, March 17, the Millsaps Singers set out on what promises to be one of their best concert tours ever given. This will be the first one in several years as war-time transportation difficulties have made them impossible. Their route covers northeast Mississippi and will be completed in eight days. Many towns which have been hosts to the Singers are eagerly looking forward to their return. Mrs. Mary B. Stone will accompany them to serve as a chaperone.

Their schedule is: March 17—Pickens (morning), Winona (night); March 18—Wood Junior College (morning), Louisville (night); March 18—Brooksville (morning), Starkville (night); March 20—M. S. C. W. (morning), Aberdeen (night); March 21—West Point (morning), Tupelo (night); March 22—Booneville (morning), Corinth (night); March 23—Blue Mountain College (morning); March 24—New Albany (morning), Kosciusko (night).

Those selected to go are: **First Sopranos:** Walker, E., Rehfeldt, Herring, Gullledge, Parker, Hawthorn, D., Gerald, Brewer, and Applewhite.

Second Sopranos: Nay, Price, Giardina, Sells, Johnson, E., Johnson, M. F., Johnston, Klumb, and Cadenhead.

First Altos: Deal, White, M., (Continued on page 4)

Purple and White

MILLSAPS BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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A LITTLE LESS TALK

We have decided, after mulling it over for quite a long time, that what is wrong with our own peculiar system of liberal education, among other things, is the fact that we don't have enough griping. If we were the intelligent, clear-thinking, far-seeing, red-blooded students we think ourselves to be, we wouldn't let a day pass without at least one good gripe.

Not just mully-grubbing, understand. Loud, vociferous, articulate griping about "—really ought to be done—" things.

For instance—everybody talks about the cafeteria food and prices, but no one does anything about it.

Everybody talks about the lack of dancing, but nobody takes any action.

Everybody talks about the inefficient methods of class officers (when we have them), but all they do is talk.

What we need is less talking and more down-to-earth griping. Under proper conditions, and with enough practice, griping can become an art. It can take several forms: (1) constant repeating of dislikes; (2) petitions; (3) student inquiry into what is wrong; (4) the weak method of stern but silent disapproval; (5) letters to the editor; (6) strikes.

The labor unions have become skilled at the last-mentioned form. They have also become very unpopular, but at least they are getting what they want.

The student in the United States is famed, indeed, notorious, for his indifferent attitude. That is especially true of the Southern student. It seems obvious that what this campus needs is a good five-cent gripe.

THE RISING COST OF EDUCATION

There's no use in evading the issue—inflation is here to stay. That fact is ably demonstrated here on our campus every time we register for a new semester.

Harking back to the summer of 1943, when we began our college career, the prices ran something like this:

Bobashela fee	\$ 1.00
Registration fee	13.00
Library fee	3.00
Student activities fee.....	3.00
Physical ed fee.....	3.00
Tuition	67.50

It added up to \$90.50. Even that was somewhat of an increase, because scholarships presented on High School Day were for \$62.50, and they hadn't been increased to cover the rise in tuition, whereas they supposedly paid for tuition.

Now in our last semester, we do a little checking and find that prices go like this:

Bobashela fee	\$ 1.50
(a 50c increase)	
Registration fee	13.00
Library fee	3.00
Student activities fee.....	3.00
Physical ed fee.....	4.50
(and we don't even take physical ed!)	
Tuition	75.00
(a jump of \$12.50 over the amount provided for in scholarships.)	
That adds up to	\$100.00

We know that the cost of living is going up. We know that we have to buy an extra meal book a semester because food costs more these days. But we can't understand why we have to pay a physical education fee when we have no football team, when we don't take physical education, and when we have to pay a green fee every time we play golf. Nor why we have to pay \$12.50 for an extra window in a dormitory room. In a school as well endowed as Millsaps, the scholarships should be raised to cover the cost of tuition as they are supposed to do.

The charges on the white slip we get every semester would do credit to anyone's imagination. We have to pay it, granted. But we might be happier about it if all the extras were just lumped under the heading "miscellaneous".

LEAVE US NOT FACE IT

All right! So men are the stronger sex. So men do have a monopoly on intelligence. So men are wiser, kinder, more handsome, brawnier, more discerning, et cetera, and so much more. That, then, is granted. BUT—that we male students at Millsaps should be compelled to yield a nickel to an avaricious telephone every time we desire feminine companionship or wish to play a practical joke on some unsuspecting fool—that is not justice!

Getting serious: (Which is a dangerous thing to do at Millsaps). It is not fair, justified, reasonable, rationable or bearable that the residents of Burton Hall should use a pay telephone for EVERY call, when all the other dormitories on the campus are equipped with the kind that hum without being fed a nickel.

I quote (from the president of a Southern college):

"Let a smile be your umbrella on a rainy, rainy day."

Umbrellas may be used as clubs.

The editorial by Tom Robertson which has been run in this paper several times since he wrote it and which will probably be run again some time this spring is getting some well-deserved publicity among the college papers all over the nation. Recently it has appeared in the Colgate Maroon, in the Tulane paper, the Wildcat, Pineville, La., and in the Duke paper. It is a tribute to Robertson's ability and the ever-lasting truth of his editorial that it has been so often reprinted.

In case anyone has missed it, the Purple and White sign is now resting securely in the room of one Bill Greenoe, Chrestman Hall, Mississippi College, Clinton. We are glad to know that, regardless of the solid front misscol students present, they realize the unpleasant notoriety brought upon them by the agitations of the somewhat wet-behind-the-ears puerility embodied in their trouble-makers.

Crime Wave Sweeps Millsaps U.
As Editor Dale's Derelicts Raid

The Millsaps Society to Develop the Maturity of Adolescent mississippi college students has been going through a trying period of late. The worst cases of juvenile delinquency on record since the war began have occurred, and Millsaps student are becoming weary of turning the other cheek. But we promised Smiley we would behave like the ladies and gentlemen we are, and we are restraining ourselves rather well so far.

Crimes recorded to date are:

ITEM:

Theft of Purple and White sign. An out-and-out act of vagrancy, perpetrated by one Jim Bob Jones, an enemy in our camp disguised as a suitor for the hand of one of our most desirable coeds. Sign taken, not as an act of combat, but by simply picking it up and walking away. Sign lifting is a sub-division of kleptomania.

ITEM:

Theft of the laundry sign; Not very important or necessary on the campus, but a further blow to happy elements in our school. Another step on the downward path.

ITEM:

Theft of freshman caps: Lifted while Kocktitzky's back was turned and right after he had his hair cut. Taken under bright lights to the accompaniment of raucous laughter on the part of "Red," the natural enemy of all right-thinking or even thinking people. Casualty: one slight head cold suffered by Kocktitzky as the result of exposure.

ITEM:

Attempted theft of the editor's heart: One Wilbur Summerall an unknown admirer, and misscol student proposed by mail to the editor. The analysis of his handwriting shows that he is rash and unthinking, prosaic, not neat, not practical, not systematic, stingy, and easily led astray. The editor was not impressed. Results: Negative.

ITEM:

Theft of \$1.43 under false pretenses: A collect telegram signed Nemesis, accepted in a weak moment by the editor's maternal parent. The telegram, posted on the Murah bulletin board, was a heterogeneous conglomeration of youthful insults. Reprisal: a heart-to-heart

talk between the editor and one of the ringleaders, Greenoe, via long-distance and involving strong language. Result: a money order for \$1.43. A break in the misscol lines.

A summation: It reflects notoriously upon a religious college to allow such representatives to wander at will, especially when that college is in the midst of a money-raising campaign. The Millsaps Society has turned the last cheek, and the misscol youths have broken our last straw. Very shortly, we may have some real reason to SMILE.

Why Don't They--

Finish the murals in the student lounge in time for our grandchildren to sit there?

Plant a few more trees on the campus and call it Millsaps National Forest?

Do something about the chasm in the rear wall of Buie Gym?

Chain the Bobashela editor to her desk so struggling young copywriters will have a chance to hand in something once in a while?

Label certain young fellers in these parts "ENGAGED" so all the sweet young things will know whether or not to waste their time?

Police patrol Whitworth Hall here afterwards? Too much excitement interferes with coeds studies.

Explain the overnight appearance of that full grown tree outside Murah Hall? .

Drop a bomb on Founders and start all over again?

Have target practice for the dormitory advisors? Mrs. Massey has proved their willingness.

Life at Founders
Or-Got a Match?

Notice! Please do not inquire for a room in Founders Mansion. Although this dormitory is by far the most desirable girls' dormitory on the campus, there are no vacancies at present. Perhaps if you put in your application this week, you will be able to move in next year—or the year after.

Just as a means of advertising, however, I shall wander at will on the subject, "My Life in Founders Hall."

Life, at best, was a dreary thing. But Founders changed all that. Ah, yes, it picked me up out of the gutter and made me what I am today. (Whatever that is). At home I was just one of a gang. I went about my way as any mortal would—school, dances, and a date or two during the week. My parents told me one fine day that the time had come for me to pick out some institute where I could get a good l-i-b-e-r-a-l education and at the same time acquire a well-rounded personality. Thus—Millsaps. Thus—Founders Hall.

Ah, Founders! Where else do they answer the telephone with "Heaven. Which angel would you like to speak to?" Where else do the drains get stopped once a week with coffee grounds? Where else does the telephone ring every three minutes? Where else can you find so much music, smoke, laughter, and general confusion? (No, no, not that!)

The day starts at seven o'clock when the well-known alarm clock chimes sweetly. (Then it reaches over, hits you with a club, and yells, "Get out of the sack, you dumb bunny. It's time for breakfast." The things people are inventing these days!) Off to breakfast. Do you know that people have told me all my life that you couldn't sleep and eat at the same time?

After breakfast come classes, which are places where students go when they have nothing else to do. (Laugh, son. A joke that is, son.)

With a happy smile of anticipation, I journey back to Founders. I enter a room of clothes thrown on the floor, closet doors open and books thrown all over the bed. Home! Yes, my little home away from home. Tearing through the drawers, I eventually come up, bloody, but unbowed, with a meal book in my hands. After the usual trip to lunch, I again return to my humble abode.

The afternoon is spent in untiring labor—washing, ironing, studying, and sweeping. (That's really a joke, son.)

After supper, Founders is absolutely the place to be. Friendly conversations can be heard up and down the halls. "Who blew that fuse?" "If you don't get out of that shower, I'm going to beat your brains out!" "No, you can't borrow my soap again! I'm not supporting you. Ya' think I'm your mother?" "Turn off that radio. How do you expect me to write letters?"

In some distant corners, you might hear "—But I nearly swooned when he wore that red sweater to Religion. He's darlyn"—or—"He's cute, but have you seen that stringy-headed blonde he dates?" About two o'clock everything quiets down until seven the next morning. That warm bed feels powerfully good when you've had only five hours sleep. There ain't no justice. Yep, Founders is a wonderful place. ("Eeeeeek!" she screams, as she falls into a dead heap after stabbing herself with the fingernail file.)

rs New Initiates ch Honor Chi Omegas

The new initiates of Chi Omega honored the actives with a picnic party at Club 515 on Northwest Street, Tuesday night, February 19. A supper of hot dogs, potato chips, cookies, and Coca-Colas was served by Miriam Roberts, Dot Lee Crum, and Truly Graves. Music was provided by a record player, and many of the members played bridge.

The actives present were Virginia Ann Batton, Charlotte Gulledge, Ann Hobbs, Rosemary Howell, Anne Lampton, Mary Linfield, Ann Porter, Miriam Stamps, Alma Van Hook, Jane Walker, Lib Welsh, Frances Williams, and Lyndall Wilson.

New initiates attending were Martha Biggs, Betty Brewer, Dot Lee Crum, Frances Culley, Betty Dossett, Truly Graves, Rita Hendricks, Tinnie Jennings, Betty Klumb, Jane Lampton, Maurine Lane, Kit Moody, Margaret McLaurin, Mary Elizabeth Peatross, Corabel Roberts, Miriam Roberts, Mary Wharton, and Mary Ann Jiggetts.

Pledges present were Agatha Adcock, Mary Elizabeth Dadds, Janet Fox, Jean Haughton, and June Turnbow.

Sigs Entertain, Initiate, Pledge

Six new members were initiated into Alpha Upsilon chapter of Kappa Sigma on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, February 20 and 21. They are: James Crisler, John Kochtitzky, Louis McLain, James L. Davis, Jack Woodrow, and Harold Ludlow.

Previously, on Saturday night, February 16, these men were present along with the new pledges at a congratulatory dinner at Belmont Junior. The new pledges are: Paul Ferera, Charles Hogue, Jack Underwood, Floyd Kimbrough, Zollie Stevens, Roddy Campbell, Bobby DeKay, Lou Everett, Harold Bailey, John Baskin, J. T. Peatross, Turner Morgan.

Pledge officers recently elected are: Robert Nickey, president; Turner Morgan, vice-president; Harold Bailey, secretary; Zollie Stevens, treasurer.

As a return gesture, the pledges entertained the actives Saturday night, February 23, with a weiner roast at Legion Lake. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. C. Z. Stevens of Hattiesburg.

The first dormitories on Millsaps campus were "student homes." One, Asbury Home, occupied the site of Burton Hall, and Williams Home was almost in the same location as the present Pike House. Each held from 25 to 30 boys. (Incidentally, males alone were allowed here then.)

What we know now as Faculty Row was once termed "the Shacks." Founders Hall was used as a barracks for soldiers during World War I.

Way back in 1892 when Millsaps was begun, there was no tuition—only the matriculation fee of \$25 and an incidental fee of \$5. Haven't we come a long way?

The first student publication here was the Millsaps Collegian in 1899.

TEMPLE of KNOWLEDGE

Dear Temple,
Someone tried to get in Whitworth Saturday night.
Yours,
The Gals

Dear Gals,
Don't despair. Maybe he'll make it next time.
Temple

Dear T.O.K.,
David McIntosh runs every time he sees us. What gives?
Inquisitive—
Coeds

Dearest Coeds,
'Tis rumored his entire interest is in Meridian.
Sorrowfully,
T.O.K.

Mr. Temple:
What happened to the rule book at the Lambda Chi-Sig basketball game?
Students

Students:
(Silence, thoughtful expression, no reply.)
Mr. Temple

Dear Sir,
Can you make any suggestions as to a good method of getting German into the head?
Ignorantly,
German Class

Dear German Class,
No suggestions. Why don't you try Russian?
Helpfully,
T. O. Knowledge

T. Emple, dear,
In your opinion, who was the most outstanding character in "Her Step Husband"?
Ima Moron

Dear Ima,
Without a doubt, the best character was Willie.
T. Emple.

Pikes Entertain New Members

Bill Cook of Canton is the new Pi Kappa Alpha president, succeeding Bill Patterson. Other officers taking over duties are: Pat Clendenning, vice-president; Bob Lacey, treasurer; Bob Bullen, secretary-historian.

Stuart Carruth, freshman from McComb, was elected president of the Pi KA pledges during their election last week. Other officers who will serve the pledges: M. L. McCormick, vice-president; Glenn Teasley, secretary-treasurer.

The actives of Pi KA dug deep into their pockets and feted the pledges with a supper Sunday night in the Hotel Heidelberg's Rose Room. Garner Lester, Jackson business man and a Pi KA, was the speaker of the evening, inspiring the audience with simple and true homespun philosophy.

Prior to Mr. Lester's talk, outgoing and incoming officers were recognized.

Finger Grows Short and Sharp As Students Continue in Daze

The finger of the week at J. (God, I'm repulsive!) W. (Even I hate myself at times) Patterson for managing to make just about everyone hate him at one time or another. Talented, that kid.

An accusing finger at Jerry (Secret lover) Fortenberry for staying home from the Sig party to study chemistry. But his study of chemistry turned into a review of anatomy at the BSO formal. We quote: "They came by, so I hopped into my tux, and the first thing I knew, I was at the party."

A shocked finger at the better-never-than-late threesome, Tommye (Speak to me, Birdog!) Forrest, June (I can always date a member of some other frat) Whatley, and Meryl (Oh, well, I didn't have a date with him anyway) Mitchell.

And another, shaky digit at Wesley (I did not get a letter from Alcoholics Anonymous, I didn't, I didn't!) Saunders for being the cause of it all.

A vociferous finger at Ernest (Free, I tell you, free!) Jordan for being so happy over his new-found liberty. Another quote: "For five years, I listened to that woman's lies—but no more."

An ancient finger at James (So what if I was the coach) McCafferty for picking up a new torch—the body of '38, Virginia Hansen.

An oratorical finger at James (Why should I open my mouth?) Noble for staying in his corner when the fight with Dossett was only half won.

An envious finger at Billy (My telephone number is 2-1309) Williams for creating havoc with half the Phi Mu chapter. That "crackers in my bed" routine is old—but still good.

A busy finger at Smythe (Peatross this week) Howard for being somewhat like B. Williams. He's another one the girls are going somewhat mad over—and when he was here before, he was just a green freshman.

A thrilled finger at Peggy (My heart at thy sweet voice) Carr for taking wing to Texas to see THE MAN!

A saccharine finger at Lois (I'm gonna love that boy) Fritz and Geoorge (I'm a good tennis player, anyway) Curtis for still being that way and planning to make it even more so comes his discharge day.

A somewhat dazed finger at Rose (Whose pin?) Watkins for being so amazed when Harold (Mine, I tell you) Ludlow came by to ask for the pin back next day. Unobservant, we guess.

A stabbed finger at Gene (Let's be big about this) Fleming for insisting that Ann (The end of my friend) Ammons date Hil-

bisch as a reward for his long trek southward.

A busy finger at Jimmy (Spring fever, I got it) Davis for having so many dates over the weekend that he neglected to get any sleep. There's a demand for his type, he keeps telling us.

And speaking of demand for a type, Hazel (Prop my eyes open and call me foggy) Steen hasn't stayed home but two nights in six weeks. Can't go on—more than ten or twelve years more.

Dr. White (during English comprehensive): Who did Thomas Carlyle marry?

Eager Major: Mrs. Carlyle, natch. (Sound of gum-snapping and Dr. White's nerves doing likewise.)

Question: What is more uninhibited than a Frank Sinatra fan?

Answer: The girls in Galloway Hall.

"Say that again. I think you made me mad."

It Happens On Monday Night

At a quarter till 7:00, Pop King runs in with music folders and a very determined look. The piano is nearly off the left edge of the stage, as usual, so Pop eyes his Singers pleadingly, then turns to push it to the center alone, mumbling, "Where's McKewen tonight?"

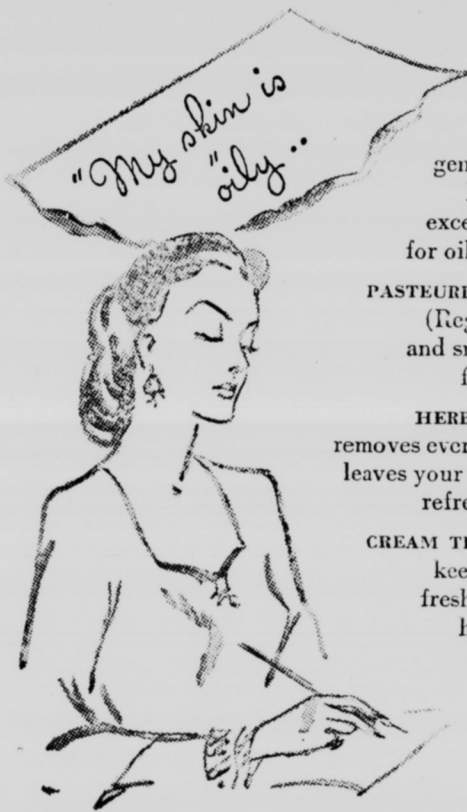
He sits at the piano, plays tones for each section and leans back expectantly. No song. "What's the matter? Why don't you sing? Well, why doesn't somebody pass out the music?" Somebody does, but not in time to catch on the start of the song again. At intervals all the way through, some eager soul finds the place and chimes in ff, in time to find the rest of the chorus singing pp.

About this time, five minutes late, Bob Ray saunters in in O. D. fatigues, drags over a chair, starts singing. Ten minutes pass before the peace is shattered by Bob Bullen bounding in, unconcernedly drowning out the soprano solo that was almost drowned out anyway. He falls into someone's lap panting.

Pop stops, stares, grunts, "Next Monday we'll start at six so that you people will see if you can get (Continued on page 4)

"Mme. Rabinstein,
I want to know..."

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JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

Art In A Shack Is Still Art

Because a group of eager would-be young artists were concerned enough to petition Dr. Smith last spring for an art course, and because "Smiley" listened to their pleas, Millsaps is now the proud possessor of one of the most creative and unusual classes in existence on any college campus.

The 25 students enrolled in this class are not concerned about "cuts", or grades; their instructor need not bother to call a roll or reprimand his pupils for inattentiveness; pupils don't have to "take notes" or "burn the midnight oil" to feel that they are making progress and are learning with rapidity. Yet this class requires all the energy and brainwork of a math or history course.

It pivots around its leader, Karl Wolfe, who captivates his audience from the beginning by his complete frankness. The first day the class met, for instance, he opened the lesson by declaring, "I can not make an artist of any one; all I can do is to teach you how to draw... An artist has no competitor except himself," and then, in a subtle, seemingly effortless manner, he encouraged each pupil to develop an original and effective style.

The first two or three meetings of the group were characterized by what at first appeared to be a void of progress. Many members had never been exposed to art instruction before—and even those who knew a little had a difficult time trying to change the set, orthodox style they already had, in order to express themselves freely. It was almost heartbreaking to some, to work all afternoon with an unmanageable brush and a six inch square of paper, only to realize in the end that they had accomplished nothing but a runny blotch of unharmonious color.

Gradually, however, each one began to see signs of success. To an outsider, perhaps the scraps of paper pinned on the wall and covered with geometric designs that only vaguely resemble human beings would seem anything but art — yet to those who have assembled four hours a week in the little shack that is the "art studio", those drawings represent a glimmer of understanding and perhaps the beginnings of future masterpieces. This class may not produce any great painters, but it will have taught at least 25 people to appreciate beauty.

THE ROPE

Clifford M. Gordon

This is a rope not meant for children-play, Not meant for drawing water, nor for swings. It hangs here pendulous with the old tree's sway, Contrasting harshly with the gentler things: The wide free sky, the dreaming floating clouds, The soft-sprung grasses, to the earth now bent Where, trampled by the soles of angry crowds, They droop defeated, of their verdure spent. The songbirds wheel above; they do not stop. The cattle wander down another path. The farmer drops his eyes to tend his crop, And buzzards glory in the aftermath.

Not on the earth alone Wrath left His trace— Observe the furrows in a dark-brown face.

IT HAPPENS—

(Continued from page 3) here by seven."

The girls all hum on the next one, although they've been told every time for three months to Ah-aaaa! Interrupts Pop, "I can't hear you. But the boys needn't get so soft I can't hear them either. How many of you went to hear the Russian Cossacks or wanted to? I guess the rest of you just didn't—"

Some helpful soul speaks out, "That was the night we played Mississippi College". To which comes back, "I know—I read about those games in the paper, and the results are always the same." Ouch! Next time she'll know better.

Two previously excused people get up to leave, and one unexcused person follows. Everyone jerks music out of his neighbor's hands, hunting for the next piece that someone left out of place.

Just as everyone finds the proper piece of music, Pop says, "Benediction." By then, what is needed is a moment of silent prayer. Doing the next best thing, everyone leaps into the aisles, throwing folders at the stage, leaving Pop to tear his hair, and say "won't somebody help straighten the music?"

SINGERS TELL—

(Continued from page 1)

Nichols, Reedy, Garland, Wedig, and Read.

Second Altos: Ridgway, McKewen, Wilkerson, Lampton, Tingle, and Burdsal.

First Tenors: Jones, Kenna, Skidmore, and Hathorn A.

Second Tenors: Powell, Stokes, Ray, and Barnes.

First Basses: Wright, W., McLain, Nettles, White, Fortenberry, and Kochtitzsky.

Second Basses: Cook, Griffith, Childress, and Fleming.

Alternates: Godbold, Cartledge, Howell, Watkins, Cliburn, and Minnis.

YM-YW Merge For Semester

The YWCA Cabinet in a recent meeting decided to hold joint sessions with the YM-YWCA for the remainder of this semester. It is hoped that as a result of this merging that interest will be revived and better programs can be offered. It is an endeavor to make every student come to accept his or her responsibility as a member of these organizations and lend every effort to help develop a useful program in Christian activities on the campus.

A committee from each organization will meet with Dr. Hollister of the State Board of Health to plan a series course of "Friendship and Marriage." Serving on this committee are: Mary Nell Sells, president of YWCA; Laura Mae Godbold and Mary Ethel Nay, Co-program chairmen of YWCA; Bowman Clarke, president of YMCA; Craig Castle, president of Christian Council; David McIntosh and Bill Stokes.

The student hangout formerly known as the "Rec Room" has recently been turned over to the Y's as the permanent meeting place. The meetings with Dr. Hollister will be held here and the entire student body is urged to attend this series of programs. All meetings in the "Marriage" series will be in the form of discussion and can be of great value to all who will come with open minds and will join in the discussions freely.

The new meeting time is 4:15 on Mondays. Those students who have labs until 4:45 are urged to come at that time. Chairs will be placed near the entrance for those who will have to come in late. The reason for moving the time up a half-hour is that more time is needed for an intensified program such as this.

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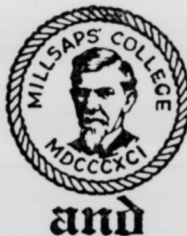
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10 Honoraries Tap On Wednesday, March 13

Tap Day was held during chapel period on Wednesday, March 13. Those who were tapped for membership into the various honorary organizations on the campus are as follows:

Kit Kat

Clifford Gordon, Hank Pope.

Chi Delta

Betty Langdon, Polly Crisler, Rosemary Howell.

Eta Sigma Phi

Laura Mae Godbold, Rosanna Brady, Rebecca Ely, Dewey Cobb, William Stokes. Dr. Fleming and Professor Ferguson's memberships were reactivated.

Theta Nu Sigma

Bill Griffith, Louis Jones, John Breazeale.

Alpha Epsilon Delta

Wilna Axtell, Roy Bane, Jane Stebbins, Sam Sanders, Mary Ridgeway, Carolyn McKewen, Toogie Hamilton.

Pi Kappa Delta

Professor Gillis, Craig Castle, Lib Welsh, James Noble, Dewey Cobb.

Kappa Delta Epsilon

Betty Jane Hearn, Bonnie Lee Harmer, Mary Ethel Nay, Betty Langdon, Evelyn Walker, Rebecca Ely, Mary Wharton, Helen Murphy, Helene Minyard, Virginia Rehfeldt, Ann Hobbs, Ethel Eastman.

Sigma Lambda

Peggy Carr, Rebecca Ely, Julia Goodman, and Rosemary Nichols.

Omicron Delta Kappa

Joe Wiggins, Professor Ferguson and Dr. Wharton were reactivated.

Although International Relations Club does not tap, four new members were elected. They are Ralph Bell, Ned O'Brien, Peggy Carr, and Pat Clendenning.

Smith Presides Over 25th Meet Of College Head

Dr. M. L. Smith will preside over the 25th anniversary meeting of the Mississippi Association of Colleges which is to be held at the Heidelberg Friday, March 15. Dean Riecken will also speak.

The meeting, which will begin at ten A.M., will end with a luncheon honoring past presidents. Governor Thomas L. Bailey, guest speaker at the luncheon, will speak on "The College and Tomorrow".

"Education Enriches the State" will be the main topic stressed in the meeting. From this will grow two subordinate discussions: good teaching and the aim of education as citizenship.

The morning program is as follows:

Invocation, W. B. Horton, Sunflower College; report on the Colleges, Dr. W. M. Kethley, Delta State Teachers College; Good Teaching and Scholarship, Dr. Pete Kyle McCarter, University of Mississippi; Good Teaching and Counseling, Dr. D. W. Aiken, Mississippi State College; Good Teaching and Classroom Procedures, Dr. A. E. Wood, Mississippi College; Good Teaching and Attitude, Dean W. E. Riecken, Millsaps College; The Responsibility of the Colleges for Government, Dr. John R. Countiss, former president of Grenada College.

Class Officers Are Elected

On March 9, Millsaps students elected class officers to serve for the current year.

New representatives of the senior class are: President, Joe Wiggins, Cruger; vice-president, Bob Nichols, Jackson; secretary-treasurer, Carroll Steen, Jackson.

The junior class selected Bobby Holderfield, Port Gibson, as president; vice-president, Laura Mae Godbold, McComb; Elizabeth Welsh continues in office as secretary-treasurer.

The sophomore class chose as president, Ned O'Brien, Jackson; vice-president, Nat Hovious, Jackson; secretary-treasurer, Jane Walker, Sanatorium.

The freshman class elected Jack Bishop of Jackson as president; vice-president, Stuart Carruth, McComb; secretary-treasurer, Mary Katherine Abernathy, Clarksdale.

Maj. Wilson Selected Outstanding Pike

Major Louis Wilson, graduate of '41 and Pike whom Millsaps honored with "Louis Wilson Day" in January, was selected the outstanding Pike of the year, according to a telegram received this week by Bill Cook, president of the local Alpha-Iota chapter.

A Marine Corps field officer, Wilson was the only Pike in the nation to win the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Presbyterians Organize

Organization of the Westminster Fellowship Group for Presbyterians has been begun at Millsaps. A regular meeting time has been set for Wednesday at 1:00 in the new Student Lounge in Murrah Hall.

The election of officers for the newly-formed group took place Wednesday, March 13. A nominating committee composed of Sammie Price, Shirley Howle, and Betty Jane Long met to submit candidates for the offices.

Plans are under way for a supper at the First Presbyterian Church for members of the Millsaps and Belhaven groups. This will be early in April.

An appeal to all Presbyterian students is being issued to come to these meetings and take an active part in this work.

The group is sponsored by Professor and Mrs. Raymond Haynes.

This is indeed a religious college. Whenever we look through a window, we see through a glass darkly. Is the soap shortage still that bad?

NOTICE!

Students are requested not to smoke in the Sigma Lambda lounge. They can smoke in the Grill but not in the lounge. Special request.

Dr. V.L. Wharton to Attend Meeting In North Carolina

Dr. Vernon L. Wharton will represent Millsaps College at the Sesquicentennial Anniversary of the University of North Carolina to be held April 12-13. The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill is the oldest state university in the nation.

Those who hold degrees from the University of North Carolina on the faculty of Millsaps College are: Dr. Wharton, Mrs. Cobb, Professor Ferguson, and Professor Gillis.

Pre-Easter Week Inspires Students

Every morning during the week of March 4-8 many students met at the chapel hour to hear the Reverend W. R. "Slim" Robinson bring his message. In many ways this "Religious Emphasis Week" was a success. The students came to receive a message that would help them in their daily living to aspire to higher things in life. As they met on Monday and heard the speaker, they were thrilled with his message and came back the rest of the week to hear the messages which brought them the things they needed and wanted to hear.

Christian Council made a good selection in speakers for this week and the student body looks forward to a return engagement any time Reverend Robinson can leave his work in Corinth to visit us again. His open frankness as he discussed the needs of the day, his delivery of timely messages, and his friendly manner to the student about the campus were appreciated by all the students and faculty.

The committee from Christian Council which was in charge of the arrangements had the following students to lead the morning devotions: Laura Mae Godbold, Mary Ethel Nay, Billie Brewer, Stewart Broom, and Sam Barefield. Bob Ray was the pianist for the week. Soloists and their accompanists for the services were Frances Rose Price and Dot Myers, Virginia Rehfeldt and Skeets White, Nell Smith and Bob Ray, Catherine Herring and Elizabeth Ann Lampton.

The regular vesper services were turned over to the guest speaker after brief meditations by Craig Castle, Frances Gray, Marion Cartledge, and James Willoughby. These evening meetings were held in the Sigma Lambda Lounge.

"Ci" Allen Chosen Master; Myra Nichols, Miss Millsaps

On Wednesday morning, February 27, the highest honors at Millsaps were bestowed on Charles "Ci" Allen and Myra Nichols—Master Major and Miss Millsaps. These two seniors were chosen by a student body vote as representative of the typical Major and Majorette.

"Ci" Allen, a returned veteran hailing from Hazlehurst,

Stunt Night Set For April 10

Stunt Night will be held April 10 in the Millsaps auditorium, according to Helene Minyard, president of the Majorette Club which is sponsoring the event. Tickets will be sold at the door.

Every fraternity, sorority, the Vikings and the Independents are scheduled to present an original ten-minute skit. Members of the faculty will judge and will award the Bucket to the organization with the best stunt.

Last year the Bucket was won by Phi Mu sorority for their skit entitled Alpha Cholera.

Speedball Games Are In Progress

Men's intramural speedball games are now in progress, having started Wednesday, March 13, and continuing through Thursday, March 21. Schedule of the games which are yet to be played are as follow:

March 15 (Friday)—KA's vs. Lambda Chi's.

March 18 (Monday)—Pikes vs. Independents.

March 19 (Tuesday)—Sig's vs. Lambda Chi's.

March 20 (Wednesday)—KA's vs. Independents.

March 21 (Thursday)—Pikes vs. Sig's.

Committee Investigates Sorority Lodges

The Board of Trustees met on February 20, and authorized the Building and Grounds committee of the board to work with the sororities in building the lodges. They are to help locate a suitable site for the lodges.

The committee is composed of Mr. R. L. Ezelle, chairman, Rev. N. J. Golding and Rev. O. S. Lewis. This committee has full authority by the board to work out the problem with the sororities.

The committee will meet within the next two weeks.

Vikings Win First In Basketball

The Vikings will fall heir this season to the basketball cup as they defeated the other four teams in intramural basketball. Having defeated three other teams, the Kappa Deltas ran a close second for the coveted cup.

The final results show Chi Omega in third, Phi Mu in fourth, and Beta Sigma Omicron in fifth place.

is now attending Millsaps for the third year. His versatility is evident by his participation in athletics, the Singers, journalism, and dramatics. A popular Pi Kappa Alpha, "Ci" is a member of Alpha Psi Omega, Singers, tennis team, and basketball team; besides being Vice President of the Student Body, and Assistant Business Manager of both the *Bobashela* and "Purple and White."

With an outstanding record in high school to prove her many abilities, Myra Nichols maintained her reputation throughout her college career, topping it off by being in "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities" and Miss Millsaps. Secretary and Treasurer of the Student Body, Secretary of Delta Kappa Delta, Vice President of Sigma Lambda, assistant in the Registrar's Office, member of Y.W.C.A. and Topper Club, and past President of the Vikings are among her many honors and offices.

Millsaps Mourns Passing of Lin

Memorial services for Dr. J. Reese Lin, former Millsaps professor, were held March 4 in assembly, with Dr. A. P. Hamilton delivering the address.

Dr. Lin passed away Saturday, March 2. Funeral services were held Monday, March 4. After the chapel period, classes adjourned for the day in memory of the former faculty member and close friend of all students.

Coming to Millsaps in 1912, Dr. Lin taught philosophy and history until 1940, when he retired. Before he joined the Millsaps faculty, he had held the superintendency at Natchez, Wesson, and at Alexandria, Louisiana. He came to Millsaps from Central College in Missouri.

Dr. Lin, in addition to his A. B. and M. A. degrees, held the honorary degree of L. L. D. He attended Emory University, Vanderbilt, Columbia University, and Cornell.

Summer Session To Start May 30

There will be two semesters this summer. The first will be from May 30 to June 29, and the second from July 8 to August 10. A student will be allowed to take six hours or two courses a semester. In this way credit for a year's work in two subjects can be obtained. Courses will be given in all of the departments. A bulletin on the summer school can be obtained at the office the later part of this week.

Purple and White

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FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT—

To prove that some people read the editorials, and also to prove that we are willing to look at both sides of a question, we reprint the following letter:

Dear Carroll:

If you had spent half the time which it took you to look up past fees and charges in an interview with the dean or the president, your editorial on the increased cost of going to Millsaps would have been unnecessary—it might have been a word of praise for the management of college cost, for the "price" of attaining an education at Millsaps could easily be more.

May I state a few points?

Millsaps pays its professors salaries as high as those of any other college in the state, and as high as most colleges in the South. When the tuition was increased, it was done in order to prevent a salary cut for the professors; I think all of us realize the necessity for paying well for a good professor—it's the best way to keep a good member on the faculty. The other alternative would have been to take the amount necessary out of the income from the endowment; as it is, the college last year matched every dollar that each of us students paid for our education. For those of us who have scholarships or assistantships, the college paid out more to keep us in school than we ourselves paid.

Your editorial on a little less talk and lots more griping is hypocrisy; for a statement from Dr. Smith would have answered your questions in the second editorial, and probably would have made griping about the matter of college costs inexcusable.

Sincerely,

Sam Barefield.

That's how one of our students feels on the subject. We seem to have landed head first in somewhat of a hornet's nest. While we are in it, though, we might add that our "non-profit" cafeteria has raised its prices \$15 a semester.

We would be interested in hearing how some of the other students feel on the subject.

Prospective Genuii Bewail Fate of Being Creative Every Week

BY BETTY LANGDON

Are you getting too much sleep? Do you find life dull and uninteresting? Do you feel that you are becoming flabby mentally? If so, then you need something to change your outlook on life, give you back your vim, vigor, and vitality, and inspire you with a Worthy Purpose. Why don't you take the course known as English 52, alias Creative Writing, alias The Short Story?

(Only geniuses like Hank Pope need apply. He even got his story back from the editor of *Colliers'* with a personal suggestion on it!) The other members of the class are only P. G.'s (Prospective Geniuses), not full-grown ones.

Let us take a week in the life of A.P.G. (Average P.G.) His waking thought each morning is, "I must think of something interesting to write a short story about today." By the end of the ten days allotted to him for the story, his waking thought is, "I must think of something to write a short story about today."

And then it starts, the frantic, mad rush. After the idea comes, it must be developed. It must be cunningly twisted (well, anyway, twisted) from point of fact to point of representation, from

story idea to story, from life itself, to a unified slice of life which begins with a situation, advances to a predicament, and ends with a wow. By this time the clock is wearily striking midnight, and A.P.G. stumbles to bed. All night long he tosses and turns, haunted by the leering faces of his classmates, by the sneering faces of his classmates, and by the face of Dr. White.

The next morning at 8:55 o'clock, A.P.G. approaches the Room. He is weary. He has no energy. His eyes are baggy and bloodshot, and his face is haggard. Up comes P.G. No. 2, who looks the same. At this precise

On the Level

At six o'clock each evening, Monday through Friday, a group of students are in the habit of meeting in room 11 in Murrah Hall. Here at eventide for fifteen minutes each day in an atmosphere of worship they find good music and heart-felt singing. Here they listen to fellowstudents present their views on current problems that face each of us as students. Here they seek for practical solutions for these problems. Here they find a spirit of fellowship and communion with friends and with God.

As a special feature of the Vespers programs which are sponsored by the YM-YWCA every other Monday evening, a campfire service is held on the front lawn of the campus. The next one of these is to be next Monday, March 18. Won't you ALL come and join in the singing and the meditation? WON'T YOU COME AND BRING A FRIEND?

Ely Heads BSO's For Coming Year

Alpha Zeta chapter of Beta Sigma Omicron held elections for the coming year and for the Beta Sigma Omicron National Convention at the last regular meeting of the sorority. Rebecca Ely and Bonnie Lee Harmer were re-elected president and vice-president respectively. Other officers are: Dewey Cobb, recording secretary; Elizabeth Ann Lampton, corresponding secretary; Kathryn Carver, treasurer; Anne Craig, assistant treasurer; Jackie Byars, warden; Dot Myers, editor; and Jerry Mayo, rush chairman. Outgoing officers are: Gerry Wilkerson, recording secretary; Frances Gray, corresponding secretary; Julia Fay Mayo, treasurer; Kathryn Carver, assistant treasurer; Elaine Keary, warden; Lois Ann Fritz, editor; and Nina Bess Goss, rush chairman.

Dorothy Myers was elected to represent Alpha Zeta at the national convention to be held this coming summer, probably in Chicago. Rebecca Ely was selected as alternate. This will be the first national convention to be held since before the war.

The much bewailed Purple and White sign has disappeared. The president of the Mississippi College student body began making remarks about sending it back, so the sign has gone underground for a while. Sign, sign, who's got the sign?

We quote Dr. Wharton: "People used to say 'We point with pride' but now they 'view with alarm'."

moment a little moron approaches and inquires, "What's the matter with you two? You look like the morning after the night before. What? You wrote a short story until midnight? Huh, I bet I could dash one off in an hour. why, writing is simple! All you have to do is—hey! Don't look at me like that! What's eating you, anyway? Eeeee!"

And A.P.G. watches as P.G. No. 2 slowly and deliberately chokes the little moron to death. As the murderer relinquishes the body and it sinks limply to the floor, A.P.G. suddenly comes to life. "Yipe! A story! A story! Hooray! And I almost missed it!"

PORTRAITS THROUGH COCA-COLA

BY CLIFFORD M. GORDON

He stood in the congested little student cafe, and the blatant music wrapped him in confusion. He stood alone, slowly tilting the coke to drink, gazing morosely about at the boys and girls, gay without knowing why, laughing and talking with blank minds. Conversations merged to become a furious babble. He eyes enveloped it all with a glance.

He turned his gaze to one skinny brunette standing at a table where two girls and two sailors were playing bridge. She stood there sparsely, laughing with a falsely dramatic chuckle at really unfunny things.

slapping a sailor on the back with each laugh and twisting as if the laugh escaping her tried to pull her with it.

The girl thought herself pretty, he knew, and she held a cigarette casually between two of her fingers, spreading the other fingers in imitation of a gesture she had seen in the movies. A fat girl with a flat nose bounced in then and walked over to the girl, knudging her in the side with her fist. "Billy Spilly's home; boy, you should lay your two eyes on him; boy, does he look sumptuous; boy, the girl what gets a date with him—what a time that girl'll have." Coughing a hoarse laugh, she shook herself across the room like a dog discarding water. When she turned her back, the brunette curled her lip and took a big drink of coke. "What in hell does she think I care about Billy Spilly; never could bear that boy; thinks he's so cute; wish she'd tend to her own affairs—big fat Mary, always sticking out her neck." She concluded this with a great deal of facial contortion, lifting one eyebrow as Barbara Stanwyck might have done. The boy hated her.

Standing by a booth on the opposite side of the College Cafe was a plump boy with a great shock of blonde hair which he periodically combed. His lips and his feet shook with the music, and he stood there shrugging his shoulders humming "Tweedee, tweedee, tweedee, tweedo, tweedo . . ." in mimic of a trumpet. His fat posterior quivered with the vibrations of his feet, as if the music were emitting from him and not from the music box. He took out his comb—red—and ran it lovingly through his hair, patting his hair after each stroke. He had heavy lidded eyes like a fish; there was a dark patch on his chin where he shaved, and his upper teeth rested lightly on his lower lip. He spoke slowly and impressively, underlining each word, "Man did I get drunk last night—oh Lord, what a brawl! I didn't hit that sack 'til 2 by the grandfather clock. Tellin' you, fore that shindig was over, I was havin' the su-weetest dreams." He said "sweetest" with much twisting of his mouth, and with a suggestive gesture, caressing the air as if it were a girl. The boy hated him.

Mrs. Bellows, who taught civics, walked in then. She was erect, slim, and grey-haired. She walked with abandon, relaxing her entire body to the stride of her walk. The grey hair shook with the stride, and her mouth worked nervously, thoughtfully, while her veiny hands drummed on the papers she carried. She regarded each student she encountered with an evanescent smile, meaningless and superficial. She would look up, smile, then look down and frown. That morning, the last day of the semester, she had said just before the period bell rang, "My dear boys and girls, so many of you won't be with me, I know, the next semester, but I hope you won't forget me." Emphasizing "dear" and "many" and "hope," she spoke this in an indulgent tone, as if her life depended on her voicing this. He knew she was lying, for he had overheard

her talking to another teacher recently, and she had said, "I must say, I'm really glad this semester is over; these dumb bunnies nearly killed me this time." He thought, The old fool!

He stood there singly, and the music wrapped him in confusion.

Vets State Views Of Women, Books

Something new has definitely been added to the old school with the return of so many vets. We like it—and, in so many words, we have tried to force them into confessions of how they like it.

The question is: What do you think of Millsaps—and the coeds? Answers vary. After so many suggested reforms, deforms, preforms, statements, stalemates, stallings, and stammerings—your wandering reporter managed to get our silent new sphinxes to speak:

Ernest Jordan: Well, it's nothing like the army—and I'm crazy about these coeds.

Louie Wilkins: That's a hard subject. (Lapse of time). It's the hardest school I've seen, the coed situation is well in hand.

Martin White: I'm all for coeds, even if you do spend more time in the Grill than in the library.

William Cook: This school has too many social activities jeopardized. It's certainly a good school, though; and co-eds are definitely an asset.

Gilbert Gibson: From the haze that envelopes me at 8 a.m. I definitely like the decorations. From the tests they spring at that hour—the school is on the ball. Of course I'm behind it.

John H. Walker: In scholastic Millsaps is tops. Socially, it has too many clans and cliques.

Frank Brewer: Millsaps needs more sports and hours in a day so we can get out sooner.

We hope that the new members will try as hard to know us as we are trying to know them. You see, chums, we class you as a number one asset. Best you keep on the ball, huh?

He: May I kiss your hand?
She: What's the matter, is my face dirty?

Little Johnnie with a grin
Drank up all his father's gin
Mama laughed to see him plastered,
Said: "Come to bed, you little darling."

Smoke?
No.
Drink?
Naw.
D'ya eat hay?
Nope.
Gosh, woman, you ain't fit company for man nor beast.

Notice, we're being very nice about the arrival of spring. We haven't said a thing about young men's fancies turning—the usual mundane remarks. In spite of what some of our close friends say, this isn't the Purple and Trite.

Pikes Have Picnic At Legion Lake

Consistent with the arrival of the harbingers of Spring, the Pikes held the first of a series of outdoor parties at Legion Lake last week. Pikes and their dates:

Pee Wee Armstrong, Bess Buchanan; Louis Jones, Betty McRae; Johnny Davis, Charlotte Wilson; Greg Holmes, Dot Weber; Buck McCullen, Barbara Wooten; Bob Edwards, Tinnie Jennings; Brad Wells, Ann Porter; Robert Childress, Rita Hendricks; Bob Bullen, Polly Crisler; Bill Schwartz, June Turnbow; Ci Allen, Jean Haughton; Woody Collins, Jean Turnbow; Ed Warren, Liz Dodds; Glenn Teasley, Elina Brown.

Bob Hollingsworth, Jacqueline Stevens; Bill Cook, Martha Lynn Kenna; George Scott, Janie Williams; Bob Ray, Mitchie Applewhite; Bill Maute, Julia Goodman; Hank Pope, Dot Melvin; Carl Bunner, Carol Hutto; Bill Correll, Patsy Pendergraft; Gilbert Gibson, Jean Pettigrew; Craig Castle, Lib Welsh; Billy Wright, Toogie Hamilton.

Hank Zander, Mildred Ulmer; Jay Barnes, Skeets White; Stuart Carruth, Gretchen Stackhouse; Keith Pigott, Elizabeth Ann Lampton; Jack McCormick, Evelyn Murphy; M. L. McCormick, Mrs. M. L. McCormick; Allen Stewart, Mrs. Allen Stewart; Jim Ferguson, Mrs. Ferguson; Sutton Marks, Helen Murphy; James Scott, Shirley Conn; Glen Pigott, Peggy Harrington.

El Trenchie Sweeps Campus

At the beginning of the September semester, Millsaps students were pestered by the pestiest of pests. The common cold covered the campus—but quick-like—and claimed victims in each and every dormitory. There were sneezes and coughs and sneezes and sneezes, and to make matters worse—no Kleenex! Some were sickly, others sick, and still others sicker—but in spite of grouches and gripes, curses and complaints, everyone managed to survive.

Just in time for Christmas came el flu. Founder's Hall was converted into a hospital and some of the patients were even lucky enough to get sent home—and with lots of excused cuts, too! Others kept going, complaining and exposing everyone else, but wrangling a little pity here and there from their healthy friends. And then there were those who got by with nothing but eating cough drops in class.

And now, fellow students, alas—not tuberculosis, no, nor hydrophobia, but trench-mouth has become the menace of Millsaps! Sixty cases were reported at one time. The dentists have been doing a rushing business, and Founders' girls have carried on a brushing business. So, if you see your classmate carefully polishing his silver under the table, or drinking coffee with a straw, you'll understand.

You might keep this in mind, too. A kiss good-night leads to another kiss—which may lead to el trenchie. After all, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and by the way, there's a moral to the story: "Buy your own apple at the cafeteria."

Whites Scourged By Scornful Digit; Stewart Still the Character

An unbelievably nice finger at Dot Eady and Larry Brown because wedding rings are tolling for them so suddenly and pleasantly. That's one of the wonders V-12 wrought.

And Joyce (I can't resist the boy) Adair might as well not send to see for whom the bells toll because they toll for her too. She and Bill (Mad, impetuous) Hall are tying the knot come Easter.

A jerky finger at Bob (What is this thing called etiquette?) Childress for asking the naive question, "Tell me, fellows, is \$1.00 too much to spend on a date?" The horrible part of it is that most of the fellows told him it was. How can he be expected to learn?

The finger of the week at Jimmy (The Great Unshaven) Davis and Jean (Where he leads me, I will follow) White for being surprised in such an embarrassing situation! The golf course is the place for that, kids.

Two wet indices at Clara (I was being feminine) Foy and Emogene (So was I) Calhoun for being the only two girls on the geology field trip not wearing slacks—and for being the only two who fell into the creek.

A finger at Wilna (No originality) Axtell for being like all the other Phi Mu's in making asthmatic sounds when Bill (I joined a club so I could beat them off) Williams is around.

And at Diane (love 'em, lead 'em on, and let 'em go) McLain for twisting an unnamed KA around a little pinkie.

Congratulatory fingers at the Patterson-Walker and Collins-Turnbow pinnings. Mark up another for the steady crowd.

Character of the week is still Joe Stewart. (Note: This will probably be a regular item in the P&W. But we love that boy!)

A startled finger at Billy (It's a beuuuuuuuuutiful day in New Orleans) Ates for getting so much out of Mardi Gras. Perhaps cultural associations are influential, after all.

And speaking of New Orleans, the Compreat Steens are making a trip down. Well, don't just stand there—drop dead.

A finger at Bob (The bridge) Nichols for breaking hearts and reputations right and left. What's this, judge? Have you no clemency?

A hopeful finger at Sara (I'll not carry this torch forever) Deal for hiding her charming personality under a thin, oh so thin shell of cynicism.

A jaunting finger at all the Pikes making the trip to Ole Miss for the beeg dance there.

A sneering finger at the usual farcical class elections. Speaking of unnecessary evils—

A leading but pious finger at Lee (Little sister) Berryhill for being so steady in her Vespers attendance with Dave (Swoon-bait) MacIntosh. Everyone had them picked for the ideal couple, but we didn't know the power of suggestion was that powerful.

A buzzed finger at Ruth (Just friends) Pellum for being so excited over the visitor from Yazoo City. That buddy-buddy line is wearing thin.

A knocked-out finger at Glen (The body of the week) Teasley for succumbing to the youthful charms of Elina (I flutter my eyelids like this) Lynn (And they fall) Brown.

A quizzical finger at Hank (I should have been a lawyer) Pope for having the coeds wondering: Is you is or is you ain't entangled romantically?

And now they're asking: Is Bobby French as naive as she seems?

Is Greg Holmes as necessary as he would like us to think?

Is Sam Shiek going to act in a play any time soon?

Is there going to be a play any time soon?

Is the next Senator Claghorn to come from Millsaps?

Is there no end to this?

There is. This is it.

SONNET: The Girl Who Danced!

Clifford M. Gordon

A brash young girl there was who fell to sin,
who left, with nonchalance, the Straight and Narrow,
who yielded to the baser pangs of men
and is corrupt now, even to the marrow!

Her fall to sin was really very drastic:

She danced! and Satan'simps were swift to tease her.

As she did blithely trip the light fantastic,

the tempting devils made haste to seize her.

She danced! and now her virgin-soul is blackened:

the evil blight of sin besmears her mein,

her will is tossed the winds, her morals slackened,

her virtues bartered now for the Obscene!

O pious brethren, look at this askance—

the sage of a girl who DARED to dance!

We are now exchanging with the Nfeiffer Pews from Jfeiffer Jollege in Nisenheimer, M. C. Lhis tingo is iheir tidea oot nouns.

—Periscope.

Literarily Speaking

The *Ballad and the Source*, by Rosamond Lehmann, is not good enough to be great, but offers more than a promise of greatness; parts of it achieve a perfection which is not a shade below.

The plot is much too complicated to be analyzed at length, but it is mainly a story (or a ballad) told by an aging beauty and one-time author to an unusually sensitive and perceptive child, a girl. This, admittedly, is an extremely difficult medium for a novel, and Miss Lehmann with her extraordinary talents has done quite as well with the story as anyone could have. Yet it is this which mars the ultimate conception of the book as a whole. This manner of having the central character tell the story to another character who, in turn, tells it to the reader, dilutes the import and rather excludes the reader emotionally.

Unfortunately, the better points of this novel cannot be itemized and considered individually because all are naturally involved in the book as a whole and must be viewed in the total sum. Yet I should like to mention the pure, poetic style, the exquisite rendering of description, the plausibility of implausible situations.

Too, I am grateful to Miss Lehmann for presenting as her heroine an author who actually speaks as an author might. (Quite in reverse to William's Richard Harland of *Leave Her to Heaven*—particularly the cinema version—who spoke with about as much brightness as a Millsaps freshman.)

At any rate and however, the novel is worth anybody's perusal, and I cannot deny that Rosamond Lehmann is one of the outstanding contemporary writers, femininity disregarded.

Goon Gal: "My boy friend kissed me a hundred times last night. Can you beat that?"

He: "Not me, babe, I'm tired."

They parted at eh corner; She whispered with a sigh, I'll be home tomorrow night." He answered, "So will I."

Father: "Barbara who was that man I saw you kissing last night?"

Daughter: "What time was it?"

Work is something that enslaves the mind. All students are in favor of an emancipation movement!

Familiarity breeds attempt.

FOR BETTER VALUES
AND STYLES VISIT

LA - MODE

"The Friendly Shop"

Vikings Twirl At Patrick Party

St. Patrick's Day was the theme of the dinner dance given by the Vikings at the Rose Room of the Heidelberg Hotel on March 9.

Members and dates present were: Rosemary Nichols, Billy Ates; Myra Nichols, Bill Shanks; Anne von Seutter, Joe Steinwinder; Carolyn Falk, Bill Schwartz; Denise Bacon, Floyd Kimbrough; Carroll Steen, Gene Pollock; Hazel Steen, Sonny Kroeze; Mary Ruth Murphy, Joe Wiggins.

Frances Johnson, Hagan Thompson; Jean Wynne, Brad Wells; Dollie Mae Wright, Kenneth Carruth; Clara Foy, Johnny Shields; Mary Rose Attyah, Bill Crisler; Pat Reed, W. D. Cooper; Martina Cadenhead, Charlie Brandon; Betty Langdon, Clem Crook; Lillie Mae Franklin, Charles Franklin.

Chaperones for the occasion were Dean and Mrs. Riecken, Professor and Mrs. Ferguson, and Miss Carolyn Bufkin.

BSO's Honor New Initiates

Alpha Zeta chapter of Beta Sigma Omicron sorority honored its new initiates with a dinner-dance at the Rose Room of the Heidelberg Hotel Saturday night, February 23. Entertainment and decorations were centered around the theme "Star-light." Rebecca Ely, chapter president, introduced the new initiates to the members and their guests. During the program, Catherine Herring sang two numbers; Carolyn Hays and Gene Nettles performed a dance number; and Mary Anna Medlin entertained with her piano arrangements of popular songs.

New initiates and their dates were: Jackie Byars, Victor Bruce; Sammie Price, Bob Bullen; Mary Anna Medlin, Wimpy Whitfield; Jerry Mayo, Jerry Fortenberry; Elizabeth Ann Lampton, Bob Ray; Mary Lib Cowan, Louis Jones; Dewey Cobb, W. B. Cooper; Maxine Winn, Brad Wells; Anne Craig, Jack Marsailles; and Dot Myers, Randall Martin.

Actives and their dates were: Rebecca Ely, Brock Thornhill; Lois Ann Fritz, George Curtis; Julia Fay Mayo, Dick Burch; Nina Bess Goss, Bob Lacey; Elaine Keary, Billy Moore; Frances Gray, Bill Crisler; Lee Berryhill, Dan Wright; Catherine Herring, K. H. Herring; Bonnie Lee Harmer, Noble Ellis; and Kathryn Carver, Louie Wilkins.

Pledges and their dates were: Carolyn Hays, Calvin King; Ada Mae Bain, Gene Nettles.

Alumna and their guest were Nancy Collier with Walter McGuffee and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Thompson. Sponsors and chaperones were Dr. Ross Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Vernon Wharton, and Professor and Mrs. James S. Ferguson.

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JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

Scads of Fads

No doubt about it—spring has arrived! The fact is evidenced by the fads and fashions of the eds and coeds of Millsaps Campus.

A treat for anyone is Annie Ruth Callahan and her dazzling bolero suit effects with high notched skirts.

As pretty as a picture is Adelyn Gerald in her sky blue dress and matching hat—speaking of hats, cast your eyes on Virginia Rehfeldts' pink flower topper.

So crisp and chic is Ann Ammons in her lovely sweater and dickey. (See Mr. Fleming for further information)

Very flattering and doubly intriguing is Anne Henry in her new plaid battle jacket and yellow skirt.

Not enough can be said about Louis Langford's harmonious blending of flaming yellow and olive drab—So by all means, take a look at Engle's color-laden red skirt.

We cannot complete the fashion parade without mentioning Charlotte Gullidge, who always looks quite stylish and charming.

In flower of the week a monsieur Martin Luther White for his gay color combinations and also his chic hair-do—a sight for anyone—Maybe you're tired of mousing around with your hair falling limp and unanchored—well, take it from M. Luther—Look dreamy-smooth by sweeping your hair into a shining topnot, and for extra glamour try his fetching fringe bangs. This easy to manage-this hair-do—so, why don't you go through the spring season with this softening, smoothing effect that everyone will love and admire?—

Summer, winter, spring or fall, Millsaps students are on the ball.

Kappa Deltas, Dates Picnic

The actives and pledges of Mu chapter of Kappa Delta entertained their dates with a picnic on Sunday, March 10, on the picnic grounds of Natchez Trace. Softball, singing, and other games were enjoyed.

Those attending were: Mae Alice Barnes, Jack Underwood; Patsy Pendergraft, Louis Jones; Jean White, Ned O'Brien; Evelyn Walker, James Scott; Esther Read, Bill Correll; Eleanor Johnson, Delle Mardis; Helene Minyard, Selby Barnes; Carol Hutto, Carl Bunner; Mary Frances Meadows, Billy Wright.

Adelyn Gerald, Bob Kochtitzky; Betty Blair Alford, Glenn Teasley; Frances Rose Price, Hugh Montgomery; Lois Bending, Emory Peek; Melda Burdsal, Glen Pigott; Mary Ridgway, Jack Johnson; Edith Gussio, Earl Louis; Dot Hathorn, date.

Amanda Hathorn, Jimmy Davis; Rose Watkins, Jerry Keith; Mitchie Applewhite, Lolly Branch; Trudy Chichester, W. B. Cooper; Helen Jolly, Nat Hovious; Bobby French, B. M. Files; Charline Brister, Randy Martin; Shirley Howle, Preston Jackson; Pat Mizell, Brad Wells; Catherine Sadler, Harold Ludlow; Margie Burdsal, Bill Barton; Dot Melvin, Malcolm Lowe; Evelyn Myers, Ernest Jordan; Betty Todd, J. V. Farr; Ann Ammons, Gene Fleming.

MYRON'S SHOES

132 East Capitol St.

"Devils" Route "Bruisers," 66-62, In Y-Sponsored Football Game

On Monday, March 11, one of the most spectacular football games in the history of Millsaps college took place on our campus. Yes indeed, real football! The game was held at the meeting of the YM-YWCA meeting in the "Rec" Room in the basement of Founder's. Excitement ran high as the "Pink Devils" prepared to meet the "Green Bruisers".

As the teams took to the "benches", music was rendered voluminously from the respective bands under the able (?) direction of Jerry Mayo for the "Devils" and the honorable reverend William Dement for the "Bruisers". A moment of silence, before the game, was ended patriotically as Dement's band gave out a terrific rendition of the Star Spangled Banner.

The "Devils" joined in with Billie Brewer giving an effective imitation of a drummer on the trash-can. Occasionally a tenor squeak came from the comb that Bill Stokes was so ably playing. This was followed by cheers led by C. Blumer, C. Shumaker, F. Johnson and B. Dement.

Scorekeeper for the memorable occasion was R. T. Hollingsworth. Timekeepers were Godbold and Nay. Referee Carolyn "Mac" McKewen (Who's calling this game?) called the captains forward. Sells, captain for the "Devils" and H. Youngblood, captain for the "Bruisers" very affectionately shook hands and promised that their teams would not fight too much unless.....

Frances Gray, coach for the "Green Bruisers" lost four nails and Doctor Broadine May had to give first aid. Players for the Bruisers were H. Youngblood, Wayne Perrott, Charles Randall, Sara Johnston, Sarah Deal, and Catherine Shumaker.

Mrs. Bond Fleming coached the "Devils" through-out with pleas, bribes, and a few threats for good measure. The Devils lineup was Mary Nell Sells, Bob Nay, Craig Castle, Kathryn Carver, Rosie Nichols, and Rebecca Ely.

High score men were Sells, B. Nay, and C. Randall. Touchdowns were made by tossing the ball (who said a bean bag wasn't a football?) into the places marked "touchdown" or by piling up yardage and making field goals. Final score was 66-62 in favor of the "Devils".

Interesting maneuvers were noted by this reporter during the half. Little 'Un Cowan led the "Bruisers" onto the field and executed an interesting imitation of a snake-dance, directing them with a broom. Water-Boy Emmerich brought up the rear with

the trash can drums. She was assisted in this section by Coach Gray. Adding to the melody were the tuneless playing of Dolly Wright, Mary E. Collins, Mary Ridgway, Lois Abel, and Lois Bending.

The "Devils" were not to be outdone by the "Bruisers" so they came onto the field headed by Dewey Cobb, twisting and twirling. They went into formation of a quite shapeless "D" composed of the following members, Brewer at the drums, R. Brady, F. Johnson, T. Forrest, L. Welsh, Sells, J. Mayo, B. Stokes, and C. Shumaker.

During the second half when the Bruisers were seeming to close in on the Devils, the well-known Dagwood prayer of "Give me strength" was changed a bit as Castle muttered, "Give me aim". The services of doctor Albert Knight, D. C. P. B. (Doctor of crepe paper bandages) were needed after one of the members suffered from something like "bonkus of the konkus".

All the efforts of the water-boys (including nothing short of drowning) were in vain. As the players were taken from the field, both sides went into deep mourning. But the Game must go on—and go on it did, until SUPPER-TIME.

Would the Walls Tremble If —

Thy would do away with boring chapel speakers and also those people that haunt the aisles with pen and paper checking chapel seats?

Jimmy Davis would get to class on time and, also, shave once a week?

Dr. Bond Fleming would abolish reports and themes of all kinds?

They put perfume on the dogfish so as to give them a more delectable order?

Galloway would take the Du Barry course and loose 75 lbs?

They improved the washboard road to La Grill?

They put swivel doors on Murrah Hall so as to give that sweet saloon effect?

All teachers decided to be mercenary and give at least one cut a semester?

The Grill were at least one mile nearer Sullivan-H. & Murrah?

Millsaps Library included some good novels, including *Forever Amber*?

Dr. Smith got angry and also got in a hurry?

Spring Holidays came more often?

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AGAIN, FOOL!

The Purple and Gripe

IT'S A
JOKE, SON

Vol. XXXVIII

MILLSAPS COLLEGE, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1946

No. 11

OBLIB OUSTS SMITH

B&G Snares An Exclusive With Smith

The Miss Haps U. Board of Trustees announced this week that Dr. M. L. Smith was returning to China as a missionary. Dr. Smith, president of Miss Haps for several years and Chief Ipana in the "Let's Smile All the While" Club, will depart from Miss Haps at the end of the week.

In an exclusive interview by a Purple and Gripe reporter, Dr. Smith stated: "I wuz robbed!"

After the reporter lent him a Kleenex, he went on:

"I knew something was wrong when I came in one day to find a seamstress taking up my academic gown. But when I found that red galluses had been sewn down the front, I got suspicious."

When asked how he had learned the truth of the situation, he faltered:

"I heard it over Halter Hinchell's radio program. He stated, right between a Flash and a Dash, that Senator Oblib was resigning from the Senate. That was what put me on the right track."

He blew his nose thoughtfully.

"I called the Board immediately. They admitted that my suspicions were well-grounded. They also said they had a going-away present for me—a ticket back to

(Continued on page 4)

Clark's Bar Has Gala Opening Planned

"Free beers for all the dears" is the slogan for tonight, April 1, the grand opening date of Clark's Bar, located in Sullivan-Harrell Hall. The former physics lab has been converted into an up-to-date nightclub. Bowman Clark, proprietor and owner, is serving free beer for tonight only. He has extended a blanket invitation to the entire student body, but he wishes to remind them that the word "blanket" probably doesn't mean what they think.

"I'll thank them to remember that this is a respectable jernt," he stated.

Mr. Clark chose this site after careful consideration because of its central location on the campus. His night spot will be open from 6:00 p.m. until.

"Let the kids have a good time. If they weren't here, they would probably be off somewhere dancing or playing bridge or seeing a movie. It'll take a load off their families' minds to know that they are in good hands," he told the B&G reporter.

"Besides," he besided, "I gotta living to make too. My other line of business is none too profitable."

Higher Living Costs Force Resignation Of Millsaps Editors

The rising cost of living is blamed in the simultaneous resignations of Miss Carroll Steen, editor of the Purple and Gripe, and Miss Patsy Pendergraft, editor of the Rubbaheela.

"I have repeatedly petitioned the faculty for an increase in my monthly emolument, but they chose to ignore my requests. After due consideration, I told them that I would be forced to tender my resignation. They chose to ignore that also. Therefore, I have severed all connections with the Rubbaheela. I will admit that \$200 a month isn't to be sneezed at—but I have hay fever and I sneeze continually. So—"

Miss Steen said in part: Censored.

Among the more quotable of her statements was this remark:

"After all, a woman's gotta live. I beat my brains out twice a month for a lousy \$200 and what do I get for it? \$200. I take one trip, and where am I? Broke. And besides that, I've been thinking it over a long time. This paper is so efficient that I have nothing to do. I can't even get my editorials in the paper any more. My managing editors won't even let me in the office unless I bring a coke for everybody. Efficiency will be the death of me yet."

The faculty has announced that it will consider applications for

(Continued on page 4)

NOTICE! Instead of giving long spring holidays this year, students are not required to return to school. This is partly because students haven't done anything anyway, due to their grief over the untimely end of U. Z. and partly because our new president Oblib wants time to become acquainted with the administration of the school. Diplomas will be mailed to graduating students.

For an additional fee of \$50, students will not have to take their Comprehensives.

S.A.I.M.D.E.C.U. Puts Haps Library On Blacklist

Miss Haps U's library has recently been dropped from the Southern Association to Improve the Minds and Destroy the Eyesight of Colleges and Universities in America. The reason given by the Chief Examiner of Literary Tomes was that Miss Haps' library contained nothing but light fiction.

"I spent the first day reading Cosmopolitans, Good Housekeeping, and Collier's. There was a New Yorker, but everything except the jokes had been blacked.

(Continued on page 4)

U. Z. Leaves Millions To Grieving Students

"We can not go on" wail mournful students, "Life will never be the same for us." V. B. Hathorn, tenderly known as U. Z. to the thousands of scholars who have passed through the portals of our noble institution, passed away in his office in Murrah Hall. "U. Z." he says, explaining why students must pay a Physical Education fee—when his cigar falls out of his mouth, his head droops over on his desk, his eyes close—

Oh! weep for our Bursar, he is gone!

The Bursar's office has been closed and no fees or tuition are to be paid for the duration. Assistants in the Bursar's office have been retired on pension. Ciphaz has closed the Grill. The students are too unhappy even to play the pinball machine! President M. Lofton Smith is in seclusion pondering on "How to make the students happy again." He plans to visit other schools throughout the country for suggestions on this problem.

Oh! weep for our Bursar, he is gone!

The faculty has declared a month's vacation from classes for the entire student body. But President J. William Wiggins has expressed the sentiments of the student body when he said, "He would want us to be brave. We must go on!" So the faculty has compromised by allowing the students to attend classes but making no assignments and requiring (urging) the students to do no outside reading or studying. Dr. N. Bond Fleming says, "How wrong of me to have ever required so much outside reading. Now my students will have time to think."

Oh! weep for our Bursar, he is gone!

The cafeteria prepares only one meal each day now. The students, in their sadness, have no appetite—no, not even for steaks, apple pie, strawberry short-cake, etc. The management of Le Fleur's and the Rotisserie have been called in—but even this has not helped. Our eminent school physician, Dr. H. F. Magee, has been

(Continued on page 4)

Oblib Replaces Smith As Miss Haps' Prexy

The announcement that Senator Geodore Thee "The Person" Oblib will become Miss Haps U's president was made in Washington today. Senator Oblib will take the place of Dr. Marion L. Smith, who is returning to China.

Husbands, Wives To Be Reunited In New Building

Construction of the \$1,000,000 building for veterans, ministerial students, and wives has begun, it was announced today.

This building, to be constructed through the generosity of the WPA, will be located upon the former golf course next door to the swimming pool. Although such a building is hardly necessary on the campus, it will lend to the growing importance of Greater Miss Haps University.

The three veterans, four ministerial students, and wives who will occupy the building are unexcited over the prospect.

Said Veteran Flak: "Oh, I don't see why they bother. My wife and I don't seem to have much in common anyway. I haven't seen her in the three years I've been going to college."

Said Mrs. Flak: "What, I've got to live with that man? I'll not do it. I'm much happier as I am. I've even started a rock garden in my window at Founders."

Mr. Pious, ministerial student, peered from between the flaps of his tent: "I'm used to roughing it. My wife is pretty much of a weakling—she lives at Founders. But I feel that if she can't stay with me during my hardships, she doesn't deserve to stay with me now."

The plans for the building include six-room suites for each couple, an in-door pool, an in-door pool table, and escalators down each of the 17 halls.

When told of the six-room suites, Mrs. Pious breathed a sigh of relief: "It's all for the best. I just wouldn't feel right living in the same room with a man I hardly know."

When the building is finished, the caretaker is to give a special course in How to be Happy though Married. There will also be courses in observation so that long-separated husbands and wives may learn to recognize each other upon sight.

When interviewed at his Washington home, The Nightmare Shack, Senator Oblib stated:

"Ah realizes that this heah is the greatest thing I could do for Miss Haps. They needs a man to lift the intellectual level of the school. That Smith has got to go."

When asked why he had given up all political connections, Oblib was evasive: "Let us say that Ah had my reasons."

The senator, known by his colleagues affectionally as "Ad Lib," "Squarehead," or "that—," made his announcement shortly after a rumor had been published that he was to be named Secretary of Sanitation.

Knows His Place

When questioned about the matter, the senator became violent:

"Ah knows ma place. And ma place ain't in the gahbage pail. I had enough of that junk when Ah was mayoh of Washington. All the folks did was gripe, gripe, gripe about theah ole gahbage pails not bein' emptied. If one town is goin' to carry on thata-way, how would the whole nation act? Folks'd be callin' me in the middle of the night f'um down in Texas. That's a Democratic state, you know. They'd be a-callin' me, Come get ouah gahbage. Ah'm a busy man."

Snapping his galluses briskly, he went on; changing the subject abruptly: "They been askin' me if Ah'm goin' to make any changes down theah. And ma answer is yes. Them people don't do nothin' but go aroun' smilin' all the time. What they needs is moah prayin' and less smilin'."

Demands Less Thought

Oblib vigorously denied a charge that he intended to make Baptists of all the students at Miss Haps.

"No, indeedy. Let 'em think any way they wants to, so long as they don't think too much. One thing I can't stand is folks that thinks too much. What I say is, less thinkin' and moah talkin'."

Senator Oblib also denied that he was withdrawing entirely from public life.

"They's too many things got to be taken care of yet for me to relax. I heah tell they's some minority races I ain't even mentioned yet. I figguh we'll talk about them in chapel every week. Keep the question before the student body, you might say. Less

(Continued on page 4)

Purple & White

MILLSAPS BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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A PETITION

We, the undersigned, do hereby swear and declare that Miss Haps has been unfair to students and faculty members:

WHEREAS, Miss Haps should not have so many and such large football scholarships. Our never-losing team does away with friendly competition such as we used to enjoy with Misscoll before we began using our superior endowment to win all the games.

WHEREAS, the ballroom dancing classes disturb bridge games in the Grill and whereas they encourage these recurrent and all-night dances held in the Gym three nights a week, we, the undersigned, do suggest they be left out of next year's curriculum.

WHEREAS, Clark's Bar remains open on Sunday and keeps our minds off Mrs. Cafeteria Smith's tasty Sunday night dinners, we request that it be closed at sunup Sunday and not reopen till sunup Monday.

WHEREAS, Miss Haps beauties are more gorgeous than ever and whereas we wanna keep them that way, we ask for a three o'clock curfew on week nights for dormitory girls.

WHEREAS, we are getting tired of nothing but cokes in the Grill, we ask that Cephas put in an order for a few cases of root beer and strawberry.

WHEREAS, we don't want the faculty to forget the glories of the teaching profession, we urge a ten per cent cut in all salaries in order to put them on a non-profit basis.

WHEREAS, the school spirit on this campus is so disgustingly prominent, we suggest that the school publications take steps to lessen it; also to lessen this spirit of co-operation between fraternities. Are we to allow a merge of Kappa Sigma and Pi Kappa Alpha?

WHEREAS, we want to get Oblib off to a good start, we'd like him to insist that the hired help spray a lot of the lovely gray fertilizer around every day—keeps us girls on our toes washing our hair.

WHEREAS, Mrs. Goodman is too kind to veterans of the foreign wars, we plead that she give them more work to do.

WHEREAS, we are all swamped with mail and need more time to study our lessons, we would like to have the mail delivered only once each week.

WHEREAS, no one uses it, it would be nice to do away with the golf course.

WHEREAS, we have a new bursar, might we have less spittoons?

WHEREAS, the vets on Miss Haps campus are so chummy with the coeds, how about giving us a little non-fraternization policy?

WHEREAS, we have run out of whereases, we declared this to be the end.

Written this day, Monday, April 1, 1946.

The Student Body.

CHESTER E. MUST GO

A shocking bit of news has been disclosed to our student body. Chester E. stays open during chapel period!

The fact that Mr. Jones continued to carry on business during Miss Haps' weekly period of meditation was announced by J. William Wiggins, president of the student body and Investigator of Subversive Elements Extraordinary. When he told the students, they all voiced their opinion by giving a rousing boo.

We are glad to know that our students have the right attitude.

In fact, we are glad!

But we are sad to think that one so closely associated with Miss Haps students over so long a period fails yet

to have absorbed any of that spirit that has made our institution of learning the only place in the nation where nervous breakdowns come to happen.

Mr. Jones is in the wrong.

President J. William is in the right.

We must show our appreciation of President J. by boycotting Mr. Jones completely. No more dinner parties must be given within his iniquitous walls. No more running and playing upon his marble floors. No more sliding down his pink alabaster counters. No more of that.

Instead, we must patronize our own businessmen who have the right attitude. Clark's Bar is closed during chapel. Cephas' Sandwichery is closed during chapel. The eyes of students are closed during chapel. Oops, mistake.

Nevertheless, we must show Chester E. that we can live without him. And, with all the students pulling together, we can. Maybe.

CONFESSIONS OF A HARE-LIP

(Translations next issue)

To be read with teeth together clamped.

Uh lud uh hurl hunce—ludda kite uh mit.
Mut zhe nid nuh
Luh me en Un've forgoh
Yust why Uh lud her, cum nu nink uh it!

New know, numite muh lip, Uh 'm nuh mad aw;
Uh hava wuf;
Uh hava eezee luf;
En Uh nont gima nam em meeble caw!

Goin' nu kool nu gids ool uzed nu lie
Hat me, en uh
Woon hine muh lip and gri.
Nut yust muh luh—no, nat hwazen hie!

Terific Millsaps Football Teme Jurnies to Calafornya for Rose Boll

It was terific, I'm telling you. We had a speshul trane awl the way to Loss Anjelees, and they had Red Crows gurls at evry stop to danse with us and giv us cofee and donuts. What I mene to say is, it was terific.

What I'm talking about is the trip to the Rose Boll. The Burple and Gripe ast me to rite up a little storey about it, and this is it.

Sense our football teme beat army and navy, evrybody thot we was perty terific. We thot so too, tho I shouldn't say so myself, tho who should no better than me, I don't no.

Anyways, we got thear and thear was a big bann out to mete us. They thot we were perty terific too. We road aroun town on peeple's sholders and then they took us to a big hotle they got thear. We all took bathes becawse we never had seen no silver-inlaid tubs before. At school, we do well to get a shour unse in a wile.

Peeple kept nocking at the dore and asking for our autygrafs. So we x'ed the books and then we desided we needed some sleep. We slept a day or too, excep for the boys hoo sliped out the windos. We foun them next day standing on the corner of Holywood and Vine rippling thear mussles for peeple standing aroun. Three women feinted wile we was thear.

I gess you no what hapened at the game. We murdered them west coast boys. They was pleading for mersy befour the game was over. But we treeted them jesy like we treeted the army and navy boys and didn't pay them no mind whatsoever, excep to walk on thear faces extra hard. Sum of them works in the movies unse in a wile, and I didn't wont none of them perty boys fooling around with Tanna Lerner none. She's perty terific.

Anyways, by the time the game was over, they was all pulpy and we all felt fine. So we wint out to a big movie star's house and took turns pushin eech uther in the swimming pool.

It took about a weak to get all the boys together agane. They was wanting to get in the movies too. But I was mad because I had heard tell that Tanna Lerner had another boy frend, so I made them all cum home. And hear we are.

I gess we are perty terific, at that.

(Editor's note: We haven't changed much of this story. We wanted you to read it in the words of the captain of our team, the only team ever to make All-American unanimously. It has a certain homey quality about it that makes it quaint and appealing at the same time.)

M. Luther Chosen Fairest of All

By a peculiar chain of circumstances, (Miss) M. Luther White has recently been chosen Most Beautiful on Campus. The contest, judged by cosmeticians prominent in our city, was declared a mistrial when the judges learned of M. Luther's true identity, but M. Luther insisted that their decision had been made and could not be changed.

As part of the contest, M. Luther was approached by the cosmeticians to endorse their various products. Here is a brief list of the chosen cosmetics:

Pan-Cake, Rachel No. 1 and 2 for daytime
Lampblack for that mysterious evening-time look
Chantilly, 5 drops behind the ear for daytime
Half a bottle for evening.
Jergen's Lotion for all hours of the day or night
Harriet Hubbard Ayer, especially for people with chapped lips
Thunderclap for sports
Lightning Stroke for school
Coffee Grounds to match Lampblack Pan-Cake.
Mother Machree's Plaster of Paris for minor skin irritations.
For protection against the more

Book Refuse

—by A. M. FUDDLE-DUDDLE

I have a great treat in store for you, boys and girls. I have just had the questionable delight of reading "The Feather Merchants" by an escapee for a pathological ward, Max Schulman.

Now not all of you like to laugh. But I feel sure that all of you like a good sociological study of the United States, your land and my land. This book is just packed brimful of delightful observations upon the social, political, and economic life of these, our United States, your land and my land.

Mr. Schulman has created his characters rather well. Especially was I impressed with Hot Helen, a frustrated school teacher who could "take any man in any land at any game that he could name for any amount that he could count." Mr. Schulman does not explain Helen's frustration, but way down under it all, you can tell that he understood.

Also interesting was Roberto Jordan, who felt compelled to blow bridges. Mr. Schulman exhibits a mastery of psychology as he shows Roberto, going through life, always wanting to blow bridges.

There is something basic and fundamental about the character of the farmer who had a son named Billy who was simple. He is the grass roots of these United States, your land and my land. He is the founder of our race. He is also the producer of our food, the food we eat upon our tables, the tables in our homes, our homes in these United States.

All in all, Mr. Schulman has done a surprising job in his treatise. He has exhibited people as they are, frustrated, basic, psycho, all people though. He is consistent in exhibiting people. He never exhibits inanimate objects. I appreciated his good taste more and more.

Read the book. Read it, I say. Read it and share with me the thrill of turning page after page of printed matter, all written by Max Schulman.

Debaters Demand Student Revolt

Now that the Miss Haps Debate Club has come into its own, now that two-thirds of the student body is active in the forensic group, now that Dr. Smith has been forced before his resignation to grant the Club a fleet of station wagons for transportation to various tournaments around the world, now that not one tournament has been left unwon by Miss Haps Champion Arguenots—Miss Haps Debaters are planning to revolt.

Now that, like all Gaul, Miss Haps has been divided into three parts by political entanglements now that the Debate Club has a strong dictatorial organization now that there is a change of administration going on, now that J. William Wiggins is a tired old man—Miss Haps debaters are planning to overthrow S. E. B.

The time has come for change. The D. E. B. (Debate Executive Board) will be the power behind "The Person" and will no longer be putty in the hands of the board of trustees of a group of yes men and women. Changes yes—Drastic changes will be made in the curriculum.

The revolt is set for Monday.

wolfish males, M. Luther advised:

"Buy a bottle of Little Jiff Ajax Mankiller perfume. Bath in it. No one will come within miles of you."

In Town and Out

Mesdames J. Warren Patterson and Bill Hall motored to the Jackson Steam Laundry for the afternoon on Tuesday.

Visiting the golf course Friday night for a gay little get-together were C. Lamar Parker and F. Cully, U. No Hoo and J. White.

L. Bullie Purerre of Misscoll and Raymond was a recent guest of Miss J. Goodman at Whitworth Hall on this campus.

Friends of the Beta Sigma Omicron basketball team will be happy to hear that they are up and able to be about again.

Mr. Gregory Holmes, known to his critics as Flak Happy, has been discharged from the service and is now taking several one-hour courses at Miss Haps University.

Miss Haps Singers were Kosciusko visitors Sunday.

News has just reached here of the arrival of Seaman George Fitzmorris in Shanghai, China. Our gain is their loss—those who remember Seaman Fitzmorris will never forget his courage that trying day—boxing gloves at 20 paces in the gym.

Those enjoying a trip by motor to Port Gibson and to Natchez were Misses M. Vandiver, P. Carr, J. Willingham, and friends.

Messrs. Lowery Collins, Bill Cook, Ci Allen, and Misses Jean Turnbow and M. Lynn Kenna motored to the Grill yesterday morning returning via Murrah Hall.

Mr. James Ferguson did not meet his first period class on last Saturday. It is feared that his mind has been affected.

Mr. Stewart Broom, one of the oldest citizens in this vicinity, has been ill with a cold. His friends will be glad to read of his recuperation.

Miss Jerry Mayo of Whitworth Hall refrained from making telephone calls long enough to receive one on Saturday.

Mr. J. Warren Patterson has returned to the KA House after spending several hours at Whitworth Hall with Mrs. Patterson.

Mr. Bill Patterson, Clifford Gordon, Bill Maute, Bob Ray, accompanied by four young ladies, spent an enjoyable evening at Tripp's Crossing last Wednesday.

Dr. M. L. Smith, former president of Miss Haps, is returning this week to resume his old position as missionary to the heathen in China. He will be succeeded by former Senator Geodore Thee Oblib.

**THAT'S STUPID!
ON YOUR HEAD!
ARE YOU STUPID?**

"Shut up and drink your beer!" buy an ice cream cone?" "Papa, can I have a nickel to fence."

ed by A. Mann of Some Intelligence. but the place has now been filled by Buxom Blue Eyes. E. Jones. He was replaced temporarily by Mr. Chester. his position as clerk in the restaurant. Mr. Stupid Blank has resigned.

Founders', entertained other faculty members in the Miss Haps. Dox and Dead Eye Massey of E. B. change. Executive behind. of the long. of the group. e made.

Monday night, April 1, at 8 o'clock. Participants will wear green sweaters and carry glasses of water. It is hoped that all 560 members of the Club will be present.

In the meantime, Miss Haps Debaters have obtained from the new bursar \$2500 for the next trip to Miss. College. Let us not stop at such small amounts, students. With the school in our hands, we can all graduate in two years, magna cum laude.

M. Luther Voted No. 1 Beauty; Singers Tour Leads To Loves

Reverse finger of the week at M. Luther (He's lovely, he's talented, he uses Chantilly) White for being Number One beauty on the campus.

A well-covered finger at B. Gem (The body) Cannon for wreaking havoc in the cafeteria. Glad to see that she gets her Wheaties in spite of all.

A poikolothermal finger at Mary (Stars don't fall; it's all part of a scientific theory) Wharton for convincing J. William (A kiss goodnight doesn't lead to another kiss) Wiggins that a primary osculation does not necessarily lead to a secondary osculation.

A stone-walls-do-not-a-prison-make finger at Mrs. J. for urging the boys to return for midnight snacks—Mrs. Hattie (I close at 10 till 10 and I'm proud of it) Cooper, take note.

A silent finger at N. Bess Goss and H. Jolly (The Ya Ta Ta Kids) for never having anything to say to themselves.

An ad infinitum ad nauseam finger at A. Van (Brains) Hook, Harold (Enlightened masses) Bailey, and L. (I follow the crowd) Bailey for lifting the intellectual level of the school. There's one in every class, but how do they manage to make so many? The rumor that Phi Beta Kappa is setting up a separate chapter for them is a rumor only.

Secondary reverse finger at L. Edith Pinkham for furnishing Galloway Hall with a new shower song.

A medicated finger at J. Roy (Here Comes Heaven Again) Bane, Jr., for not looking before he leapt.

An Emily Post finger at the four fraternities for being so tardy in accepting bids to sorority dances—see J. Cirlot for particulars.

Patterson and Patterson are married. The front porch of Whitworth cools off.

Likewise for Hall and Hall. Likewise for Founders. Lewis (Personality minus) Jones has pinned Mitchie (Not so wordily wise) Applewhite. Well, well. Those Singers tours do funny things to people. An unnecessary finger at Gene (Cute kid) Fleming and Betty (Ditto) Brewer for letting nearness lend enchantment. Unnecessary, that is, because everyone has heard already.

A Happy Birthday finger at Joe (Character) Stewart.

A sprained finger at Hazel (Crip) Steen for falling downstairs. She had just gotten back from New Orleans.

A shocked finger at Ruth (Second love first) Pellum for bowing out of the journalistic field to earn money. Slight pause while the student body scratches its collective head and says, "What's that?"

Caroline McKewen has a man. Jean White is being coy. This is April Fool.

Let us not to the impediment of true marriage admit minds.

Sorority Row to Hold Open House

Opening today, April 1, 1946, on sorority row between the hours of 4:17 and 6:23 p.m. the four national sororities of Miss Haps U. will hold open house, after which dancing will be enjoyed in each sorority's respective ballroom. The faculty has graciously consented to serve cocktails at the four sorority houses.

After a magnificent show of generosity on the part of the Board of Trustees, who donated to the sororities the spacious plot on which the houses now stand, the alumnae of each group gave the funds to build the houses.

The Beta Sigma Omicron house is a twenty-one room structure of English Manor type consisting of a drawing room, sitting room, library, ballroom, powder room, card room, dining room, kitchen, and thirteen bedrooms with accompanying baths. The B. S. O.'s spared no expense in obtaining furnishings in keeping with the old English tradition.

Exhibiting a charm more southern than even Senator Claghorn, the Kappa Delta's borrowed from the culture of our Latin American neighbors the Spanish type house. It is of pink stucco with a winding wisteria surrounding a patio of rare charm. The Kappa Deltas have surpassed all others in their pink marble swimming pool appropriately carrying out their color scheme by filling the pool with pink champagne.

The Phi Mus house is truly a mansion in the southern manner. Tall stately columns add grace and elegance to the already imposing edifice. The Phi Mu mansion is furnished with priceless antiques belonging to the three founders, two Mary's and a Martha. Henceforth the Phi Mus will not be found in the grill but serving mint Juleps on their wide veranda.

Always in keeping with the times, the Chi Omegas have chosen a lodge of modernistic design. All the latest that science has to offer has been utilized. The use of Atomic energy is evidenced in the new type of door, the secret of which is still in the hands of Lib Welch. Another interesting feature is the use of plastics particularly in the bathroom which is still in the hands of Jane Walker. The interior is furnished in a lush manner with the colors chartruse and purple predominating.

This afternoon on sorority row promises to be a highlight in the Miss Haps U. social calendar.

Fitts, Walker, White Give Most Unusual Recital

Last Saturday morning Mrs. Eva Clementine Bernice Myers Roberts and Mrs. Magnolia Dandelion Violetta Armand Coulet, presented probably their three most outstanding pupils—Miss Jean White, Miss Rollin Fitts, and Miss Jane Walker. This might be said by some to have been the climax of all the recitals of this season.

The auditorium was graciously and attractively decorated with marigolds, intermingled with nasturtiums and petunias, while large baskets of wild onions perched at various places on the stage. Giving a very natural environment to the recital were the trailing clusters of poison ivy which hung from the balcony. Just before the program the ushers donned two-piece bathing suits, and sprayed Chantilly No. 5 throughout the auditorium.

The first portion of the program was taken by Miss Fitts, who is well known for her crystal, lyric, soprano voice. She was attired in a pink and orange brocaded wool dress, Jacques Originaire Modele. Long green gloves and a corsage of water lilies completed this lovely lady's ensemble. She rendered several very difficult numbers: "I Dropped My Dolly In The Dirt," from the Dirt Suite, No. 10, "Twiddle Dumb and Twiddle Dee", and "Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief".

After each number the audience burst forth in applause, and shouts . . . By much persuasion, she rendered her own version of "Pete, Pete and Repete". Miss Walker appeared next dressed in a red and fuchsia net dress, with a background of oranges and bananas. She wore a matching necklace and bracelet of tiny oranges and bananas. In harmony with the color scheme, she wore a beret made of delicate rust and as she glided out to the stage, a deaf hush fell over the audience. As she began to utter forth her words everyone was stunned. Her selections included: "We Won't Go Home Until Morning", Sonneck's "My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free", one of Moussorgsky's greatest works, "Song of the Flea".

The third part of the program brought forth Miss White, dressed in a purple satin strapless evening dress, which accentuated a tiny bone around her neck. This bone was unusual in that it had previously belonged to a dog. A corsage of spirea and white bitter weeds covered all of her shoulders. Her singing aroused so much feeling and appreciation that often there were sighs, swoons and frequent outbursts. Her song showed that she has great ability and talent. She rendered, "I Have Lost My Euridice" by Gluck, "Madame Butterfly", and "Tristan and Isabella." As an encore she donned an exquisite, plaid bat-

tle jacket and sang, "Let It Snow".

As a final number these three accomplished ladies blended their melodious voices and sang "Hit The Trail". They captivated the audience to such an extent that they dedicated the last number to the women of the faculty and sang "The Old Gray Mares Ain't What They Used To Be." Professor King and other critics present all agree there has never been any thing like it.

Smith Feted At Farewell Fiesta

The new Student Union Building was the scene of a delightful farewell formal given by the ever-loving students in honor of Dr. Smiley Smith, who sails for China the early part of next Thursday to resume his interrupted career as missionary.

Guests were greeted at the door by Professor Harrell, chairman of the dance committee. Delicious refreshments, consisting of pink lemonade and peanut butter sandwiches, were served the guests by Dean W. E. Reeking, who presided at the punch bowl.

The gala occasion was highlighted by a floor show, the theme of which was "She was only a missionary's daughter but you couldn't put anything pastor." The Millsaps chorus girls, composed of the ever-loving female students, were presented in a dance routine, "The Hong Kong Reds".

The climax of the program was the presentation of a 36-piece chop stick service in the Hong Chow pattern by the ever-loving students of the institution to Dr. Smith.

In his farewell address, Smiley stated, "I hope you will all continue to be very happy, and I promise, cross my heart, to write every day. Chop-chop."

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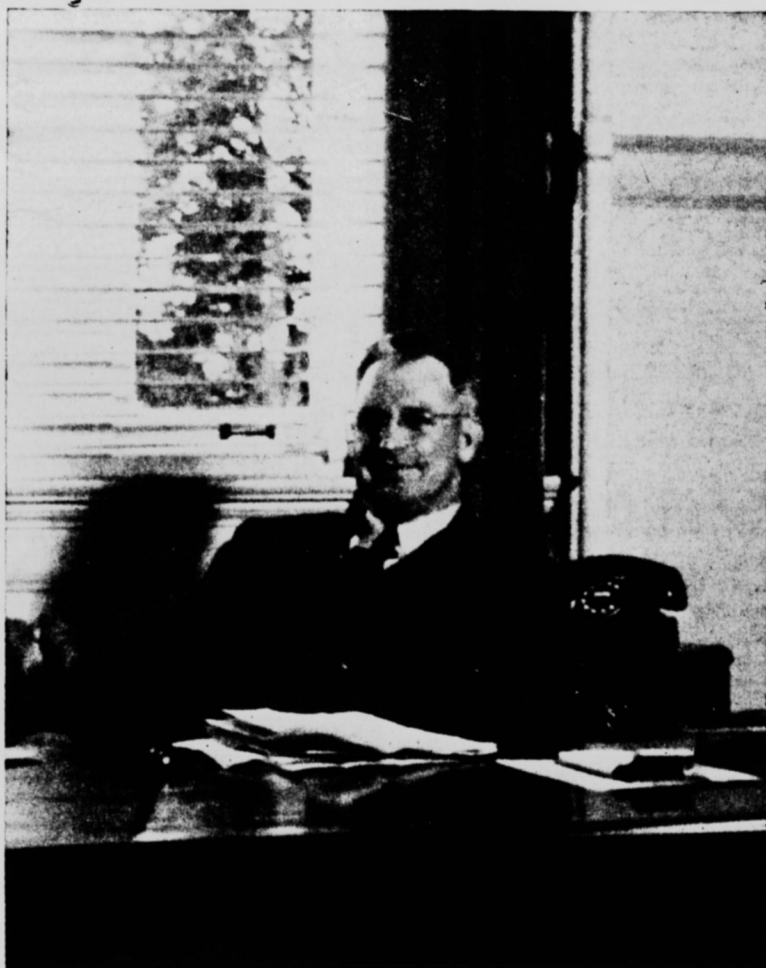
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BEFORE and AFTER

B&G Snares—

(Continued from page 1)
China. You may quote me as saying I have been sold down the river."

In answer to the reporter's query as to the cause of it all, he said:

"The students like him. Attendance has been dropping off at the Smile Club meetings for weeks now. Last week, there was no one there except myself and a pair of false teeth. That's our club flag, you know."

Asked about his plans for the immediate future, Dr. Smith replied: "I'm going into hiding in Major Miss Haps' tomb. It won't be too lonely though. I can listen to Major Miss Haps turning over in his grave."

As the reporter left, Dr. Smith was bravely showing his teeth.

U. Z. Leaves—

(Continued from page 1)
called into active duty by the undernourished, anaemic condition of the student body. "More Beer" he says. In their effort to boost the morale of the sad students, dormitory matrons are urging the girls to stay out as late as they want to every night—but alas no one wants to—

Oh! weep for our Bursar, He is gone!

When his will was disclosed, it was found that U. Z. left his millions to the students of Millsaps, since he has no family. Student publications, Burple and Gripe and The Rubbaheela, received \$100,000. The various student activities—IRC, Debate Club Singers, etc—received \$50,000. Oh, what a noble gesture! Since the money was not needed in any way, the Student Executive Board has voted to erect a large monument in his honor. "He was always so generous with us," they sigh.

Oh; weep for our Bursar, he is gone!

And now, Dear Readers, permit me to remind you that:

"We may make our lives sublime and departing leave behind us Footprints in the sands of time—"

S.A.I.M.D.E.C.U.—

(Continued from page 1)
Some of the more subtle jokes had even been blacked out," complained the Chief Examiner.

"The second day, I investigated the bound files. There I found nothing but love letters written in the library and collected from the wastebasket. They were recorded and arranged beautifully, but I could find no intellectual value in them. They ran mostly to 'moon' and 'June' and that sort of thing."

"The third day, I began checking the shelves. It wasn't too surprising to find shelves of Hemingway and volumes of Thurber. And I didn't mind a section devoted to Max Schullman. But when a truck-load of 'Forever Amber' arrived, that did it!"

The Chief Examiner refused to state when he might reconsider his decision. He did mention, however, something vague about "—when the lower depths freeze over," but he didn't explain the remark.

Higher Living—

(Continued from page 1)
the two jobs. They wish to impress upon applicants, however, the fact that editors of the two school publications must take turns using the school station wagon. Also, telephone bills beyond \$500 a month will not be paid by the business office.

Oblib Replaces—

(Continued from page 1)
minorities and more Anglo-Saxons, I say."

Smith Broken

When finally ferreted out by the press, Dr. M. L. Smith was discovered hiding in Major Miss Haps' tomb. He spoke in broken Chinese until reassured that he was among friends.

"Yes," he told reporters with a sigh, "it's true. Smith has got to go. That's from higher up. I'm resigned to it. What I always say is, less chop suey and more chop-chop."

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THE GRILL

In The Gym

Five Instructors to Join Millsaps Faculty Soon

The addition of five teachers to the Millsaps faculty has been announced by Dr. M. L. Smith. These instructors will join the staff between now and the fall semester.

Dr. H. P. Sturdivant, Ph.D., Columbia, will be in the biology department. He has been teaching at Middle Tennessee State College, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Dr. K. L. Warren, Ph.D., from Michigan State, will begin his work in the department of Math at the opening of the fall term.

Dr. O. C. Weaver, Ph.D., Northwestern University, will join the department of religion for the fall session.

Dr. J. T. Robertson, Ph.D., University of Colorado, will be in the department of political science and government in the fall.

"Doby" Bartling, graduate of Ole Miss, formerly with the Vanderbilt athletic department, will be professor of physical education, director of athletics, and head coach.

Returning to the faculty will be Dr. R. S. Musgrave, Ph.D., Syracuse, head of the psychology department, who has been in the army three years.

Dr. E. S. Wallace, Ph.D., Duke, will return as head of the economics department. He has been working with the OPA for three years. Both these professors will be at Millsaps for summer school.

Communion Service At Vesper Hour Planned for April 17

An outdoor pre-Easter communion service is being planned by the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. to replace the regular vesper service of Wednesday, April 17.

The regular vespers are held on the lawn each day at six p.m. and the subjects follow five general topics. They are as follows: Monday, nature study; Tuesday, music appreciation; Wednesday, art appreciation; Thursday, book reviews; and Friday, group discussions on current events. The individual topics are posted each week on a poster in the front of Murrah Hall. Bob Nay and Patsy Pendergraft are in charge.

At the present time the Y's are attempting to purchase a portable organ which will be used for the services.

Debate Club Chooses Carr, Cobb, Welsh As New Officers

Peggy Carr was chosen president of the Debate Club for the next year at a meeting of the club held recently. Others to serve with her are Dewey Cobb, vice-president, and Lib Welsh, secretary-treasurer.

The group is planning a banquet to be held April 28. A guest speaker for the occasion will be selected in the near future. Time and place for the occasion will be announced soon, according to Peggy Carr.

There will be no more debates this semester, but they will be begun again in the fall.

Episcopalians Plan Canterbury Club For Millsaps

Because of the large number of Episcopalians at Millsaps, an effort is being made to establish a chapter of the Canterbury Club. The Canterbury Club is a national organization sponsored by the Episcopal Church for college students that are members of that church. Episcopalians are urged to sign their names to the list on the bulletin board in Murrah Hall. Contact will be made with them later.

Miss Lewman Speaks To Presbyterians At Regular Meeting

Miss Susan Lewman, director of religious education for the First Presbyterian church in Jackson, was guest speaker at the Westminster Fellowship League meeting on April 3. Miss Lewman spoke to the group about their activities, programs, and socials. She also gave pointers on what the beginning group should do to stimulate interest among its members.

Officers chosen were: Mary Wharton, president; Patsy Pendergraft, vice-president; Sammie Price, secretary-treasurer. Committee chairman are: Sarah Deal, service; Miriam Roberts, enlistment; Ada Mae Bain, social; Frances Williams, worship.

A supper was given Tuesday, April 9, at the First Presbyterian church for the Millsaps and Belhaven groups. After supper, Dr. Girard Lowe, pastor, expressed to the new group his hopes for their work and his joy at having such an organization established at Millsaps.

The new league is planning to help the YM-YWCA with their annual easter egg hunt for the orphans.

For the first study series, the members have chosen Christianity and the College Campus.

Dr. White Names April 19 Deadline for P & W Applications

Applications for the positions of editor and business manager of next year's Purple and White are to be turned in by Friday, April 19, to Dr. M. C. White. The applicants will be considered by the literary committee of the faculty and several members of the Purple and White staff.

Those chosen will be announced the latter part of the month. The last issue of the paper will be put out by the 1946-47 staff.

★
DON'T FORGET!!!!

Spring holidays will be from 4:30, Thursday afternoon until Tuesday morning, April 23, 8 a. m.

★

Well Known Alumnus Speaks On Founders' Day Program

Wharton Green Relates Experiences At Millsaps During '90's

Wharton Green, noted engineer and an early graduate of Millsaps, was the guest speaker at the Founders' Day celebration, April 9. In recounting some of his early experiences, Mr. Green stated that the students today are very fortunate in comparison with the ones of his day.

Prior to Mr. Green's speech, Dr. M. L. Smith conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Science in recognition of his outstanding work.

Tells of Career

Mr. Green told the assembly of the early days of the school, the construction of the first gymnasium, and the first Field Day. Then he spoke of his work since graduation in 1898. He became an employee of the Illinois Central and studied architecture in his spare time. Within three years Westinghouse sent him to England and Scotland for three years of work and research. Upon his return to New York, Mr. Green opened an office with two other engineers. He lives in Summit, New Jersey, and commutes to his New York office.

Building Idlewild

At present, he is engaged in the construction of Idlewild airport, which will be the largest in the world when completed, nearly 5,000 square acres in size. It will have 12 runways, 10 of them a mile long each, and the other two, two miles long. The port will cost \$2,000,000 and will accommodate 360 planes an hour.

Among his noted works are the Triborough Bridge, the Lincoln Tunnel, and the liaison work for the New York World's Fair.

The Millsaps Singers presented three songs for the occasion: "Send Out Thy Light," "Restoration," and "My God and I."

Mr. Green was accompanied by his wife, a former Belhaven student.

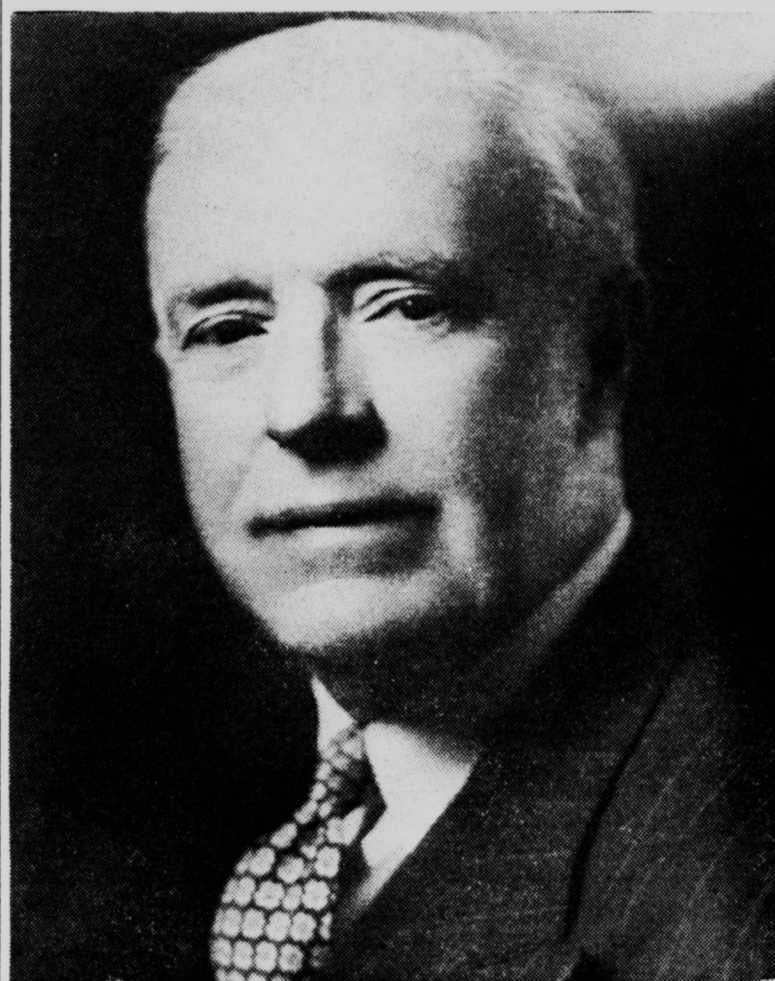
Among the other guests present were Mr. Rex Brown, Reverend O. H. Lewis, Dr. J. R. Countiss, who delivered the invocation, Mr. Garner Green, Judge G. L. Teate, Mr. Bob Sanders, Mr. Percy Clifton, Mr. J. B. Alford, Mayor Leland Speed, Dr. Sullivan, and Mr. Boyd Campbell. These men were guests of the college for lunch.

New College Magazine To Be Released Soon; Student Copy Used

A new magazine, representative of all the colleges in the state of Mississippi, is to be released about May 1, according to Jack White and Kim Mitchell, of State College.

The purpose of this publication, stated White, is to bring all the colleges of the state together and to establish a medium of expression between them. Everything published will be the original composition of students and for all matter used, payment will be made.

The price of this magazine has been at 15 cents a copy or \$1.50 a year. Mr. White and Mr. Mitchell, both veterans, are ready to take subscriptions now.



WHARTON GREEN

Sigma Lambda Plans For Completion Of Lounge

Plans for the improvement of the student lounge in Murrah Hall are being made by Sigma Lambda, according to Mary Nell Sells, president.

The room is to be completed by High School Day, which is April 27. By this time the murals will be finished and more furniture will be added.

Myra Nichols, who is in charge of the work, is urging all organizations and individuals to contribute furnishings for the room.

NOT BIG ENOUGH

New York—The largest airline passenger reservation room in the world is maintained by one of the domestic airlines at La Guardia Field. This room has a staff of 170 people who handle between six and seven thousand phone calls on an average day, plus four thousand teletype messages from other offices in the company's system.

Officers Installed By Chi Omegas

Installed as officers of Chi Delta chapter of Chi Omega for the year beginning March 21, were: Lib Welsh, president; Ann Porter, vice-president; Frances Williams, secretary; Mary Wharton, treasurer; Rosemary Howell, pledge instructor; Betty Klumb, correspondent.

Outgoing officers are:

Vice-president, Charlotte Gulledge; treasurer, Jane Walker; pledge instructor, Ann Porter; correspondent, Alma Van Hook.

Majorettes Release Girls' Intramural Softball Schedule

The softball schedule for girls' intramurals has been released by the Majorette Club. It is as follows:

April 9	BSO vs. Vikings
April 10	KD vs. Phi Mu
April 12	Chi Omega vs. BSO
April 15	Phi Mu vs. Chi Omega
April 16	Vikings vs. Phi Mu
April 17	KD vs. Chi Omega
April 24	KD vs. Vikings
April 26	Phi Mu vs. BSO
April 29	Vikings vs. Chi Omega
April 30	BSO vs. KD

Purple & White

MILLSAPS BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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CAMPUS CASTE

Quite a few ambitious people come to college every year with shining goals receding before them, one of which goals is that of developing social poise and graciousness. The first is an abstraction and means nothing. Social poise can either mean being cool, austere, and impeccable in carriage; or it can mean knowing how to carry oneself disdainfully above the "herd."

The second, social graciousness is a different thing altogether, is real, and is the rarest of campus traits. Social graciousness does not necessitate intellectual, social, or physical snobbery. It does not necessitate selection of company, in the sense of casual acquaintance. Every person, naturally, has a choice of friends or circles of friends; and that is right. On the other hand, nobody has the smallest right to consider himself elevated above others, since even the assertion of his superiority promptly relegates him to the low level of posturing snobs.

Many eager and well-meaning people come to Millsaps hopeful of broadening their social scope. Some succeed (or so I hear) while most of the others accomplish only a narrower scope, whether it is because they find it more comfortable to enjoy their own company than to be rejected by other groups, or because they are admitted into the rosy realms of some tight-laced group, organized and planned well, to be a member of which they must conform to innumerable standards, one of which is a discriminating attitude toward even the people they can converse with.

One girl described a charming "rush" party she attended. There the girls were all smiles, exuding good will effusively. The next day she met some of the girls who had been oh so delightfully friendly. She spoke, of course, and received for her trouble two lifted eyebrows from each girl. It is hardly necessary to add that she was not installed into this organization.

Probably one of the most exhilarating sensations one can feel is the one which descends upon you when you, cordially, seat yourself at a table with students you do not know and the air suddenly becomes colder than the iced tea. Or when you sit in a booth with strange people and introduce yourself—seemingly to people who don't know what Emily Post says about replying to an introduction. Or when you are a ministerial student and someone asks you are you a ministerial student and they giggle in embarrassment and say, "Oh, put out that cigarette, Maisie, quick!" Or when you ask a teacher for extra help and he (or she) says indulgently, "Now really, do you think I have time to help every student who comes along? I'm just terribly sorry." Or when you pick up a P&W and find a finger calling you John (forgive me if I'm ugly; God made me that way) Doe, or read an article like this and say, "That's silly; this is a religious college and we live in a democracy!" But education is a process of learning, and we all learn.—Clifford Gordon.

SUMMER SCHOOL—1946

TUITION:	
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Less than Four Semester Hours, per Hour	7.00
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SUMMARY

Day Students	1 Term	2 Terms
Matriculation Fee	\$ 5.00	\$ 5.00
Library Fee	3.00	3.00
Tuition	27.00	54.00
Total Day Students	35.00	62.00

Dormitory Students—Additional		
Room	10.00	20.00
Board	25.00	50.00
Additional for Dormitory Students 35.00		
70.00		
Total for Dormitory Students		
132.00		

FIRST TERM—May 30, 1946 to June 29, 1946
SECOND TERM—July 8, 1946 to August 10, 1946

SONG OF WRATH

BY BURT SHARP

O! merciless Gods of yon silent regions
with thy cruel indifference and haughty fronts,
look down and smile as thy restless legions
taken up cadence to the cardinal fronts.
Yea, raise to thy lips thy martial horn;
sound loud and clear the battle call,
urging thy warriors, only yesteryear born,
onward to falter, dwindle, and fall.
Yea, smite the heavens with thy terrible sword;
blacken the skies with violence anew;
bring misery and death to thy marching horde,
ere some forget that war spares few.
Now quickly, O Gods of gloom so dire,
rain down thy wrath in seeds of hate;
applaud thy sons lost in the mire;
remind them, if need be, of inevitable fate.
Nay, nay, slacken not now when thy power is all,
but hurry while the earth streams red;
gather them quickly as they weaken and fall;
prepare for those dying their last earthly bed.

Millsaps Gets Vandy's Coach— But Don't Call Him Doby!

Gladdening the hearts of sports-hungry Millsaps students came the announcement Saturday that McNeil "Doby" Bartling will join the faculty as professor of physical education, director of athletics, and head coach.

Coach Bartling's appointment came as the result of extended searching, and he is probably the best man for the job that could be found.

He comes to Millsaps June 1, from Vanderbilt, where he has recently been relieved as acting Head Coach by the noted Red Sanders, who has been in Naval Service.

Bartling was made backfield coach by Sanders upon his return, but the Millsaps offer lured the young Mississippian back to his native section.

Doby was an athlete at Itta Bena high school before going to the University of Mississippi, where he majored and lettered in all sports. He was outstanding as a quarterback despite his lack of real size.

He graduated at Ole Miss in 1936 and went to Canton High, where he had outstanding teams. He moved to Meridian High in 1939 and teamed up with Jim Baxter to produce teams that blanketed the Big 8.

In 1943, he went to Vandy to assist Herc Alley, and when the latter moved down to Auburn, Doby became acting Head Coach for the Commodores. With no material and little hope, he had

football at Vandy last fall, and was acclaimed for the outstanding way in which he handled a difficult situation.

Doby comes to Millsaps to lead those major sports in which the colleges will complete on an inter-collegiate basis: basketball, baseball, and track. He will handle intramural football and at the close of the season may schedule a game or two with the best boys of his various campus teams.

He is a clean-cut sportsman, possessed of high ideals and guided by lofty principles. But opponents will soon discover that he leaves no stone unturned in his consistent efforts to win.

Coach married the former Grace Madden of Gulfport and Meridian, and Mrs. Bartling is a sports expert herself.

WOMEN WILL FLY

Columbia—More than 800 students at Missouri's Stephens College, which initiated an aviation program in 1941 for the first time in the history of a woman's college, are taking aviation courses. There are also 150 students taking flight courses.

TEMPLE of KNOWLEDGE

Dear Temple,
How can I become a BMOC?
I've tried so hard, but no one seems to notice.

Despairingly,

C. C.

Dear C. C.
Why not ask BWOC Welsh?
Also despairingly,
Temple.

Dear T. of K.
How can I make my voice carry downstairs? No one hears me except in the balcony.

P. Powers

Poor P. Powers,
Practice at home nights.
T. of K.

Dear Temple,
How can I control my libido?
I'm really a nice girl, but I just don't know my own strength.

P. P.

Dear P. P.
Go back to B. Correll—he does know his.

Temple.

Dear Temple,
How can I increase my intelligence?

Anxiously,

A. Van H.

Dear A. Van H.
Keep asking questions—You'll get it!!!!

Exhaustedly,

Temple.

Temple,
However did I do it? I think he's so nice.

Happily,

Mitchie.

My dear Mitchie,
We think he's nice too. Hang on.

Also happily,

Temple.

Dear Miss Temple,
How does one go about acting like a senior when one is only a freshman? I've tried simply everything.

Jay B.

Dear J.
Maybe you should try fewer things.

Miss Temple.

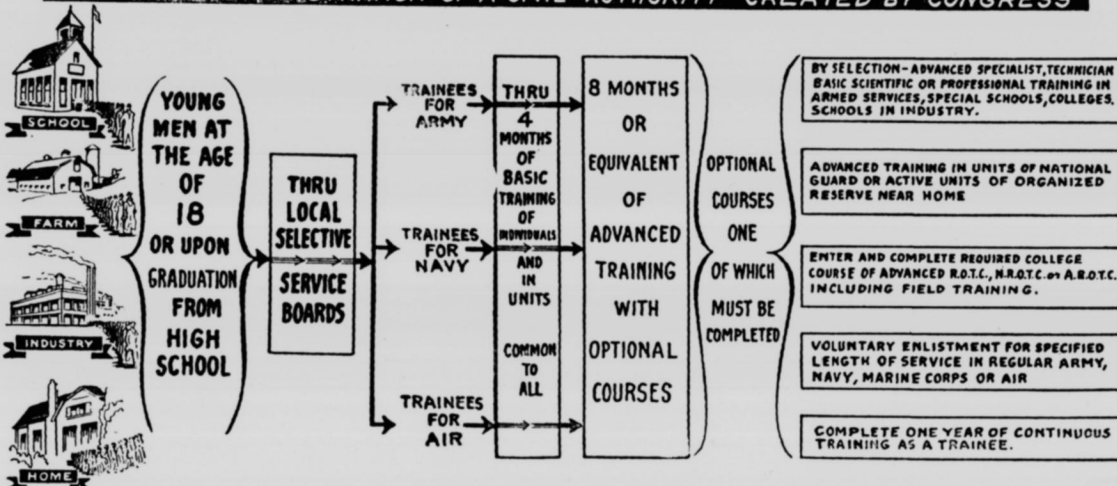
Dear T.
How can I be lovable without changing?

Bo. Ko.

Dear Bobby,
There you have me!

T.

THE AMERICAN LEGION PLAN OF UNIVERSAL TRAINING UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF A CIVIL AUTHORITY CREATED BY CONGRESS



The above is a chart of the American Legion plan of universal training for national security which is being offered as an amendment to the Gurney-May Bill now pending in Congress. In the carefully prepared program, the American Legion believes it has met the objections of the clergy, educators, and parents to other plans.

Under this plan, the young man upon reaching the age of 18 or upon graduating from high school whichever is later, would take a four months basic military training course which could be given during the summer months. Thereafter, he would have five options for completing his advanced training. He would thus be able to select the course that would not interfere with his schooling or business plans. The American Legion believes this is the best plan of military training yet advanced for both the nation and its young men.

Literarily Speaking

Beach Red, by Peter Bowman, is probably the only book which rolled off 1945's presses which succeeded in being unique and being good simultaneously. The book relates the thoughts and the actions of a Marine (Bowman himself) in one hour of battle on a Pacific island.

The prose is arranged so as to resemble, in form and in sound, poetry; though we are told on the format that it is prose and should be read as prose. The book is arranged in divisions of sixty lines, each of which is equivalent to one minute of time, and each line of which corresponds to a second.

He makes effective use of metaphor and simile; it is most refreshing to note that there is nothing about "poppies blowing" and "bombs bursting in air." There is no moral here—and that is good. There is no piteous plea for unity or democracy or freedom. The omission of these moral tones is eloquent in itself. His suggestion for a monument to the dead is a splendid one, and I regret that I cannot quote it here; but I doubt seriously if politicians will stop chiseling maudlin epitaphs long enough to realize that such monuments don't represent anything—they merely glorify something inglorious.

Some critics of this book have thus far assailed the prose used as a mongrel blending of poetry and prose in which each medium loses its strength. Personally, I felt that the subject was handled with authenticity, imagination, and originality.

Catherine Herring To Give Program

Mrs. Armond Coulet will present Miss Catherine Herring in her junior recital tonight, Friday, April 12, at 8:15 in the music building. Mrs. Frank Rea Taylor will be her accompanist.

The first part of her program will consist of "Bid Me to Live" by Hatton, "The Slighted Swain" arranged by Wilson, "Dove Sono (Le Nozze di Figaro)" by Mozart, and "Sognia" by Schira.

"Chere Nuit" by Bachelet, "Ah, Je veux vivre (Romeo and Juliet)" by Gounod, "Après un Reve" by Faure, and Aria: "Si michiamano Mimi (La Boheme)" by Puccini compose the second part of Miss Herring's program.

In the third and fourth parts of her program, she will render the following selections: "Great Peace Have They" by James Rogers; "Sea-Shell" by Carl Engel, "A Memory" by Rudolph Ganz, "Floods of Spring" by Rachmaninoff, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" by Hageman, "Vainka's Song" by Whishaw, "Sing a Song of Sixpence" by Malotte, and "The Answer" by Terry.

Someone said, after seeing Adventure: "Gable's back and Garson can have him!"

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Chi O's Celebrate 51st Anniversary

Chi Delta of Chi Omega celebrated its 51st anniversary, Founders' Day, at a spring Eleusinian banquet on April 5 at 7:30 p.m. in the Convention Hall of the Edwards Hotel. Active and alumnae members attended. After a ceremony commemorating the founders, Elizabeth Welsh, president, introduced the officers of the active chapter: Ann Porter, vice-president; Frances Williams, secretary; Mary Wharton, treasurer; Rosemary Howell, pledge instructor; Betty Klumb, correspondent.

The highlight of each Eleusinian banquet is the presentation of the awards for the year. The most outstanding girl from each class is presented with Chi Omega stationery. These awards were as follows: freshman class, Miriam Roberts and Betty Dossett; sophomore class, Ann Porter; junior class, Elizabeth Welsh; senior class, Charlotte Gullede. The scholarship award was presented by Shirley Chichester, president of the alumnae, to Ann Porter. The traditional Chi Omega, necklace, awarded to the member who has contributed the most to the chapter, was presented by Jane Walker to Elizabeth Welsh.

After the awards were presented, the group sang Chi Omega songs.

The first, and possibly still the only, high school in the nation to own its own airport is the Shelby County School of Aeronautics, Whitshaven High School, Memphis, Tenn. The landing field and parking space closely adjoins the school buildings.

Scads of Fads

Nina Bess Goss at St. Andrew's wearing a beige straw picture hat and making even the angels look a little pale.

Shirley Conn consistently mismatching her clothes and her lipstick. Her particular favorite seems to be fire-engine red with fuchsia.

The incomparable Skid more looking her usual suave self in those tailored suits.

With blinded eye, Jerry Fortenberry wearing those Millsaps-Singers-tour acquisitions that everyone thinks are pajama tops.

Virginia Rehfeldt rushing a suntan by at least six weeks with leg makeup. But Virginia, hon, it goes on up and down, not round and round.

Annie Ruth Callahan in something different almost every day. We don't know her sources yet.

Gene Fleming looking more like a pixie than ever in those gay plaid shirts he got in New Orleans.

Carroll Steen wearing green often enough for everyone to know how wonderful she can look.

Jean White looking lush in that black and white and green and red thing that we think everyone will cherish.

Carl Bunner making Mrs. Goodman's life one round of rapture by wearing the prettiest ties on the campus.

Sarah Deal looking veddy, veddy elegant at the KD reception in an aqua suit and a hat that just wouldn't quit.

Almost everyone hitching up her hair with what appears to be a hawser and dangles below the left ear (or the right, as fate may have it) like a hank of yarn.

Latin Students Sunt Ibid Smart, Ex Hasto Pronto Pasto Moutho

In spite of the fact that Millsaps *discipuli sunt* going to the *canes* ("dogs," you *canis*) *et sunt* losing interest in *sua studia*, there remains *unus* group who *sunt* holding the educational fort. *Illi sunt* the brave souls who still consider *id* worthwhile to peruse the classics, which any intelligent person knows form the bulwark of education.

To *magistri* Mrs. Armand Coulet *et* Dr. Alfred Porter Hamilton goes the praise for fostering the flame of classic learning. Mrs. Coulet *est nota* by her *discipuli* for her

charm, her fondness for red, and her favorite principle of teaching: Make 'em work and like it! As for Dr. Hamilton, *sui discipuli* also *amant* him. His personal motto is as follows: Make 'em think they can do a lot more than they (or I) think they can, and they'll usually do more than they intend.

The writers being studied just now in the Department are Gaius Plinius Caecilius (Pliny in English, pronounced to rhyme with *ninny*) *et* Gaius Julius Caesar. The consensus of opinion concerning these two men is, "They were probably nice ol' boys, but why did they have to spoil it all by writing Latin?" Gaius Julius ("Gallia est omnia divisa in partes tres," etc.) was evidently a scientifically minded man of great modesty. Pliny loved everybody

(especially Pliny) and had lots of friends, to whom he wrote letters about his villa. He even liked his mother-in-law, who, by the way, was very rich.

The department, which now offers two classes of Latin 12 and one class of Latin 21, has its share of illustrious campus favorites, including Mr. M. L. White, of great renown. Lately, however, Mr. White strolled nonchalantly into class, as is his wont, and announced that he was unfortunately dropping the course. The reply was that he needn't bother, because he had already cut out anyway. At his departure, all wept and gnashed their respective teeth. He was the only

RUTHERFORD HAYES AND ANNE BOLEYN

By Clifford M. Gordon

"Su-weet A-dee-line, su-weet A-dee-line, su-weet A-dee-line . . ."

The young man passed the house once every evening, as he returned from a day's labor in the cotton field, and heard the deep masculine voice rise from behind the old house. There was never any more to the song, nothing more than "su-weet A-dee-line," and this over and again, chanted and sung, while the impact of an axe against firm

Kappa Alphas Meet At University

The fourteenth annual state convention of Kappa Alpha was held at the University of Mississippi on Friday, March 22. The theme for the meeting was "The Future of Kappa Alpha in Mississippi".

An open house was given at 4:30 that afternoon at the Phi Mu sorority house in honor of the visiting Kappa Alphas. Following was an evening banquet with Mr. Eugene Thompson of Marks as Toastmaster and Mr. Rabun Jones of Leland, province commander of White Province, speaking on the theme. All the members were invited to the Delta Psi dance, which followed.

Business and committee sessions were held the next day. A barbecue was held Saturday afternoon on the terrace of the KA house. The activities were climaxed by the annual Kappa Alpha ball, which was held at the University Armory with the Mississippians furnishing the music. The convention was concluded Sunday at services held at the First Baptist church.

The official delegation from Alpha Mu of Millsaps included Nat Hovious, Ernest Jordan, Tom Hairston, and Jack Bishop. Pledges attending were John Cirlot, Bill Cook, and Tommy Riley.

puer in the class. And he was so gay!

But in spite of this serious detriment to the study of Latin, life will go on. Latin will continue to be a source of inspiration to this ambitious group of students. The reward for the more diligent will be membership in Eta Sigma Phi. Members of this Society always enjoy the dainty refreshments, the intellectual company of their fellow students in the classics, and the Jokes. (One never really has a sense of humor until one has studied Latin.)

This is not a paid advertisement, but a true description of the joys of classic study. All those interested in taking Latin next year need not necessarily be sane, but must give proof of their character, intellectual ability, and love for true labor. Not required, but desired, is a strong constitution, which is of great value for toiling away into the wee hours. In short, the Coulet-Hamilton *discipuli* must get all credit for any vestiges of True Scholarship still left at Millsaps.

oak intermitted. Always the man cut trees. He had not lived here in this house long, and there were plenty of trees; but the boy wondered how long the trees would last if the man cut them as steadily, as methodically, as he was now in the process of doing.

Indeed the man (and his wife or his daughter or whoever the dingy haired girl whose sleepy eyes appeared at the window occasionally was) had been in the house only 2 weeks. Until the time of his occupation, the house had stood, like a forgotten object, by the side of the road, gradually settling into what would eventually be a pile of decaying boards.

Then one day the boy had passed by on his wagon and had heard the words of the song coming from behind the house with the sound of axe blows accompanying. In the window of the old house was hanging a flour sack with the words OBELISK SELF-RISING FLOUR facing the road, and on the front porch there was a single chair, a sagging old vine-chair such as gypsies sell on the roadside.

As the boy looked at the transformation, he saw two eyes, over which two thick brows hovered, peer through threads of black hair and through the window at him. He stared, the eyes received his stare, and then the eyes, the hair and the brows ducked below the level of the window and disappeared. Day after day there was the same operation, each role was played with ease, though at infrequent intervals the eyes would not appear. Soon a pile of well-cut wood began to blot out a patch of sky on one side of the house and the blot spread with every day. Strangely enough, the boy had never seen the man whose voice he heard, nor had he seen the whole of the woman who peeped over the window sill. He determined to see them both.

One hot day in September, the boy crept along the road, returning from a day's work in the cotton fields. The sun had fallen on him thickly this day; he was hot and he was fatigued. Now was his opportunity. He had seen that the well on the side of the house opposite the woodpile had been repaired for use. He drew his wagon off into the sand at the edge of the road and halted the horses. The eyes appeared at the window, but vanished immediately when he waved.

From behind the house the monotonous refrain "Su-weet A-dee-line" followed the regular clomp of axe into oak. The boy strode to the back. There he came up behind a tiny little man

(Continued on page 4)

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RUTHERFORD—

(Continued from page 3)

who had, however, powerful arms, which threw the axe into a regular, slow arc. The boy cleared his throat. The arc ended in the log and the axe was left there. The man turned. He had a twitching face over whose surface transient smiles surged and receded.

He spoke, extending his hand after it had been wiped on his overalls, "Howdee, son. Welcome. I am Rutherford Hayes. Pleas't to meetcha!" The boy spoke and requested a drink of water, explaining that he was a neighbor. "Wal, now, that's fine, fine! Rutherford Hayes is always proud to help a neighbor. Dohter! Bring me a cup to git some water from the well with. That's my dohter in thair. Her name is Ann Bowlin. We just moved in yestirdee."

"Yesterday?" the boy queried. "But I thought I saw yore furniter here a coupla weeks ago."

"I say I moved in yestirdee," the man said emphatically, "and nobody doubts the words of Rutherford B. Hayes!" At the door appeared a barefooted girl. Her long black hair scraggled down about her shoulders and back and partly over her face. In her hand she had a chipped cup which she clung to with fright. She would have been rather pretty, except for her dirtiness and for her glazed eyes.

She spoke. "Pa, here is yo cup. Here's yo cup, Pa, you ast fer." She handed the cup to her father, twisted her bulbous eyes toward the boy, gave one bold look, then ran into the house, though after she had gone the boy could still see her eyes straining to see between the crack of the back door.

The boy wiped the mold from the cup with his sleeve and, after rinsing the cup with the water, he emptied it once. Rutherford Hayes said, "Son, you must come and see me again. You see, there's a lotta responsibility restin' on my shoulders. It ain't no small matter to be head of a nation." He pointed to the woodpile. "Look thar at the Germans I've kilt. Ever day I shoullder my rifle and march into their front lines, mowin' down the Germans. Dohter! Dohter! Come ere."

At the door the skinny girl re-emerged, her hair oddly more askew than before (no doubt she had made futile and unnecessary attempts to comb the mass of it), and on the front of her dress was a big wet spot around an egg-stain she had been trying to erase.

"Dohter, whip up a mess of biscuits. This year young gennel-man is goin' to eat with us. Tell the old man to git up. The old man," he explained to me, "is my son. He's 84."

The boy realized he would have to leave fast. He was afraid because he could not understand. "I gotta go," he hastened to say. "I gotta go; my pa's waitin'. Goodbye."

As he stumbled down the bank, the man called, "By the way, son, my name's Rutherford Hayes. My dohter is name Ann Bowlin. Speak to him, Ann."

Ann called, "Yew'll come back, won'tcha? Wontcha? Bye!"

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LOOK'S RECORD REVIEW

TOPS IN WAX—*Love Me and I've Got The World On A String*. Woody Herman and the Herd, band poll winners of 1945, usher in their first pairing for the year with these titles. The former



shows the great Herman trumpet section of Candelari, Berman, Hefti, Lewis, and Rogers in rare and frantic form. Gold Award winning "Flip" Phillips tenors through both sides, Frances Wayne sings *Love Me*, and Woody handles both vocals and the clarinet in the latter (Columbia).

BOOGIE—Decca features the powerhouse trumpeting of "Little Jazz" by Roy Eldridge in a Buster Harding tune, *Little Jazz Boogie*. Dynamic Roy reaches for his bag of tricks in his trumpet rides and uses punching riffs, trills, and some stratospheric notes. His high ones into the fade-away are always exciting, and an Eldridge trademark. On the reverse he solos to the Gershwin oldie, *Embraceable You*.

VOCAL STANDOUT—The "Voice" has a pair of winning titles—*Oh! What It Seemed To Be* and *Day By Day*. Both



are sugary with sentiment in a strictly wistful vein. Frank Sinatra's handling of the lyrics, and backed on both sides by some truly fine orchestrating by Axel Stordahl, will make his fans shout with glee, and others, fans or not, nod with approval (Columbia).

DANCE DISCS—Charlie Spivak runs the gamut of his famed "sweetest trumpet" style in *The Bells of St. Mary's*, from the RKO picture of the same name. His muted trumpet is supported by soft brass which establishes the theme. Throughout,

all effects are highly pleasing, and are handled with excellent taste. Jimmy Saunders sings the vocals, and, for the fade, the band resolves into the tones of the Great Organ. On the flip-over Jimmy Saunders sings, *You Can Cry On Somebody Else's Shoulder*, which is done at a lively and easy dance clip (Victor).

Harry James gives an expansive treatment to the Chopin adaptation, *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*. Here the James horn is heard in a groovy, open style that is lifted by a highly danceable beat that the band drops in for support. Buddy Di Vito sings the vocals to an all-out sweet James arrangement. The platter-mate, *Baby, What You Do To Me*, has a lusty dance kick, screaming brass riffs, and vocal by chirper Kitty Kallen (Columbia).

Carmen Cavallaro turns in one of his best performances to date with a dance arrangement of *Warsaw Concerto*. His flying fingers round out a type of piano technique seldom heard in a dance band. Throughout there is exceptionally good taste in the handling of muted brass and strings with unusual responsive effects. On the backing he plays, *A Love Like This*, and injects a buoyant Latin rhythm to support his piano and band, and also has the vocal sung by Gloria Foster (Decca).

NEW AND WORTHY IMPRESSIONS IN WAX

SYMPHONY—Bing Crosby, Vocal (Decca)
WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN—Les Brown, Dance (Columbia)
SOME SUNDAY MORNING—Louis Prima, Dance (Majestic)
HUMORESQUE—David Rose, Concert Dance (Victor)
I'M THROUGH WITH LOVE—Dick Brown, Vocal (Guild)

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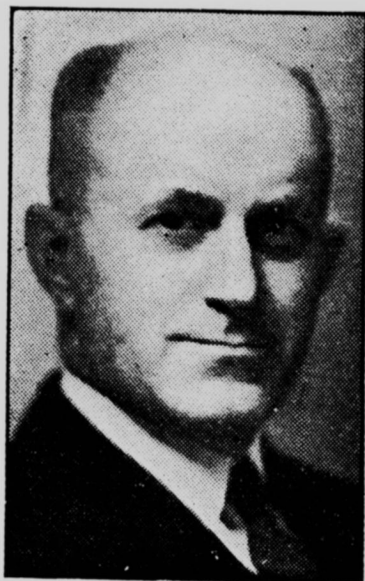
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Dr. H. B. Trimble, Candler Dean, Will Deliver Baccalaureate Talk

Dr. H. B. Trimble, Dean of the Candler School of Theology, Atlanta, Georgia, will deliver the baccalaureate sermon to the Millsaps graduating class of 1946 at Galloway Methodist Church on Sunday, May 26, at 10:55 a.m.

Dr. Trimble, who is a Virginian by birth, has long been associated with the Methodist Church as pastor and teacher and is the author of three religious books.



DR. H. B. TRIMBLE

He received his A.B. degree from Roanoke College, his B.B. from Vanderbilt, his A.M. from Columbia in 1913, and doctor's degrees from Roanoke, Hendrix, and Boston University. He also holds a degree from Union Theological Seminary in New York.

For several years, Dr. Trimble was pastor of the McKendree Methodist Church in Nashville and he served for six years as professor of homiletics at the Candler School of Theology before being elected dean.

Hamilton Attends Language Meets

Dr. Alfred P. Hamilton, head of the language department, recently returned from Natchitoches, Louisiana, where he attended a foreign language conference at Northwestern State College, held May 3-4. While there, Dr. Hamilton spoke on "Parallels in Lucretius and Vergil."

Among the well-known educators there were B. L. Ullman, professor of languages at the University of North Carolina, who spoke on "The Origin and Development of the Alphabet," and James B. Tharp, from Ohio State University, whose subject was "Are Foreign Languages Tool or Cultural Subjects?"

On April 18-20, Dr. Hamilton was present at a convention of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, which was held in Cincinnati. While there, he was re-elected vice-president from Mississippi.

Last year, as vice-president, he met in St. Louis, with other members and planned this year's program.

Applications for the position of editor and business manager of the 1946-1947 **Bobashela** are to be handed in to Dr. Ross Moore as soon as possible. The faculty literary committee will vote upon these at an early date.

YW Names Officers; Godbold Elected President for '46

Laura Mae Godbold was chosen to head YWCA for the year 1946-1947 in a recent election. Other officers elected are Mary Ridgway, vice-president; Mary Wharton, secretary; and Billie Brewer, treasurer.

The Y Cabinet has not been completed yet and will be announced at a later date.

Lois Bending and Laura Mae Godbold attended the state YWCA conference at Allison's Wells on April 5, 6, and 7, where Laura Mae was chosen state president of Y.

According to an announcement made by Dr. Smith, Dr. Goodrich C. White, president of Emory university, Atlanta, Georgia, will be the speaker at the graduation exercises of the graduating class of 1946. Exercises will be held on Monday, May 27, at 8:15 in front of Sullivan-Harrell Hall.

IRC Elects Officers; Patsy Pendergraft Named New President

The International Relations Club met on Friday, May 3, in the Student Lounge to elect new officers.

Patsy Pendergraft was chosen president; Dan Wright, vice-president; and Ned O'Brien, secretary-treasurer.

Four new members were chosen for the organization. They are Stewart Broom, Bob Lacy, George Temple, and Jack Shanks.

The next meeting will be held Friday, May 17 at the home of Patsy Pendergraft.

Oh Boy! Field Day At Millsaps! Enlightening Revue Presented

The sunlight dribbled through the venetian blinds in Burton, in Founders, in, in fact, all the edifices of Millsaps. It was a beautiful morning, calm and free. The trees stamped like great jade elephants against the horizon. The mocking birds, still bravely singing, flew above the blowing wild onions. The naked, shivering breezes wafted the delicate fragrance over the campus. It was field day! The day forward to which the students had looked.

Down on the football field the eager students gathered for the events. A fraternal spirit prevailed.

The first event was the high jump. An obstacle ten feet high was erected. Clifford Gordon, his bronzed body flowing with muscular vitality, was first. Like an antelope he ran forward, ascended, and floated over the poles, landing on. Next George Scott stepped forward with equanimity*, epitome* of leonine masculinity, lithe and slim. He, too, sailed over the poles and landed on. One by one the contestants stepped forward. All were tense with anticipation. Finally, however, Miss Carolyn McKewin strode forward. "De boid to dem bums," she said softly; and, like a fowl, she was wafted up, up, up by the cricket-like spring of her legs. Since she did not land on, she was awarded the prize—a lovely two-piece ensemble donated by Adele's Grill.

The potato race was enjoyed by all. This consists, you know, of having contestants race while carrying potatoes in spoons without dropping the potatoes in the spoons on the ground. The hilarity of this was added to by the presence of the cooks Mrs. Cafeteria Smith had to run alongside the racers to catch the potatoes which she hoped to employ in the potato salad she planned to serve at noon. Miss Helen Jolly, with her usual composure, won this race, mouth shut. The prize was a copy of **Forever Amber**.

The weight lifting contest was won, though fiercely contested, by Mr. Bob Bullen, who pulled a few wires.

The intelligence test saw Miss Carroll Steen, Professor A. G. Sanders, and Miss A. Van Hook com-

peting madly. Mr. Sanders and Miss Steen never had a chance. The prize was a book of 100 most frequently asked questions and their answers.

The most extemporaneous event was a 100 yard dash run by Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Goodman, and Mlle. Craig. Some impulsive person (I believe it was Mrs. "Dead-eye" Massey) suggested it to the three ladies.

"Je le croire bien!" said Mlle. Craig.

"With ebullience!" said Mrs. Goodman.

"Yep!" said Mrs. Stone.

The three ladies lined up at the mark, but there was a slight delay during which Mlle. Craig, muttering a few well-selected French idioms, was brought back to the starting line from which she had strayed forward. They were off neck-and-neck, streaking like comets down the field. Mrs. Goodman fell (I, being a student, shall not say why), Mrs. Stone lost a shoe, and Mlle. Craig panted over the finish line triumphantly.

Afterwards the students were served dainty little lunches consisting of diluted iced tea, cold slaw, and a roll (as well as potato salad with a most distinctive flavor), costing them only 60 cents worth of tickets from their mealbooks.

A good time was had by all.

*Mrs. Goodman's Word List.

*Ibid.

(Ed. note: This story was written ahead of time for field day. All good newspapers write stories ahead of time. That's why they hire only gypsy tea leaf readers, from the song of the same name. We knew how it would turn out. Now, so do you.)

May 16 Set As Election Date By Student Executive Board

DAN WRIGHT, DENNIS ROBERTS RECEIVE NOMINATIONS FOR PRESIDENT

Elections for Student Executive Board officers will be held on Thursday, May 16, according to an announcement made by Joe Wiggins, president. The second primary will be held Thursday, May 23.

According to the constitution, SEB is allowed to make two nominations. Other nominations can be made from the student body by presenting petitions bearing the signatures of 1/10, (52) of the enrolled students. These nominations must be presented to a member of SEB on or before Tuesday, May 14, at 1:00.

Sigma Lambdas Elect Rosemary Nichols As New President

Rosemary Nichols was elected to succeed Mary Nell Sells as president of Sigma Lambda, women's leadership sorority, at a meeting held on April 25. Other officers chosen to serve with her are Lib Welsh, vice president; Rebecca Ely, secretary and treasurer; and Julia Goodman, historian.

The election was held following a dinner at Mrs. M. L. Smith's home.

Sigma Lambda has announced that the Student Lounge in Murrah Hall has been completed and rules will be posted soon by Carroll Steen, rule chairman.

Improvements have also been made on the Murrah Hall bulletin board. Those in charge were Rosemary Nichols and Rebecca Ely.

'Mr. Pim Passes By' To Be Given May 15; Bullen Heads Cast

"Mr. Pim Passes By", a three-act comedy with an English setting, will be the concluding presentation of the Millsaps Players, to be given Wednesday, May 15 at 8:00.

Bob Bullen plays the title role of Mr. Pim. Ethel Eastman plays Olivia Martin, and Bill Dement has the part of George Martin, Olivia's husband. Edith Gussio is Diana Martin, George's daughter. Tom Hairston is Brian Strange, and Laura Mae Godbold plays Lady Martin. The part of Ann, the maid, is played by Rosemary Howell.

Dr. M. C. White is directing the play. He states that "Mr. Pim" will be given one night only, and he urges all Millsaps students to attend.

Dan Wright and Dennis Roberts have been nominated for president. Running for vice-president are Ned O'Brien and Pat Clendenning. Polly Crisler and Lib Welsh are SEB's nominations for the office of secretary-treasurer.

A ballot booth will be set up in Murrah Hall for the elections and will be in charge of a member of SEB at all times.

The head cheerleader, chosen in the same manner, will be elected in the fall.

Seniors Attend High School Day

Millsaps held its annual High School day on Saturday, May 4, which was attended by high school seniors from all over the state.

The program for the seniors consisted of an aptitude test, on the basis of which scholarships will be awarded. The scholarship winners will be announced at a later date. Amounts of \$500, \$250, and \$125 (2) are awarded to the contestants with the highest scores.

The visitors were given a chance to become acquainted with the campus. They ate in the cafeteria, after which they attended a program in Murrah auditorium.

The day was concluded by a tea at Whitworth Hall.

GORDON SELLS POEM

Clifford Gordon, reporter for the P&W, recently sold a short poem "Smoke" to **Tomorrow** magazine. This magazine, comparatively new in the field, is primarily a literary publication catering to young writers. Although this is Clifford's first sale of poetry, he has an agreeable number of rejection slips to show for his efforts. The poem has not yet appeared in **Tomorrow** and as it is not known which issue will contain it, he feels it unwise to publish it elsewhere.

Purple and White

MILLSAPS BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Jackson, Mississippi, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PATSY PENDERGRAFT Art Editor

DROPPING THE EDITORIAL "WE"—

My father went to Millsaps, and so did I. He flunked chemistry, and so did I. He was editor of the paper, and so was I.

My mother, too, was an editor once upon a time. When her career as a journalist ended, she wrote an editorial entitled "That's all there is." But I couldn't use that—too much local color.

So here I am, at the end of a college career. This is the last time I shall sit over a hot typewriter and wonder why 15 news stories weren't turned in. This is the last time that I shall worry over whether I have enough copy for a 4-page paper and wonder why someone hasn't invented a 3-page paper. This is the last time that I shall hear remarks about the Finger.

It is the end of a lot of other things too. Eight o'clock classes, "no cokes" in the Grill, tests every three days, and cuts once a year. The things that will stand out in my memory are: sophomore lit (and Byron's love life), Shakespeare (and the nights I've sworn, after six straight hours of memorizing, that never again will I wait till the last minute), V-12 (natch) freshman gym class (when the sailors and Marines came by to whistle), biology class (with labs and dogfish), THE COMPREHENSIVE (while I wrote a poem), Purple and Gripes I have known and loved, and my last semester (when I thought I was going to have such an easy time, and all the veterans came back, and all the other girls dated veterans, and all I did was read 50,000 pages of paralled reading).

The next issue of the Purple and White will find a sign out—not the Purple and White sign—"Under new management." There will probably be a P&W every week . . . and a Finger likewise.

But this is my swan song. I've had some nice people to work with, and some clever ones, and even once in a while, some dependable ones. It was a lot of work and a lot of misery and a lot of nights wondering if it was worth it—and it was.

It's traditional for alums to return to college and say, with just the suggestion of a quiver in their collective voices, "I spent the happiest days of my life here, etc." Well, that proves that I'm smarter than the alums, because I knew it all the time.

As they say, "Ex hihilo nihil fit," which when translated reads: "The first hundred years are the hardest."

HOW ABOUT A TEACHERS' UNION?

Most people in the South don't hold with strikes. Being an agricultural, and therefore conservative section of the country, we feel that our strike-bound brethern of the North are an alien lot, grasping for more than they need, opportunistically twisting the arm of capital. We feel no sympathy for labor as a class.

But if we thought it over a moment, we could find a similar situation here—in every city, town, and crossroads of the South. The teachers, especially in Mississippi, are the most over-worked and underpaid workers we have.

For the privilege of teaching in a city school, teachers must spend summers attending school—summers during which they draw no salary. In return for months spent in institutions of very higher learning, these teachers are allowed to teach in schools—usually at the beginning salary of \$80.

A teacher's life is not the most wonderful in the world. In small towns, her (The feminine gender seems to predominate in the profession) existence is watched over, prayed over, and gossiped over by every person in the community. Her day begins with the tolling of the school bell and ends when she has graded the final paper and falls into bed, exhausted. She spends six or seven hours in the classroom, under the observant eyes of formative youths. She spends

several hours in the afternoon directing school plays or working on the school paper or coaching the basketball team or taking care of any other extra-curricular work necessary. She has to be on hand for all school activities at night.

The romantic life of a teacher is even more closely inspected. She hasn't a chance with the rising young businessman of the community because they are usually "promised to another." If she goes with anyone whose reputation is slightly questionable, her job is at stake. She attends Sunday School and church constantly, or her reputation is at stake.

And for what? For \$80 a month—8 or 9 months a year.

In the good old days, people used to teach school to better humanity. Humanity repaid them with a sock in the eye by continuing to dole out a meager pittance that no mine worker could consider living wages. Humanity gave the teaching profession a patronizing pat on the back, a "Well done", and maybe a \$5 raise once every ten years.

When teachers finally retire, they have their choice of retiring to the homes of relatives or the county poor house. Attending summer school has eaten up most of their savings. Perhaps if they kept the same job for 40 years, never missed a class, taught Sunday School, never had a date, and swept up the classrooms on the janitor's day off, a benevolent board of trustees will award them with a 30% pension—if the teacher seems to be tottering on the brink of eternity anyway and won't be a drain on the budget for more than several years.

During the war, some teachers saw the light. They decided to let humanity take care of itself (as it always has) and got jobs in aircraft factories or joined the service. Some of them even were bright enough to stay away from teaching when the war was over.

And that leads to the present-day situation. Schools are having a hard time. There aren't enough teachers. Just teachers—not well-trained, eager, moral teachers—just teachers. If those who are in the profession would band together in defense of their much-forgotten rights, they might be able to do themselves and everyone else a service by demanding better pay, shorter working hours (less extra-curricular work), and more rights as private citizens and not just automatons supported by the tax-payers.

School-teaching could be one of the best professions. It offers the chance to watch minds growing. It is an ever-expanding, challenging field of work. But at \$80 a month, who cares about accepting challenges?

It is the opportunity and duty of our teachers-to-be to demand payment in full for services rendered. It is their privilege to lift the profession from its present scale and make it a desirable occupation.

SONNET TO A SENATOR

Clifford M. Gordon

O thou proponent of the Great Ideal:
Subservience of the minorities—
Supremacy of the majorities—
Send to the eager masses your appeal.
In clarion tones, frenetical and shrill,
Smote the bored heavens with thy frenzied pleas
And send thy hot air wheezing through the trees.
Bid every fair and active mind be still.
O drag behind thee, besmeared with red clay,
The name thee were selected to uphold.
Inspire the alien lookers-on to say:
"Land of the bigoted and bold!"
O keep us chained, yet, underneath thy sway,
Lest we as slaves to Wisdom should be sold!

Fact or Fiction? How About It? Must We Endeavor For Naught?

Is the Dean's List fact or fiction? On an obscure page in the new 1945-46 Millsaps bulletin there is slight mention of this left-over from the days eleven cuts plus for those students having a two-point average for the preceding semester and not keeping firearms.

Millsaps' incomplete reconversion is evident here in the fact that the rewards for good scholarship have been taken away. Abe Bee, typical two-point averages, was enrolled in the Greater Millsaps University before the war. As a reward for Abe's outside reading and apple-polishing, Dean Riecken allowed him to cut any classes as often as he liked. When Abe joined the navy and was sent back to the U.S.S. Millsaps, he was crushed to learn that the Dean's List was no more, but was pacified to see his name in print on the semester honor roll.

Upon his release from the armed services, Veteran Abe rushed immediately for the Millsaps bulletin. There he read, with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks, of the Dean's List. Our happy boy quickly registered and soon broke all former scholarship records. At the beginning of the next semester, he was so tired that he cut classes for the first three weeks. No one was more surprised than Abe Bee when he was rudely kicked out of school. What price glory?

Is the pedestal of high scholarship one in name only? "There is no honor roll," says Prof Harrell; there is no reward for being on the Dean's List. What is there to mark the outstanding student? Let us all merely pass; let us not endeavor for naught.

Vets, War Brides To Be Reunited In Trailers

Not the Age of Atomic Power, not the Age of \$100,000 donations, not even the Age of V-12 at Millsaps—this is the age of Veteran Trailers! A new community is in our midst. It is located on Marshall Street near Hathornville. The returned veteran and his Little War Bride will be reunited. ("We want everybody to be happy at Millsaps!")

Yes, friends, it's tragic—she waited for him while he was fighting on the far seas, in darkest Africa, mystic India, jolly old England, gay Paree, and numerous other postmarks. He was eating K rations, in foxholes, praying for his return to Little War Bride. She was home enduring war shortages—no meat, no sugar, no Halo shampoo, no metal lipstick tubes, no nylons, no car, no gas, and no servants.

The war is over. He returns to Little War Bride. But does the world receive them with open arms? Cruel, cruel fate—oh, woe! Our Returned Veteran and his Little War Bride have no place to live.

Now trailer units are being constructed all over the nation. The slogan no longer is "Buy War Bonds" but "House the Veteran". Even at Millsaps we have a trailer unit. The Millsaps Architectural and Engineering Force (U. Z.'s hired help) is busy carrying out the Government's instructions—laying sidewalks, building, painting.

The Little War Brides will be arriving soon, and the Dormitory Brides will also be reunited in their happy homes at Trailerville. Little did they realize that "for better or worse" meant living in a trailer in the hottest months of the year.

An increase in campus marriages during the following year is predicted. But remember, girls, "The man you love at 18, you'll hate at 25." Apply for your trailer the day after your 18th birthday.

Playsuit



Playsuits will have a really new look about them this summer. The one shown above as pictured in the April issue of Junior Bazaar has plain green and white striped shorts and a sleeveless green top with a high bateau neckline. It is made in wool jersey.

The above picture of damsel with bathing togs is run for the benefit of men on the campus who may be particular about the way their particular bathing beauties look while bathing. Don't say we didn't warn you!

Kappa Alphas Entertain with Dinner; Presiding Officers for '47 Given

Alpha Mu chapter of Kappa Alpha fraternity entertained at a local hotel on Saturday, April 27. Bouquets carrying out the fraternity colors of crimson and old gold decorated the banquet tables. White carnation corsages were given the wives and dates of active and alumni members present.

Presiding at the speakers' table was Nat J. Hovious, assisted by two prominent Jackson alumni, Dr. Alfred P. Hamilton and Mr. Gordon Grantham.

After dinner, a short program was given, in which Annie Ruth Patterson sang "Day by Day" and led the group in a rendition of "Kappa Alpha Rose," assisted by John Cirlot. A slogan contest was then run and prizes given to Miss Broadine May and Miss Ruth Ray. This was followed by program dancing.

Alumni guests and visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lauderdale, Dr. Alfred P. Hamilton, Alan Evans, Miss Ruth Pellow; Hank Morson, and Hubert Armstrong, Charlotte Gullede.

Active members and their dates were: Ernest Jordan, Betty Odom; L. F. Wilkins, Diane McLain; Ernest Allen, Merle Allen; Billy Williams, Wilma Axtell; Jerry Keith, Rose Watkins; Nat Hovious, Margaret McLaurin; Gene Harlan, Kit Moody; Tommy Riley, Virginia Ann Batton; Bill Cook, Rita Hendricks; Harry Shields, Ruth Ray.

Tom Hairston, Ann Lampton; Selby Barnes, Barbara Barnes; Leon Miles, Jean Strickland; Sidney Jones, Lyndall Wilson; John Cirlot, Mary Katherine Abernathy; Charles Parker, Frances Culley; Bill Phelps, Betty Ruth Phelps; Melvis Scarborough, Broadine May.

B. M. Brady, Ladye Betty Timberlake; Guy Davant, Betty Ann Williams; J. W. Patterson, Annie Ruth Patterson; Bo Denton, June Turnbow; Jack Bishop, Truly Graves; and Joe Sills, Annie Ruth Callahan.

Mrs. M. L. Smith was announced as the new chapter mother, replacing Mrs. E. G. Flowers, Sr., who has been chapter mother for a number of years.

The following men were announced as presiding officers for 1946-1947: Nat J. Hovious I, Jack Bishop II, Bill Cook III, J. W. Patterson IV, Ernest Jordan V, Tommy Riley VI, L. F. Wilkins, VII, Ernest Allen VIII, Cliff Hamilton IX. Cliff Hamilton was also announced as sports advisor for the coming year.

Young thing from Founders, fleeing the clutches of a Gym resident: "In the spring, these young men certainly turn fancy!"

Veteran in Grill: "I guess I'd better go to class. Not that I want to, you understand. It's just to show the taxpayers that I appreciate it."

He kissed his girl good night. The color left her cheeks. It stayed there on his coat lapel for weeks and weeks and weeks.

Flirt: Girl who feels it's every man for herself.

Rich relatives: The kin we love to touch.

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Literarily Speaking

It is best to mention in connection with Elizabeth Metzger Howard's *Before the Sun Goes Down* that Mrs. Howard received \$145,000 for this, her first, novel before it was even released for publication.

However, this fact is by no means an indication of its worth, as a young Miss Kathleen Winsor was well rewarded for a recent hysterical novel which was decidedly not a classic.

Happily it is not straining a point to give Mrs. Howard credit for having written a warm, highly interesting, but hardly distinguished novel about a small Pennsylvania town in the 1880's, and all the corruption, filth, and crime that went on in it (and goes on in every other small or large town). The resemblance of *BTSGD* to *Kings Row* possibly does *BTSGD* harm, for where the former was a highly original, extremely well-written novel, Mrs. Howard's book is merely an interesting, commendable, but doubtfully valuable effort.

There is much to be said for *BTSGD*. Its protagonists quite frequently escape being the caricatures which characters tend to be in sociological novels. Her children, especially, are drawn with understanding and skill. Too, as another reviewer said, Mrs. Howard's sincere desire to be on both sides of the track (for in this story, the railroad track does much more than serve for trains to run on) at once makes one feel that the book is not purely propaganda. There is much lust here in the Pennsylvania hamlet, and quite a few less-than-normal people, whom Mrs. Howard handles frankly.

One of the wisest selections to be made from Jackson's Public Library at the present time is the volume containing *Dostoevsky's Short Novels* with an introductory essay by Thomas Mann. These are harsh, brutal, frightening stories which the squeamish reader shall reject vehemently. Anyone, however, who appreciates reality in fiction, even if it is of the criminal type, should appreciate this unusual volume.

Often the stories are unbearably heartless, too naturalistic to read. One feels tempted to scream, "But no, such people do not exist!" Then, perhaps they look in the mirror—and they continue to read. The Thomas Mann essay is as brilliant as most of the stories in the collection, and shows an uncanny understanding of the character of the miserable epileptic genius whom one must understand to read.

Knight Performs Ballet While Thousands Cheer; Allen Sighs

☞ Finger of the Week at Julia Faye (No, it isn't true) Mayo (?) and Dick (I tell you, it isn't true) Burch for not confirming or denying rumors that they are newlyweds.

☞ A drippy finger at Pi Phi KA for pulling off such a formal and serving such delectable refreshments.

☞ A finger at Patsy (I melt 'em with a look) Pendergraft for taking all the nice things about the other girls out of the Bobshela articles.

☞ A finger at Prof (Innately kind) Gillis for being so disgustingly conventional.

☞ A thrifty finger at Cliff (I sold a poem) Gordon for using the telephone in the P&W office for his own dubious purposes.

☞ A graceful finger at Aubert (Nijinsky) Knight for performing a private ballet in the library. Don't stand on the table, Mable, them two dollars is for beer.

☞ A congratulatory finger at Betty (I'm confused) Odom and Ernest (I'm spellbound) Jordan for getting it over in a hurry.

☞ A last-minute finger at Miriam (McCafferty's back, and I've got 'im) Stamps for finding love just before she found her diploma.

☞ A naughty, naughty finger at Bobbye Jean Hawkins for not believing that recent adage about "a kiss goodnight leading to another kiss."

☞ A finger at Maurine (I'm very shy) Lane and Dan (I like to play bridge; don't all of you?) McCullen for bothering to go to Allison's Wells at all.

☞ A gaping finger at Sigh (I never speak; I can't breathe if I do) Allen for not having his adenoids removed.

☞ A long finger at people with petulant expressions. "The face is the mirror of the soul," and besides, you make Dr. Smith frustrated.

☞ A nice finger at Preston Jackson for presenting his lady love a dinner ring and a dinner to wear it to on her birthday.

☞ A finger at Dr. Smith for thinking he could clean up the campus with several pointed letters to dormitory students.

What's this we hear about too much luv on the campus?

☞ A tiresome finger at the "Ah-haaaa" boys on the campus. Education is a process of growth, it says in the textbooks.

☞ A benevolent finger at the Sigs for reviving their annual barn dance. They say it won't be crowded, even with everybody from six states, because people keep passing in-and out.

☞ A wondering finger at the field day we have been promised which seems to be always on the trail, glimmering faintly before us.

SHORT STORY:

The Final Fable

Carroll Steen

Once upon a time there was a little girl who went to college with every intention of becoming a BWOC. She told her parents before she left home. She said, "I am going to college and become a BWOC." They smiled fondly and said, "Isn't she clever? Only a high school graduate and already she speaks foreign languages."

She patted them affectionately on their four heads (Some girls are just born lucky; others have parents who get their heads together) and muttered a few broken words in jive talk. Then she pulled up her bobby sox, threw her fifteen pieces of matched luggage on the train, and headed for Miss Haps U.

Things were even easier than she had expected. When she arrived, she immediately looked up all the people listed as big shots, in the Rubbaheela, the school annual, and took them aside for a talk.

It's like this," she told them earnestly. "I come to college with high ambitions and a single purpose—to become a BWOC." They were all impressed by her obvious ability, honesty, and knowledge of college customs. So they called a special meeting.

When the first Tap Day came around, our heroine Ratzi Eentz

was happy, but not surprised, to be tapped into all 5,280 honoraries on the campus. She accepted the congratulations of all her acquaintances and went to write her family a letter telling them all about it.

The next year, Ratzi decided to go in for extra-curricular activities. Attending the occasional meetings of the honoraries took up such a little bit of her time that she felt she was stagnating mentally. So she joined the dramatic club, the debate club, YWCA, the staffs of the *Burple* and *Gripe* and the *Rubbaheela*, and took art lessons on the side.

People began to point her out to visitors on the campus. "There goes Ratzi Eentz, the most active girl in school," they would say, as a dim blur passed them. "She's on her way to a meeting, I imagine."

The third year, Ratzi wanted to be the power behind the throne. So she got people elected to offices. She stuffed ballot boxes, all the while smiling, so people felt sure she must be doing the legal thing. She used dirty politics right and left—but with such an innocuous air that no one ever suspected her of anything but the highest morals. She felt that it was all a part of mental exercise

(Continued on page 4)

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JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

Duke's
MEN'S FINE APPAREL

What Little Boys Are Made Of

(With apologies to the "Mis A Sip")

Name	Affiliation	What he wears	What he drinks	Women he prefers	Ambition
Joe Blow	Kappa Sigma	Plaid Shirts	Bromo Seltzer	Walgreen Specials	To be a bartender
John Doe	Lambda Chi Alpha	Sun Glasses	Strawberry Pop	Whatever you would call female Grill hounds	To belong to more honoraries than Prof. Gillis
Roscoe Von Boscoe	Kappa Alpha	Overalls	Mint Juleps	Clinging Vines	To be a general in the next civil war
William Smith	Pi Kappa Alpha	Bow ties	Orange and grape juice (mixed)	Those who will date him	To be the world's Oldest Active Pi K A
Robert Jones	Independent	Golf shoes	Coffee	His Wife	To pass sophomore lit.

The Final Fable—

(Continued from page 3)

Miss Haps bulletin. Each of the faculty members remembered something in his or her past that he was not proud of, so they voted unanimously to give her the jobs. They even asked if she would like for them to buy her a newspaper and set her up in business—say, in South Africa. But she just kept giving them that leering smile, reserved for faculty meetings only, and began editing all the publications.

Ratzi by this time had developed her personality to the point that she did not have to do any work. She simply sat at a desk, surrounded by secretaries and telephones, in a beautiful office in the building which had been built for her, and gave orders. People were happy to do what she told them because she was now president of the senior class, president of the student body, and Miss Miss Haps.

Things went along beautifully for months, but suddenly one day Ratzi became bored with it all. She yawned in the face of a student committee presenting her with a plaque engraved "To Ratzi Eentz, Miss BWOC of the 20th Century." She ignored a howling mob below her window who demanded that she accept the presidency of the school. She was even downright rude to a delegation from Washington offering her the job of senior senator without waiting for Oblib to die.

Life had palled upon Ratzi. She had accomplished her purpose far better than anyone (except Ratzi) had ever dreamed. She had done it by a clever combination of honesty and sleight-of-hand. She had proved that she was the cleverest of them all—but Ratzi was bored.

Then with a start she realized that she had overlooked the most important thing about college life—she had never had the time to go onto the golf course at night with a boy. She didn't even know any of the boys at college. She had become accustomed to calling them "You" or simply snapping her fingers. But now she realized that the aching void in her life could be filled by only one thing—love.

So Ratzi went out into the wide, green world. She saw couples sitting on the grass. She saw couples in the Grill. She saw couples in parked cars. All of them were whispering sweet nothings into each other's ears.

But nobody was whispering dulce nadas into Ratzi's ears. She examined them closely. They were

to keep her from stagnating mentally.

But even that palled.

The fourth year, she attended a faculty meeting and told them, with a leering smile, that she wanted to edit the **Burple and Gripe**, the **Rubbahecla**, and the small and pink. They were whisperable. It was spring, and she wanted someone to whisper into them. But there were no men left. All the men had been snapped up by the less BWOC-inclined girls on the campus.

There was no man for Ratzi. So, three days and seven hours before graduation, Ratzi had a nervous breakdown. It was brought about partly by the fact that she resigned all her offices and partly by the fact that no one would whisper into her ear. When time for graduation came, Ratzi was brought in on a stretcher. She did not hear the thunderous applause. She did not hear the Miss Haps singers serenading her with "Hail, the Conquering Heroine," written especially for the occasion. She refused to use her ears any

more since they had been the source of her only frustration.

Ratzi received all the awards given by Miss Haps and seventeen thought up on the spur of the moment. But she did not care. She did not even look back as they carried her down the aisle. Moral: It is better to be a blooming idiot than a wilted one.

I drink beer.
Oh, really?
No, O'Budweiser.

Anyone snarling at our senior senator for being above the crowd is obviously barking up the wrong Theo.

Remember the old saying—A penny saved is, well, it's a penny saved!

That was no lady; that was a beer bottle.

The Burple's bark is, contrary to popular opinion, not worse than its Gripe.

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Vol. XXXVIII

MILLSAPS COLLEGE, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1946

No. 14

HOLYFIELD, HOVIOUS IN RUNOFF

Forty-one to Receive Degrees During Graduation Program

Sunday Set as Baccalaureate Date;
Final Exercises to be Monday

Plans for graduation exercises, during which 41 Millsaps students will receive degrees, have been announced by Dr. M. L. Smith, president of the college.

The schedule for Sunday, May 26, included the baccalaureate sermon by Dr. H. B. Trimble at 11 a.m. at Galloway Memorial Methodist Church. Under the direction of Mr. Alvin Jon King, the Millsaps Singers closed the current season with an out-door concert at 6 p.m.

Graduation exercises on Monday, May 27, began at 8:15 p.m. The guest speaker of the evening was Dr. Goodrich C. White, who delivered the commencement address. Prior to these exercises, the annual alumnae banquet was held at 6 p.m. at Galloway Hall.

(Continued on page 4)

Clendinning Named New SMC by Pi KA's

Pat Clendinning of Jackson was elected to serve as SMC of the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity in a recent election of officers. Others who were elected to serve are: Bob Hollingsworth of Pontotoc, IMC; Keith Pigott of Columbia, THC; and Bob Bullen of Vicksburg, SC and historian.

The traditional Sigs Barn Dance will be held in the Armory Wednesday night. Any students who do not have invitations or dates, can contact any Sig and be taken care of.

Big Vote Expected Today As Pikes, KA Vie For Votes

The largest vote ever cast in a Millsaps election placed Bobby Holyfield and Nat Hovious in the final race for president of SEB, and elected Polly Crisler over two opponents for secretary-treasurer. Ned O'Brien was elected without

opposition as vice president.

The final tabulation is as follows:

President

Dennis Roberts	77
Dan Wright	62
Bobby Holyfield	115
Nat Hovious	151

Vice-President

Ned O'Brien—without opposition

Secretary-treasurer

Polly Crisler	215
Lib Welch	80
Patsy Pendergraft	110

Joe Wiggins and Si Allen, who handled the election Tuesday, reported that the record toppler was the most orderly election ever held here. Backers of the various candidates, in most cases, observed the unwritten rules of Millsaps elections and no irregular trouble was spotted.

It was Polly Crisler, the Phi Mus candidate for Secretary-treasurer, who ran away with the field. Polly garnered 215 votes, while Lib Welch and Patsy Pendergraft received 80 and 110, respectively.

Hovious led the field for president of SEB, as expected, and Bobby Holyfield was second. Dennis Roberts and Dan Wright, making their political bids at Millsaps, were unable to place.

Pre-Law Elects

Bill Toland was elected President of the Pre-Law Club at a recent meeting. Other officers include Bobby Holyfield, vice-president, and Myra Nichols, secretary.

May 30 Set As Date For Summer Session, Other Plans Given

With the first term beginning May 30, and ending June 29, and the second term beginning July 8, and ending August 10, the summer school session will offer approximately fifty courses in three periods.

The hours of the periods of the first term are 8:00-9:40, 9:40-11:00, 11:00-1:00.

The second term's hours are 8:00-9:30, 9:30-11:00, 11:00-12:30.

The expenses of both terms for dormitory students amount to \$132. For day students, the cost will be \$62.

Cuts will be based on the number of hours of the course; that is, the equivalent of six hours for 3-semester-hours. Since each meeting is doubled, only three absences will be excused.

CAMPUS CHEESECAKE



This cute thing—Selby Watkins—was perched atop the railing, basking in the early morning sun and debating to herself as to whether or not she should cut World Literature when the P&W photographer, Les Alvis, snapped her. We think she is a good number to go "study" with, so form a line to the right, gentlemen.

TRAILERS ABOUT READY

Globe-Fighting Vets To Move in Soon

The married servicemen at Millsaps who left homes and families to fight a global war and since their return to Methodist Hill have lived in crowded dormitories away from their families, soon will be leading a normal life with their families in Trailer Villa on the southeast corner of the campus.

U. Z. Hathorn, Millsaps Bursar who handles the Vets housing problems here, told a P & W reporter today that rapid progress was being made in getting the villa ready for the Vets. Within a few days, Mr. Hathorn said, he believed he could give the word for the boys to move into the trailers.

Vets who desire one of the trailers are urged to contact Mr. Hathorn at once.

Pope, Marks Head P&W Coming Year

Hank Pope and Sutton Marks were elected editor and business manager, respectively, of the Purple and White for the 1946-47 term, according to an announcement by Dr. M. C. White, faculty sponsor. They succeed Carroll Steen and Billy Moore.

The elections were held late last week when members of the publications board of Millsaps met to consider applicants for the positions. The board consisted of Dr. M. C. White, Dr. M. L. Smith, Dr. Vernon Wharton, Carroll Steen and Billy Moore.

Pope was editor of the Columbia high school paper for two years and editor of the Cadet, Pearl River College paper, while a student at that institution. He was recently elected to Kit Kat, Millsaps creative writing honorary club. A senior next year, Pope is

(Continued on page 4)

DKD Elects

In the final meeting of the year DKD, honorary pre-law fraternity, elected officers to serve for the school year which will start in September. Bobby Holyfield, ex-GI from Fayette and a pre-war Millsaps student, was elected president. Other officers: Ned O'Brien, vice-president; Myra Nichols, secretary; Rosemary Nichols, treasurer.

POLITICAL POT BOILS

Politicians Swap and Maneuver On Eve of SEB Presidential Election

Examinations are in full swing but on the eve of the final vote for president of SEB political interest is at a fever pitch. This is the hottest campaign ever staged at Millsaps. Most of it is conducted on a professional scale—undercover.

It's Bobby Holyfield, the underdog Pike, versus Nat Hovious, the KA's president. Hovious led the ticket in the first primary by 36 votes, and it

is believed by some of the local dopesters that he polled his strength then. But whether he polled his strength or not, he is backed by the strongest political tieup between fraternities and sororities Millsaps has ever seen and that doesn't sound like the Jackson boy reached his full strength Tuesday. The backers of Holyfield certainly have their work cut out for them and they will have to beat lot of bushes on Methodist Hill and put in lots of hard work during the waning hours to stem the Hovious tide.

It's no secret on the campus as to who backs the two candidates. Hovious is a KA and, naturally, is backed tooth and nail by that

fraternity, which is closely allied with the Sigs, traditional rivals of the Pikes. Holyfield is a Pike and the boys on the south side of the campus are all out to elect him. Realizing they have a tough job, the Pikes are putting in extra hours, trying to stop the opposition.

The Pikes have only one chance of defeating Hovious. That is to get the majority of the votes cast for Dennis Roberts, Independent candidate, and Dan Wright, Lambda Chi aspirant. The Lambda Chi's will possibly split their votes, while the Independents will be open. Roberts and Wright have failed to go on the

(Continued on page 4)

Ann Porter will head the Bobashela as its editor for the ensuing school year, according to an announcement today by Dr. Ross Moore, faculty advisor. Patsy Pendergraft, who edited this year's edition, will take over as business manager, succeeding Lib Welch.

White To Tulane

Dr. M. C. White, head of Millsaps English Department, will teach at Tulane this summer, according to an announcement this week. He will be back on his job here this fall.

Drew High Senior Wins Top Scholarship

Marvin Wiggins of Drew, won the \$500 four-year scholarship awarded on the basis of the aptitude tests during High School Day, Dr. M. L. Smith announced today.

Two Jackson students, Cornelia

(Continued on page 3)

Purple & White

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FOUNDED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1909

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SOUTH GOING PLACES

It is quite common to hear some ex-GI comment on the economic and social opportunities which other sections of the nation offer to their young people. This kind of comment usually results in a bystander asking him in so many words why he came back to the South instead of taking advantages of those obvious opportunities offered elsewhere. He will reply something like this: "Well, the South is bound to go places and I want to be on the bandwagon when it does."

That is the consensus of most of the young men here at Millsaps—the leaders of a future Mississippi and a future South.

Southerners are coming out of their lethargy and making adequate uses of their natural and human resources to overcome the various problems they face in the transition of a new industrial order for the South. The leadership of young southerners will play an important part in the future welfare of the South. Too, the welfare of the South will be the key to the U. S.'s future. Rather a broad statement, but it will stand up before a test of logic. The South holds this key to the nation's future welfare because people of the South are doing more to replace themselves in the next generation than any other of the nation's folks. These ambitious Southerners are migrating to other sections of the country to reap the benefits from economic and social opportunities there. So in the long run every part of the nation has a stake in what sort of people grow up and become educated in the South.

Accepting it as a universal truth that the South holds the key to the nation's future, we should take advantages of the fruits of a well-balanced education which are offered us here at Millsaps and fully develop our powers of leadership. We, too, want to be on the bandwagon when the South comes under the wire—a winner.

VETS SET PACE

It was nice to learn this week that the Vets set the paces in Millsaps classrooms.

Men who only months ago were sweating out foxholes in the various theaters of war displayed the same determination in the revered halls at Millsaps that they displayed on the battlefronts of the world, in Africa, at Anzio, in Europe, and on the Pacific knolls. Almost every professor here attested to the outstanding work of Vets in his class.... The P & W commends Millsaps Vets upon their splendid job of casting aside the reconversion complex.

EDUCATION HAS NO COLOR

Recently, a Texas court ruled against a Negro's having to be accepted as a student in the state university, providing, of course, that he could receive an equal education at a colored school.

Millsaps students might say that the problem belonged to Texas and that it is none of our business. But it is time that we on this campus as well as students on other college campuses realize that the problem goes much deeper than just one Negro's application for admittance or just one court's opinion.

It is a problem to be passed on to the universities' students, to be thought about and discussed from all angles in an unprejudiced and unbiased manner befitting persons who are trying to lift the cloth from the eyes of "Justice" so that she may see more clearly than before.

The question involved—Should a Negro have the right to a "good" education under "good" professors, whether in a "colored" or "white" school?—is not to be turned off with a raised eyebrow. One must consider that there is a basic human desire for knowledge in all people, and that the basic desire should be gratified.

True, both races would probably prefer segregation in education, not because of color or other superficial differences, but because of the necessarily different social viewpoints, the divergent interests and the varied goals that each race must seek. But an education they both want, and EDUCATION HAS NO COLOR!

As Southerners, this is one of our problems of tomorrow. And to this end students of all races must work—toward the goal of an education in a recognized college for all who seek it, not just for those who are born with the color it takes to enter a particular university.

The Top Kick

DICK GOODWIN

(Editor's note: A new feature of the P & W will be a column by Dick Goodwin, P & W staff writer and an official of the Millsaps Vets. Dick is interested in affairs of the Vets and anything he can do to help you solve a problem, he will be glad to do. Give Dick some business.)

This is the first of what we hope to make a long series of columns in the P & W for benefit of the veterans at Millsaps. Maybe we will be able to clear up any questions that you might have which for some reason you are not able to get full answers from any other source. We have the inside track with the Veterans Administration, and they will be glad to cooperate in giving us the answers to any queries that you might make.

The information on the fire this issue is just a couple of minor items that many of you will be interested in.

First, of all the Senate Military Affairs Committee has reported favorably on the proposition to pay accrued terminal leave to enlisted men and women and to make the payments retroactive, so that all veterans of the war will receive payment for

the time that they were unable to use. These payments are to be based on an allowed leave or furlough time of 2½ days for each month of service. Payments will be made on the rank held at the time of separation. Watch for further developments on this matter.

On July 12, system of Service Commands will be abolished. The president has already signed the measure taking care of this matter. Instead of the Service Commands, all military affairs will be under the jurisdiction of the Armies. Mississippi will be under the command of the third Army, which General Patton made famous in the European Theater.

In passing, let us remind you to keep up your grades. The government will not continue to support a failing student under the G I Bill. Let us hear from you concerning any question of general interest and we will try to get the correct answer for you.

TRAILER VILLA



Trailer Villa as it looks from atop Galloway Hall. GIs will launch a drive here in the near future to establish temporary homes for themselves and families. A villa government will be formed to act as liaison between the GIs and the college administration officials, as soon as the trailers are filled.

Millsaps Fem Bids Vets Au Revoir As End Nears

I was an individual to be regarded with suspicion, one of those unfortunate hour seekers—a TRANSFER. Never had life seemed so beautiful to me; never were the skies so blue (navy); life at MSCW was never like this.

Before long people's distrust of me and the general opinion that I had been forcibly expelled from another school were past history and I was gaily chasing the sailors around the campus with the other coeds. Ever so often I caught one—a free meal, y'know—more often they escaped.

After two semesters of bliss, I went home to recuperate for three months. Returning to Millsaps I learned that V-12 was not for long. A brief month—no more bell bottoms. However, I was resigned to my fate and, rather than transfer again, I helped the others chase Craig Castle. We all soon grew tired of this, so there were dateless nights until all of a sudden more lighted windows in Burton Hall than I could count on all my fingers.

Every day in every way they came—some on foot, some in pick-ups, some in cadillac convertibles, others on the city buses. But they were here and it was wonderful to have them.

I got in the chase; I have not gotten out of the chase yet; I do not wish to get out of the chase, but there is a limit to everything—I can no longer go to Millsaps. My time has come. I must graduate. So, farewell sweet veterans. It has really been lots of fun; if any of you ever need an extra wife, don't forget my phone number.

Peggy Carr Hostess As Chi Delta Elects

Peggy Carr was hostess to the Chi Delta, local honorary literary society, at her home, Thursday evening. The following officers were elected for next year. Lib Welsh, president; Polly Crisler, vice president; Betty Langdon, secretary-treasurer.

KA's Entertain High Schoolers

Alpha Mu chapter of the Kappa Alpha Order entertained with an open house for the graduating class of Central High School on Sunday afternoon, May 19, from 2:30 until 5:30 o'clock.

The floral pieces in Magnolias and red roses, representing the fraternal colors, were the decorative motif used throughout the newly decorated house.

Prominent alumni members in the receiving line were Dr. Ross H. Moore Dr. M. C. White, Dr. A. P. Hamilton, Mr. Boyd Campbell, Mr. Fred Lotterhos Mr. Webb Buie, and Mr. Charles Kilgore. The visiting seniors were shown the house, served refreshments, and entertained informally throughout the afternoon.

Religious Items

BOWMAN CLARK

YMCA

Officers for September: President, Bowman Clarke; Vice Pres., Bob Hollingsworth; Secretary, Bob Ray; Treasurer, Charles Hogue; Publicity, Aubert Knight.

The YMCA is planning to publish a "Y" Book for the freshman in September. It will include information about the college, honoraries, clubs social organizations and religious activities on the campus. It will be published with the co-operation of the YMCA and the Christian Council.

YWCA

Officers for September: President, Laura Mae Godbold; Vice-President, Mary Wharton; Secretary, Mary Ridgeway, Treasurer, Billie Brewer.

Christian Council

Officers for September: President, Billie Brewer; Vice-President, David Harris; Secretary, Rebecca Ely; Treasurer, Dr. Bond Flemming.

The Christian Council is sending four delegates to the Student Leadership Conference at Lake Junaluska, N. C. June 3-8. These delegates are: Carol Hutto, Billie Brewer, David McIntosh, and Bowman Clarke. The Christian Council is also sending two delegates to the YM-YWCA Conference at Blue Ridge, N. C. Laura Mae Godbold is representing the YWCA. No one has yet been chosen to represent the YMCA.

B S U

Officers for September: President, Jimmie Minnis; Vice-Pres., Mary Katherine Rogers.

These officers are to work as a "skeleton crew" to plan the program this summer for next fall.

Ministerial Association

Officers for September: President, David Harris; Vice-Pres., Charles Franklin; Secretary-Treasurer, Bill Hall; Publicity, David McIntosh.

The Ministerial Association had their annual banquet at the Heidelberg Hotel, Tuesday, May 21. Dr. M. L. Smith acted as Master of Ceremonies, and Dr. W. B. Selah, pastor of the Galloway Methodist Church was the principal speaker. Dr. Bond Flemming installed the new officers. Miss Flora Giardina was soloist accompanied by Bob Ray on the piano.

Westminster League

The officers of the Westminster League for next September are the same as this semester. They are: President, Mary Whorton; Vice-Pres., Patsy Pendergraph; Sec-treas., Sammy Price.

INTRAMURAL STANDINGS

GIRLS	BOYS	
Vikings	Lamba Chi	12 points
Chi Omega	Pikes	9 points
Kappa Delta	Independents	7 points
Phi Mu	Kappa Alpha	4 points
B S O	Kappa Sigs	1 points

THE WINNAHS

Vikings Take Cup In Intramural Play

By virtue of three first and one second place, the Vikings won the girls division of the Intramural play and will receive the coveted cup which is awarded each year, Ann Porter, secretary of the girls Intramural committee, announced today. Chi Omega, sporting one first, a second and a third place, followed the Vikings.

Here's the final standing as releases by Miss Porter:

Volleyball
Chi Omegas
Vikings
Phi Mu
BSO
KD
Basketball
Vikings
K D
Chi Omega
Phi Mu
B S O
Ping Pong
Vikings
Softball
Vikings

Christian Council Names New Officers

President of the Millsaps Christian Council during the 1946-47 school year will be Billie Brewer of McComb. Other officers elected at a recent meeting include Bob Hollingsworth; Vice-President; Dr. N. Bond Fleming, Treasurer; and Rebecca Ely, Secretary.

Members of the 1946-1947 Christian Council.
David Harris Ministerial League
Laura Mae Godbold Y.W.C.A.
Bowman Clarke Y.M.C.A.
Hank Pope P & W
James Minnis B.S.U.
Rebecca Ely
Craig Castle
Billie Brewer
David McIntosh
Joe Powell

Pike Mothers Honored By Sons

The Pikes threw open their house to their mothers on Mothers Day and even adverse weather conditions failed to hamper the spirits of the mothers who braved the elements to be with their sons for the first Mothers Day since the close of the war.

For most of the mothers it was the first time with their sons since Pearl Harbor.

The Pikes and their mothers attended church at Galloway Memorial Sunday morning and later in the day a program was given at the Pike house on the Millsaps campus.

Bus conductor, calling from the upper deck: "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young women warm?"

Voice from below: "No, but there is a MacPherson that's willing to try."

Co-ed L: Jack, are you sure it is me you are in love with and not my clothes?"

Jack: "Test me, darling."

GOOD GOING

Major Net Stars Down Delta State

Winning all but one match, the Millsaps netters easily defeated the invading tennis team from Delta State on the local courts last week.

It was Jane Walker who started things off by taking two 6-0 sets from Donna McLallen. Jean Roberts followed with scores of 6-1 and 6-4 over Mary Reaves.

In the final singles match for girls, Emogene Calhoun won the first set 6-2 from Marian Brown of Delta State, but lost the second set 6-3. In the third and final set Miss Brown won 6-3.

Jane Walker and Jean Roberts had too many blazing returns for Mary Reaves and Marian Brown, winning their doubles match 6-0 and 6-1. Emogene Calhoun and Alice Collins won their doubles match by scores of 6-4 and 8-6.

John Noblin opened the boys single matches with a win over A. B. Davis, scores, 7-5 and 6-2. Stewart Carruth then defeated Delta's Bire 8-6 and 6-1.

Si Allen, playing No. 3 for Millsaps, won two easy sets from Roberts of Delta by scores of 6-1 and 6-0.

In the doubles, Allen and M. L. McCormick stopped Davidson and Cubre with score of 6-1 and 6-2.

Vikings House Formally Opened

To initiate the opening of the new Vikings House, the members of the organization held an open house for students, parents, and faculty members, Sunday, May 19, between three and six p.m.

The house was decorated with numerous arrangements of spring and summer flowers. One of the most attractive bouquets was the one of gladioli and roses from the Millsaps I. S. A. which its president, Gene Nettles presented just before opening to Rosemary Nichols, the retiring Vikings president.

At the punchbowl were Lesbia Byars in black lace with drooping pink lilacs in her hair and Myra Nichols who wore a light green dress with a full tiered skirt.

A receiving line composed of the faculty advisor, Dean Reicken, Mrs. Reicken and the following new Vikings officers greeted the guests: Martina Cadenhead, president; Betty Langdon, vice-president; Pat Reed, recording secretary; Billie Brewer, corresponding secretary; and Catherine Powell, treasurer; Carol Bunner and Katherine Shumaker the new house chairman, along with Jean Wynne presided at the guest register where about 120 visitors registered.

This was the last social affair of the Vikings for this semester, but as some of the members who are coming to summer school plan to keep the organization active until next fall, the new house will remain open during the summer.

God made women without a sense of humor so they would love men instead of laughing at them.

New Millsaps Coach



Meet Coach Doby Bartling, the man who takes over the duties as director of athletics next week. A native of Mississippi and a former all-around star athlete at Ole Miss, Coach Bartling comes to Millsaps from Vanderbilt where he did a bang-up job of coaching the Commodores. Take a good look at this picture, because you're gonna see a lot and hear even more of Coach Bartling in the coming months.

K. D. Party Held At Allison's Wells

Mu chapter of Kappa Delta Sorority held its regular spring house party at Allison's Wells on May 18, and 19. Twenty-nine KD's enjoyed a week-end of swimming, dancing and bridge. Kappa Delta's there were: Mae Alice Barnes, Evelyn Walker, Jane Stebbins, Mary Ridgeway, Helene Minyard, Margie Burdsol, Melda Burdsol, Dot Hathorn, Amanda Hathorn, Adelyn Gerald, Eleanor Johnson, Esther June Rigby, Mary Shelton, Jean White, Ida Fay Emmerich, Trudy Chichester, Margaret Hughes, Mary Frances Meadows, Lois Bending, Marguerite Stout, Bunt Townsend, Esther Read, Shirley Conn, Charlie Brister, Bobbie French, Shirley Howle, Ann Ammons, Frances Rose Price, and Rose Watkins.

The Chapter has announced its officers for the year 1946-47. They are Mae Alice Barnes, president; Patsy Pendergraft, vice-president; Evelyn Walker, treasurer; Edith Gussio, secretary; Adelyn Gerald assistant treasurer; and Trudy Chichester, editor.

Miss Carolyn Bufkin Entertains Pikes

Miss Carolyn Bufkin entertained the Pikes Sunday afternoon at her home on Fairview Street. Miss Bufkin was assisted in receiving her guests by Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bufkin, Mrs. C. G. Allen of Hazlehurst and Miss Rebecca Bufkin.

Other guests besides the members of the chapter included Miss Elizabeth Craig, Mr. Frank Scott, Mr. Alvin J. King, Miss Buckhannon and Professor and Mrs. James S. Ferguson.

POPE MARTS—

(Continued from page 1)
ready has been accepted for admission to the University of Virginia School of Law and will transfer there sometime after the first of the year.

Marks is the son of Gordon Marks, Jackson advertising executive, and has had experience on the P&W advertising staff and his father's firm. He will be a junior next year. Marks is pinned to Helen of the Murphy twins.

Both boys are members of Pi Ka fraternity and Pope is a veteran of World War II.

Pikes and Vikings Win Intramural Softball Play

Fielding one of the best-balanced softball teams to ever grace Millsaps diamonds, the Pikes chalked up four wins to cop the boys division of the Intramural Softball, placing them within three points of Lamba Chi in standings for the cup.

The record of the Pikes: Pikes 4, Lamba Chi 3; Pikes 10, Independents 5; Pikes 15, K A 7; Pikes 9, Sigs 0 (forfeit).

The regular Pike lineup included Carl Burner, catcher; Si Allen, pitcher; Glen Teasley, first base; Pee Wee Armstrong, second base; Stewart Carruth, shortfield; M. L. McCormick, third base; Woody Collins, right field; Les Alvis, centerfield; and Brad Wells, left field. Subs were Tommy Wright, Dan McCullen, Billy Wright, Emery Peak and Bob Childress.

by Brad Wells

With good pitching and good hitting in the clutches, the Vikings, led by player-manager Carolyn McKewen, won first place in the softball tourney, giving them three first places out of four in this year's Intramural matches.

The lineup, which started most of the games for the Vikings: Rosanna Brady, catcher; Carolyn McKewen, pitcher; Mary Nell Sells, first base; Betty Long, second base; Rosemary Nichols, third base; Jimmie Lou Moore, shortstop; Virginia Darracott, short field; Billie Brewer, right field; Dollye Wright, center field; Betty Sue Pittman, left field. Subs: Martina Cadenhead, Mary Ethel Nay; Marjorie Ottinger, Jean Wynne and Frances Johnson.

Week-End Entertainments Honor Phi Mu Mothers

Members of Epsilon Chapter of Phi Mu Sorority honored their mothers with a Mother's Day Week-end, May 11, and 12.

A banquet was given Saturday night at the Heidelberg Hotel. Each honoree was presented with a corsage of carnations, the sorority flower, and the members presented a program for the mothers and guests.

Those attending the banquet were: Virginia Rehfeldt, Mrs. W. H. Rehfeldt; Jane Willingham, Mrs. W. M. Willingham; Polly Crisler, Elizabeth Crisler, Mrs. Alice Crisler; Sara Deal, Miss Elizabeth Craig; Betty Hamilton, Mrs. Robert Hamilton; Mildred Ulmer, Mrs. Annie Davis; Barbara Robertson, Mrs. A. D. Robertson; Skeets White, Mrs. M. L. White; Julia Goodman, Mrs. W. F. Goodman; Tink Tingle, Mrs. C. M. Tingle; Sara Johnston, Miss Mar-

tha Bennet; Annie Ruth Callahan, Mrs. W. D. Callahan; Rosalyn Butler, Katherine Abernathy, Helen Murphy, Betty Odom, June Whatley, and Ruth Bellum.

After the chapter members, mothers and guest had attended Galloway Methodist Church en masse, Sunday afternoon they were entertained with a lovely tea in the home of the chapter president, Virginia Rehfeldt.

Attending the tea were chapter members and the following mothers and guests: Mrs. M. L. Smith, alumnae advisor; Miss Craig, faculty advisor; Miss Martha Bennett; Mrs. W. H. Rehfeldt, Mrs. Alice Crisler, Mrs. Annie Davis; Mrs. W. M. Willingham, Mrs. Robert Hamilton, Mrs. D. W. Bufkin, Mrs. A. D. Robertson, Mrs. W. F. Goodman, Mrs. M. L. White, Mrs. C. M. Tingle, and Mrs. H. W. Patrick.

Kenna-Cook To Say Vows In June Wedding

A June wedding of major social importance to Millsaps students will be solemnized Friday evening, June 7, at the First Baptist Church when Miss Martha Lynn Kenna, a former Millsaps student, becomes the bride of Bill Cook of Canton, popular Millsaps student. Martha Lynn is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Doug Kenna of Jackson. Dr. W. Douglas Hudgins, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and Dr. W. A. Hewitt, pastor emeritus, will officiate in the ceremony.

Martha Lynn is a graduate of Central Hi of Jackson, where she was a member of Delta Beta Sigma sorority. She attended Edgewood Park Junior College at Briarcliff Manor, New York before entering Millsaps. She left school recently to make final preparations for her approaching marriage.

Bill, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert P. Cook of Canton, graduated from Canton High school and attended Millsaps two years before going into the army as a member of the Millsaps college band, serving with the Mississippi national guard. He was commissioned in October 1942 and went overseas where he served 33 months before returning to the states—and Millsaps. Since returning to Millsaps in the fall of '45, Bill has been prominent in extra-curricular activities, being a member of the Millsaps Singers, among

other things. He is the out-going president of Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity here.

After an extended honeymoon along the beautiful Florida coastlines, Bill and Martha Lynn will continue their education at LSU. Bill will graduate from the LSU School of Commerce.

DREW HIGH SENIOR—

(Continued from page 1)
DeCelle and W. F. Goodman, tied for the second-place \$250 two-year awards, with third place going to Weir Conner, Jr., also of Jackson. This was the \$125 scholarship awarded for one year.

Those receiving the \$75 awards were Sam Newell and Nancy Knight of Jackson; William Jones, Leland; Ben Lewis, Utica; and Walter Berryhill, Greenwood. These scholarships are awarded annually after student from all over the state have been given the opportunity to compete at the High School Day testings. Scholarships of \$50 are also awarded from the scores made on these aptitude tests.

"Now, listen, son. I don't want you playing around with such a wild girl."

"Aw, Mon, she's not so wild. She lets everyone pet her."

Dramatic Honorary Initiates Fifteen, Makes Plans for '47

Alpha Psi Omega in a return to normalcy initiated fifteen new members Friday night. Those initiated included: Rosemary Nichols, Craig Castle, Frances Williams, Bill Dement, Bill Moore, Elizabeth Welsh, Ethel Eastman, Gene Nettles, Bob Ray, Tom Hairston, Jerry Fortenberry, Edith Gussio, Flora Gardinia, Janie Williams, and Mary Ridgeway. Patsy Pendergraft will be initiated later.

Officers elected to head the local chapter of the national dramatic honorary for the 1946-1947 school year were: Rosemary Nichols, president; Craig Castle, vice-president; Frances Williams, secretary-treasurer.

Commenting on A. P. O., Dr. Milton White, head of the English Department and faculty dramatic coach, expressed his desire for renewed support from the honorary and the student body in productions to be given here next year.

Regular meetings are being scheduled for the summer and fall sessions.

BSO House Party Held At Legion

Actives and pledges of Beta Sigma Sorority entertained with a week-end party at Legion Lake on May 18 and 19.

Saturday night, following a picnic supper, swimming, dancing, and singing around the fire were enjoyed. The week-end was concluded with breakfast cooked out doors on Sunday morning.

Beta Sigs attending were Lee Berryhill, Jackie Byars, Kathryn Carver, Dewey Cobb, Mary Elizabeth Cowan, Rebecca Ely, Janelle Gordon, Bonnie Lee Harmer, Elizabeth Ann Lampton, Jerry Mayo, Maxine Winn, Ada Mae Blaine, Laura Mae Godbold, and Catherine Campbell.

Chaperones were Mrs. C. C. Mills and Mrs. Buster Stillman.

POLITICIANS SWAP—

(Continued from page 1) line for either candidate. And how their supporters will vote is a matter of speculation, depending primarily on how hard the backers of the candidates work and how clever they maneuver their politics.

From an analysis of the votes cast Tuesday, the Pikes are in for a humiliating defeat, unless they can pull a political miracle. It is easy to see that the Pikes received hardly any vote outside their own and that of girls who are pinned to Pikes, with the exception of a few other votes which were accounted for.

A report from the Hovious quarters tonight indicated that all was well and predicted that victory "was only a matter of hours away."

On the other side of the path, a Pike summed the situation up there with, "it surely is rough and we are taking it on the chin, but if hard work will turn the tide, we're in."

Grandma (looking at her granddaughter's new bathing suit) "If I could've dressed like that when I was a girl, you'd be six years older than today, Missy."

"But, Miss Vera," said the artist to his model, "that isn't the place for your fig leaf. It's too high and far to the right."

"Oh," she apologized. "I thought you wanted it to cover the scar from my appendicitis operation."

ANOTHER DRY RUN



Here's what will be happening to exGI Bob Nay when he and his wife, Mary Ethel, move into their trailer—"Nay's Niche". After a hard afternoon in the library, Bob starts up the steps of his home in Trailer Villa only to be stopped by his wife and given a list of groceries to buy before supper can be served in the miniature kitchen of the trailer. Bob, a former Air Corps sergeant, served two years in India.

CUPID WORKS OVERTIME

Spring's Open Season Sprouts New Sparklers

In the spring one kinda expects Cupid to start darting around, but this year the little brat outdid himself on the Millsaps campus. Several brand new engagement rings and many fraternity pins are sparkling on the campus, in Whitworth, Founders, and Galloway Hall, not to mention the Grill.

Space limits us from going into details of the various engagements. But we will mention that J. W. Patterson and Annie Ruth Walker, Dick Burch and Julia Fae Mayo, Elzie D. Pitts and Bobby Hogg have taken the necessary vows and are now man and wife. Bill Cook and Martha Lynn Kenna are to be married within a few days and Greg Holmes and Dot Weber will follow suit shortly.

FORTY-ONE—

(Continued from page 1) with the classes of 1906, 1916, 1926, 1936, and 1946 as featured groups.

Dr. Trimble, dean of the Candler School of Theology, Emory University graduated from Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia. He received his LL.D. degree at Boston University. Author of several religious books, Dean Trimble served as a chaplain in the First World War and later was made pastor in several cities. He has been dean at Candler since 1931.

President of Emory University, Dr. White taught at Wesleyan College before going to Emory. Made dean of the Emory University graduate school in 1929, he remained in this position until 1942, when he became president. He served as dean of the arts and sciences college from 1923 to 1938, and as vice president of the university from 1938 to 1942. President White finished his A. B. degree work at Emory College, Oxford, Georgia; A. M. work at Columbus; and Ph. D. work at

the University of Chicago. Following are a list of couples that have been pinned this spring: Miriam Stamps, Preacher McCafferty; Bobby French, Jimmy Davis; Charlene Brister, Tommy Slough; Bess Buchanan, Robert Edwards; Shirley Howe, Preston Jackson; Gretchen Stackhouse, Stuart Carruth; Mary Lou Skidmore, Bill Griffith; Mitchie Applewhite, Lewis Jones; Betty Brewer, Gene Fleming; Jean Turnbow, Woody Collins; Letty Lee Reedy, Roy Bane; Joyce Patrick, Louis Langford; Lilian Johnson, Keith Pigott; Helen Murphy, Sutton Marks; Elaine Keary, Billy Moore.

the University of Chicago.

Candidates for the Bachelor of Arts degree are the following: James Edgar Armstrong, Jackson; Marion Frances Ashley, Rich; Lane Van Hook Bailey, Jackson; Samuel Stevens Barefield, Hattiesburg; Flos Emilie Conine, Jackson; Mary Elizabeth Crisler, Raymond; Dorothy Mai Eady, Crystal Springs; Mildred Josephine Ellis, Lyon; Lois Ann Fritz, Jackson; Charline Reese Gerrard, Canton; Charlotte Dale Gullledge, Crystal Springs; Patti Lauri Latham, Birmingham, Alabama; Dorothy Maude Melvin, Jackson; Mary Lou Miles, Calhoun City; Claribel Hun Moncure, Jackson; John Henry Morrow, Jr., Jackson; Mary Ethel Nay, Jackson; Ethel May Crouch Robbins, Madison; Mary Nell Sells, Picayune; Miriam Stamps, McComb; William Ennis Shanks, Jackson; Carroll Mae Steen, Jackson; Hazel Kathryn Steen, Jackson; Wallace Berdyne Turner, Hattiesburg; Luella Selby Watkins, Jackson; Peggy Anne Wepler, McComb; Joe Willie Wiggins, Cruger; Claude Julian Williams, Jackson; and Edna Earl Berryhill Williams, Jackson.

Those who will receive the Bachelor of Science Degree: Walter Richard Bevins, Jackson;

Finger Finale 'Til Fall Surveys the Grill Situation

A congratulatory finger at Gretchen (Gee! what a nice sweet girl) Stackhouse and Stuart (He's a swell guy, too) Carruth for making the bonds (and we do mean bonds) of love stronger.

A likewise congratulatory finger at all the girls who caught Sig pins last weekend. The P&W offers an extra special cash prize for the girl who can get the pin of Sig Bob Nichols.

A disappointed finger at Jean (but with so many men I can afford to be naive and blase'-french) Roberts for being so hard for everyone to get along with. Especially Buck (I like Burnham's lady friends) McCullen.

A questioning finger at Ann (could this be it?) Ammons and Smythe (I like 'em sweet and innocent?) Howard for making a very noticeable twosome on the campus.

A bouquet to the girls at Galloway for helping Bobby Holyfield recuperate and retain his neatness after his frequent dates with the lady movie-star rassler. Bobby must be quite a man to handle that dish.

A where-have-you-been finger at John Cirlot—Where have you been? Not that we're interested.

A hepped up finger at Rex (sure, and I'm Irish) Murff for being the so proud papa of the campus. Would be a good idea, Rex, if you'd organize a Millsaps Papa Club.

An eager finger at Liz (but older men are more refined and know the score better) DODDS for trying to have so many older men. How could she 'uv?

A disgruntled finger at every prof on the campus for insisting on exams. And we paid to come here.

An altar-bound finger at Martha Lynn (gosh, it can't be true) KENNA and BILL (isn't she wonderful) COOK for setting the "the date".

A suspicious finger at Martha (these Millsaps boys are so nice) Bennett and Bob (whatta line I got) Nichols.

A you give me a chance finger at Tom (all us clever people) HARISTON for not being able to make up his mind. Variety is the spice of life—huh?

A gay finger at all the Pikes and all their dates who journeyed to Vicksburg the other night. Who is this drab character known as "Dixie Belle".

A shocked finger at Ernest (somehow I can't make up my mind) Jordan for going back to Betty (love is so confusing) ODOM

Marjorie Carol Burdsal, Jackson; Annie Clara Foy, Jackson Nina Bess Goss, Jackson; Dorothy Jean Hathorn, Jackson; Lillian Elaine Keary, Jackson; Elizabeth Ann Lloyd, Jackson; Carolyn Virginia McKewen, Jackson; and Frances Jean White, Pickens.

after breaking up with Jerry. We wish you would learn.

A well directed and pointed finger at Brad (I love 'em tall and well experienced, but I hate to drive on these muddy Mississippi dirt roads) WELLS for not being able to drive and handle another pressing situation with two—two, that is—hands. It was a rather expensive dish, huh, Brad?

A real assinine finger at all the VETS who still think studying is really important.

A is it losing weight finger at JANE (tennis champ) Walker for caddying around the golf course for BOB (orchids first date) NICHOLS.

A reverse finger at two very happy campus couples—Evelyn Myres, Kenneth Carruth and Nell Garland, Glenn Teasley.

A disgusted finger at CO-RABEL ROBERTS for ignoring all the returning vets for one said Marine—Woodson Wall.

A we love you finger at Dr. (Spike) JONES for giving all his classes a cut the last day. Some teachers are even nice.

An undecided finger at JACK (got a big deal on) Bishop for trying to burn the candle at three ends with MARGARET (Cuddles) McLAURIN and TRULY (how I love that man) GRAVES.

A scenic finger at DAN (32 keys) WRIGHT and ROSIE (don't we look happy) NICHOLS for always being so prominently draped on the gym steps.

A long lingering farewell finger at CAROL & HAZEL (big dogs) STEEN. Parting is such sweet sorrow—SWEET, that is.

A persistent finger at Keith (I finally did it) Pigott who after four years hung the shield and diamond on Lil (my mothers rules Galloway) Johnson. Congrats to two fine people.

A rummy finger at Steinriede and Carver (The east side of Pearl River Boys) who think some sort of intramurals should be held in Rankin County.

A happy finger for a love which is blooming—Joe (Goonie Bird) Stewart and Dot (I'm a career woman now) Melvin.

A rousing finger at Wilna (call me the Kappa Alpha Rose) Axtel and Ruth (me brudders are Lambda Chis) Shanks for keeping their opinions to themselves at all softball games.

A hubba-hubba finger at Jean (the ears have it) Turnbow and Jean (Haughie-Bo) Haughton for being able to keep two certain Pikes on the straight and narrow.

A disappointed finger at Dr. Jones for skipping those three chapters in Family Sociology—Pd. Adv.

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